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THE BOOKMAN

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A WOMAN AND A BOOK

IN these days when attention is attracted to the deliberately lascivious in literature by extraordinary advertising and publicity with the sole purpose of financial gain in view, there comes to mind the fair parallel between a woman and a book — or perhaps the publisher of the book, or rather, and more likely, the writer of the book. Any woman anywhere may do as she chooses with her body. She may secretly give it in lust for sensual gratification or she may sell it indiscriminately for purposes of gain. In the first instance the woman takes the risk only of ostracism from that limited circle which inevitably comes to knowledge of her calculated immorality. That is in its essence a private affair. When the woman carries her prostitution to the point of bold solicitation upon the public highway, that becomes a State affair, for it is an offense against her fellows and a crime in the eyes of the law. When an author or a publisher privately prints and distributes an unclean book in gratification of a certain form of sensual desire, that is more or less a personal affair. When the publisher or an author deliberately exploits and advertises and urges for public sale an indecent book, he affronts his fellow craftsmen and comes within the penalties of those reasonable laws which are designed to protect the sanctity of the American home. Nor is this a narrow minded view.

There remain the grand passions of lives and the equally grand passions of literature. Only understanding hearts and understanding minds can encompass these. Life has been enriched, as literature has been enriched, by these exquisities of passion, but they are unmistakable — sublime almost to the point of the divine, and no one may experience the one or read the other without genuine spiritual gain.

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And this is the case for censorship of that author or that publisher who persists in prostitution as a means of livelihood or for wealth, as the circumstance may be.

AMERICANA

HAVING avowed from the lecture platform that foreign influence, if properly absorbed, would make the American literature of the future one of the richest in the world's history, we added that certain foreign tendencies when allowed to run riot seemed to us in danger of vulgarizing and overshadowing the American tradition.

An angry letter pursued us from one of the most brilliant women of a large town, who reads the modern reviews, we suspect, and is probably a social leader.

"What do you mean by the 'American tradition'?" she writes, and proceeds in all seriousness: "Does not everything typically *American* stand for all that is ugly and vulgar? Does it not destroy beauty? Hasn't it created our Rotary Clubs, our ugly buildings" — and she goes on. Who can blame her? Is she not inspired by some of our most eagerly read leaders of opinion? The answer to her question is plain enough — *no.*

We have no intention of defending Rotary Clubs, although another woman in the middle western city told us the other day that half the men she knew had never been able to express themselves on anything but golf and business until they began to go to Rotary Club meetings a few years ago. Now they find tongue for the discussion of ethical and civic problems and even occasionally a book or two. Nor is there space here to define the American tradition. It has been mentioned bravely by so sound a critic as Stuart Pratt Sherman.

Does the aggrieved lady think that our literature will be ennobled by holding up the word "American" to scorn? Is it not a pity that certain of our smart critics can find no other word to describe the futile, the silly, the mediocre in current thought and writing? Why do H. L. Mencken and his coeditor (who are not always loath to admit American things fine) label as "Americana" paragraphs culled from the press of the country at which they would level the wise finger of derision? Do this lady and her advisers consider American the art of George Bellows, of Stanford White, of Cass Gilbert, of Robert Frost, of Willa Cather, of Edwin Arlington Robinson? Are the works of Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Mark Twain, "Americana"? Or must we label them typically European in order that they shall not be considered vulgar?

THE CASE FOR THE FIRST EDITION

IN the good old days — not so long ago and yet so very long ago — the California wine growers sought to gain acceptance for their most excellent vintages among the fashionable diners, if not the connoisseurs. But no. The epicures said no. The *nouveaux riches* looked at the label and disdainfully said no. A bright merchant of the claret and amber colored elixirs conceived the idea of shipping his wines in bulk to France and the Rhine country. There these rejected delights were properly Château-labeled and wired, corks burned with grower (sic!) and vintage date, and American diners reveled in the exquisite treasures of Continental vineyards at two or three

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times the price of the same product in native package.

So in some measure it is with books. By agreement and in order to secure world copyright, the American publisher sets up, prints, and divides an edition with the English publisher. The book is published — along comes the collector, and no matter how honored the American publisher whose name is on the title page, the collector insists upon having the selfsame sheets taken twice across the Atlantic and costing him twice the price of the *original* American edition.

Is it not high time that authors, publishers, booksellers, and collectors joined hands and aims in a really serious effort to validate the "*first edition*" standing of American made books? This applies alike to the work of American or English authors.

Years ago there was no good wine in America — hence French wines. Years ago, America made relatively few attractive books, but today we are second where we do not lead in the real quality of our literary product — in a mechanical sense.

This plea for the American first edition is made for that increasing number of collectors who are paying exorbitant prices for second, third, or fourth printings of popular English books. There can be no case for the collector of the precious book. He should be free to acquire it wherever and whenever he may find it. His discerning friend, the cultured bookseller, may discover to him some literary treasure long before it be designated as precious. The assembling of libraries of the choicest of books is a great gain to national life anywhere. But that snobbery which rejects an American made first edition is unhealthy — unlawful in so far as it is pursued by pandering dealers for the sole purpose of gain. With some little encouragement and support American publishers would readily and cheerfully prepare limited and specially bound first editions of all worthwhile books that would cheer the heart of the real collector; but so long as collectors persist in demanding a copy of the first twenty thousand of an English novel, then the case is hopeless until the law intervenes and the illegal importation and sale of American copyright books is not only forbidden but stopped.

EXPLOSION OR HONEST EXPRESSION

SOME ten years ago, the scholarly pastor of an inconspicuous Baptist church in Montclair, New Jersey, wrote a small book with the modest intention of making the character of Jesus a little more vivid to college students. Within a very short time men and women by the hundred thousand in America, Europe, Asia, and Oceania were reading, in half a dozen languages, this and the volumes that followed; and the pastor began to hear the title of his books whispered as he passed. Meanwhile, this pastor had come to occupy both an important professor's chair and the pulpit of a very conspicuous New York church. One Sunday he preached a rather simple and direct sermon which was a gentlemanly plea for Christian toleration — of other Christians. It was not, apparently, explosive stuff; though there is no mistaking the meaning of those lucid sentences: but the preacher woke up to find he had inadvertently started the famous Fosdick Case — a burning issue in the religion world even in distant hamlets far from the sound of his voice. In all the hurling of damp earth and waving of stuffed clubs, the central

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figure has remained quite calm. Now, as the real issues are coming to the front and even secular society is wondering what it is all about, Harry Emerson Fosdick sends out another book, "The Modern Use of the Bible". Again the same smooth style, the same vivid imagery, the same clear and direct assertion; but the purport is unmistakable. This is his manifesto; he might as well have written across the title page, "Here I stand: what about it?" It is not typically anything — not even typical Modernist. It is a very clear statement, by one whose habit is to go straight about his own business day by day, of exactly what he conceives that business to be: in other words, just plain Fosdick. Now one wonders what explosion he'll touch off this time?

ARE OLD LADIES FORGOTTEN?

WHAT wistful coquetries and languors inhabit the rooms of an old ladies' home! What tenderness! What jealousy! Here memories of former passions linger, blazing out only occasionally in palsied fury. Yet there is room here for only a few old ladies; where are the rest? Where do mothers, wives, mistresses tremble to oblivion? When they are forgotten and alone, what do they do, what are their thoughts? Do they seek each other for comfort? Does youth succor them? Are they kindly, remembering life's kindnesses; or are they cruel, mindful only of its cruelties? Is the mystery and terror of age less dramatic than the eagerness of youth?

Hugh Walpole's "The Old Ladies" contains three characterizations as brilliant as any in contemporary fiction. Lucy Amorest, May Beringer, Agatha Payne — old, poor, forgotten — loving, hating, fumbling through the last of life. Here they are in a creaking house together, and in these three Walpole has drawn terrifying portraits of greed, fear, and trust, working upon each other. He has shown the pity of old age and its cruelty. He has been able to bring humor into an atmosphere of decay and dejection. Mr. Walpole has never written better, or more clearly. In some ways this is his best book, shorn as the story is of all descriptive chaff or psychological clutter. Direct, clear, powerful, dramatic — it excites the interest and stirs the sympathies. As old age accentuates the character, stealing from sin whatever charm youth may lend it, giving love an added tenderness, so in "The Old Ladies" Walpole has accentuated his genius and displayed a new tolerance, an amazing mellowness, a firmer claim to his title as one of the great living novelists.

WHY ANTHOLOGIES?

IN a letter to the "Authors' League Bulletin", Edna Ferber recently expressed herself honestly and forcefully on the subject of anthologies and anthologists. Much of what she says is true.

> I work weeks, and sometimes months, on a single short story. Sometimes the idea for a short story is carried around by me for years before I feel that it is sufficiently developed to take the written form. Why should ——— take this story which I sweat blood to write, and reap the benefit of its book publication? If he is going to continue to publish an annual book of short stories written by others, he should be made to share his profits equally among the writers contributing to his book.

There is justice in that statement, although many anthologists do pay

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moderate fees to authors, and we suspect that Miss Ferber overestimates the profits of most such collections. She concludes her letter:

> I think the whole symposium and anthology practice is bunk. It is on the increase. It should be stopped.

Assuredly Miss Ferber would not forbid such anthologists as Quiller-Couch, Walter de la Mare, J. C. Squire, Jessie B. Rittenhouse? Does she discount entirely the fact that many obscure writers have found a deserved public by their inclusion in anthologies; just as many, perhaps, as have found a public for the anthologies in which they have allowed themselves to be included? And is not the successful author aiding the unknown, when submitting to such company within covers? Shouldn't Miss Ferber have made some distinction between the collection of current short stories and the book of poems, essays, or stories prepared by some competent editor for textbook or reference use? Too bad, perhaps, that the reading populace does not prefer to do its own culling. Yet "selected readings" will not soon pass, and it seems a pity that Miss Ferber, in her annoyance because of one instance, should make so broad a generalization.

THE "PURELY POPULAR AUTHOR"

SCORN of the "purely popular author" is an attitude. Where it is sincere, arising from a serious belief that popular fiction is at least negatively harmful to the mind, the attitude may excite sympathy though it cannot command support. No real evidence of such harm exists.

The writer of popular stories has on occasion been defended. He (or she) has been shown to be no less sincere than the literary artist. It is, in fact, the transparence of this sincerity, the plain proof of one giving his best, which has struck home and has made the writer so popular.

But such a defense does not go far enough. Without invoking the authority of the excellent George Crabb, that master of English synonyms, it may be noted that scorn implies a degree of derision.

Well, but what is it that is derided? Is it the unaffected tastes and simplicity of emotion of the crowd? A laugh at the popular writer is certainly not less a laugh at his readers. But are they not the same readers who every now and then unexpectedly turn a writer of literary distinction into a "best seller"? Do they not read, on occasion, Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan", Hugh Walpole, Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, Joseph Conrad, Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett", and the like? The figures of publishers' sales show that they do.

Those who sit in the seats of the scornful say that the crowd submits to being led by the nose. There is some evidence to the contrary in the instances of more than one "popular" writer who has — often overnight and with a single book — lost half his audience. But let that pass. A counter attack is inevitable. For if there is one thing noticeable about the elect of literature it is the ease with which they are beguiled by a reputation. Let it once be heralded with trumpets that So and So is a writer of distinction and they accept him forevermore.

The crowd says it doesn't know anything about literature but knows what it likes. And really, it should be possible for more of us to acquire a little

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knowledge of literature without losing the knowledge of what we like — without getting simply to the unhappy state of knowing only what we don't like — or the even worse state of knowing what we think we ought to like for reasons furnished by somebody else.

MARK TWAIN YEAR

THE young lady who sells books at one of New York City's most fashionable shops announced in despair that her public insists on "the newest books".

"I offer them books a month old and they say, 'Oh, I don't want that. It's been published some time. I want the very latest.'"

We have always urged the following of current literature, but this hurry and scurry for the last word from the presses is far more dangerous than an insistent reading of the classics. Why not read more in the background of American letters? Why not, for example, make this Mark Twain year? Surely, everyone will read "Mark Twain's Autobiography". Then, too, there is the unusual "Ordeal of Mark Twain", a psychological and provocative study of the man by Van Wyck Brooks, published several years ago. There are also the various Albert Bigelow Paine volumes. Here is one of the most arresting personalities in American letters, who instructed that his autobiography be not published until years after his death. How unlike our modern young men who write the story of their lives at forty! Twain's memory, works, and personality are worth honest study. We can do no better than forego a few current novelists to float again down the Mississippi with Tom and Huck.

GALAHAD AGAIN

Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners and create new; and the thought of the present has a greater value than all the past.—Emerson.

"THE younger generation as a topic for editorial discussion has passed", said a smug New York editor from his office near Fifth Avenue. "The younger generation" as a cant phrase is assuredly dead; but the problem of the young person of today is always vital. Let the editor leave his metropolitan seclusion. Let him go out through the country. There he will find that the most discussed book since "Main Street" is Percy Marks's "Plastic Age". Why? Because it raises somewhat new questions concerning this supposedly forgotten younger generation. Because it worries mothers, amuses fathers, inflames the imaginations of sons and daughters concerning the vague wildnesses of American undergraduate life. True, it has a virtuous hero; but a hero constantly speculating about himself and his glamorous temptations.

Is "The Plastic Age", where fraternity houses take on the aspect of bars and brothels, a true picture of college life? Probably not. Undoubtedly it is a fairly good piece of reporting, in the best journalistic sense, but does not reporting in this sense often suppress that half of detail which does not prove the desired point? In justice to Mr. Marks we must observe that many present day undergraduates assure us his story is accurate. Still others, to be sure, announce its inaccuracy. What does it matter? Youth, after all, is the handiwork of age, and the older generation must be content to let the work of its hands stand or fall in life as it is now, not as it was ten years ago. No parent, however wise, can mold the world to fit his child's temperament. Education

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must mold temperament to fit, if need be to fight, the world. If only a child has been taught one thing, he is safe. The main question seems to be: do modern parents, does modern education, forget to teach self control?

Do not some of our modern moralists preach uncontrol under the guise of self expression? Does it never occur to banner wavers for free decision that the young human animal may find this self expression in other than mental or moral revolt? That, given a chance, a free soul may actually choose control?

A recent Pullman car experience seems to illustrate admirably two things: that the young people of this country do not fit comfortably into Mr. Marks's pattern or any other, and that an adolescent, left to choose, does not always follow the easiest road.

The smoking room was full. The hotel owner from a famous resort detailed accounts of American youth that tickled even the jaded palate of a smoking car audience.

"I don't say I've always been an angel", he announced, "but this is terrible! I didn't act this way, and the nicest young girls didn't act this way, ten years ago. Why —"

The story progressed luridly. We do not doubt the accuracy of his racy detail, nor are we hypocritical. We, too, have attended at least a couple of parties.

We left the smoker and loitered on the platform. Coincidence played into our journalistic hand. An Italian lad of eighteen stood looking out at the autumn woods. We offered a cigarette. He refused, with polite thanks. We talked of many things. He was taking his mother to New York City, it seemed. He had finished school, and it was time for him to work. He would join his brother in the trucking business. He was going to be lonely, for he had left his best friend in the middle west. We became confidential.

"You know you asked me to have a cigarette just now", he said. "Well, don't you think the most important thing in life is will power?"

We agreed.

"You see, I and my buddy talked things over two years ago and we decided not to drink, or smoke, or to go on petting parties, or do some other immodest things. We decided it was best that way. We swore six oaths, and before a priest, so's to make them seem more solemn. I don't mean to boast; but I thought you'd like to know. Sometimes things like that help other people, too."

"Did you get those ideas from your mother or the priest?" we asked.

"No", and he laughed. It seems he was not entirely unsophisticated in the ways of the world. "It wouldn't help us to get such ideas from anyone else. We just thought it was best. We thought things through. Don't you think it's a good thing to think things through? We just decided that's the way we wanted to be, and we've stuck to it."

There was another section of your younger generation; not so spectacular, perhaps, but just as true. The young man added something that sets one thinking again:

"Most of the young girls think we're crazy, you know." Then, with a note of confidence, "Guess I'll find one some day who doesn't!"

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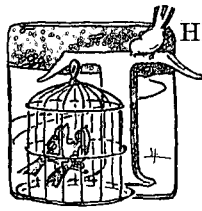
THE CAGE

By Dorothy Canfield

With Sketches by Mary M. Ludlum



THE two little sisters had carried the canaries in their cage out on the balcony. "It's such a lovely day", said the younger. "They'll love the sun and the fresh air."

"But won't it make them feel worse about having to live in a cage?" wondered the older child, anxiously bending over the two chirping yellow birds, flirting their tiny wings and tails and hopping jerkily from perch to perch, excited by the breeze which came eddying over the roofs of the city.

"Why, they *love* their cage", said the younger. "Just see how nice it is. They have everything in it! Their darling little bathtub, and their nice clean grains any time they are hungry, and low perches and high perches, and us to take care of them, and even that sweet little swing that Father brought for them. What more could they want?"

The older child did not answer. While her little sister busied herself usefully in bringing fresh water for the birds, and in giving the cage its daily cleaning, she leaned against the iron railing of the balcony, looking through the curves of its ironwork, far off, away over the roofs. Her eyes were wide and soft. The spring air lifted the curls from her forehead and blew gently across her cheek. She was looking so far, so far away that (until the other child murmured, "Oh, look!") she did not see a little brown bird, who had flown over the roofs to them and was now perching on the railing at the other end of the balcony.

"Sh-h-h!" said the younger child. Without breathing or making a sound the two little girls stood motionless, their eyes fixed on the visitor. He kept his eyes fixed on them too, but he was not silent nor motionless. He chirped volubly, tilted his tail in a quick, irregular rhythm, and skipped rapidly on his slim, twig-like legs forward and back on the railing.

"He *likes* us! He's trying to talk to us", said the younger child. The older one murmured, "He's asking us ugly giants please to go away."

"Oh you always think something like that", said the younger, petulantly. But she followed her sister into their room, where they shut the window and, hiding themselves behind the curtain, peeped out to see what the new bird would do.

As they moved, he had flown away with a nervous flutter of wings, but the moment the window closed he came back to the railing, his eyes shining, his tail jerking, his tiny ardent body panting and quivering. He was looking at the birds in the cage.

"He's so sorry for them!" said the older child.

"He wishes he had as much to eat as they", said the younger.

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"She was looking so far, so far away"

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The bird now flew to the floor of the balcony and hopped around and around the cage, cocking his head to one side, ruffling his feathers, incessantly chattering. The birds in the cage paid no attention to him, continuing sagely and soberly their usual occupations, hopping up on one perch and down on another, swinging in their little mechanical swing, occasionally cracking a grain in their beaks and eating the kernel with relish.

The children's old nurse stepped into the room now, and the little girls beckoned her to come. She looked, nodded her head wisely, and said, "He wants to get in the cage and live with them."

The older child flung up her head passionately. "Oh no, *no!* How *can* you say such a thing!"

She spoke so loudly that the little bird was frightened, spread his wings in a panic and flew away over the roofs.

"There!" said the younger child reproachfully. "You've scared him away. You never think what you're doing."

"He'll come back", said the old woman.

"No he won't!" said the older child. "No he won't! Never!"

"We'll see", said the nurse, who did not care in the least whether he did or not.

He came back the next day, and the next and the next, flying free-winged over the roofs, through the wide sky, through the spring sunshine, and folded his wings to hop excitedly, chirping and voluble, around and around the cage in which the two tame birds cracked their grains, sipped their water out of their little crockery dish, and swung complacently in their little swing.

The children's father, who was a scientist, hearing talk of what was happening, came one day to peep out of the window to see for himself. For he had not believed in the least what the children and the old woman told him. He never believed what children and women said. He had told them, "Oh no, you must be mistaken. The two tame birds are both males. The only thing that could attract a wild bird would be a female." But as he looked out from behind the curtains, he saw just what they had described, and for an instant he was at a loss.

His older daughter looked up intently, anxiously into his face. "Mélanie thinks he wants to get into the cage, and live with them. He couldn't want to do that, could he, Father? Not a *bird!*"

The father considered the matter. "Perhaps he's a tame bird, who has flown away from his own cage and can't find his way back."

The older child was even more distressed. "Oh no, no! That would be worse yet! If he'd been in a cage, and knew what a cage was like, he couldn't want to get into another, once he was free!"

"Yes he could too", said the younger. "He'd remember how comfortable he'd been."

"Father!" appealed the older child.

"Father!" cried the younger.

Their father said, scientifically, "Good gracious, children, don't go trying to settle fact by an appeal to authority. I don't know any more about it than you. The only way to get at facts is by experimenting."

The little girls looked blank.

"It's easy. Leave the door of the cage open, and see whether he goes in or stays out."

"Yes, yes", cried the younger, clapping her hands.

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The face of the older brightened. She was sure that if the door were opened, the two imprisoned birds would fly away and be free.

They waited till the next day. Mélanie arranged a string to the cage door from inside their room, and as the little visitor went skipping and fluttering about on the floor of the balcony she chose a moment when he was close to the door and, pulling on the string, quickly and noiselessly lifted up the little gate.

The pulses of the older child beat so violently that she pressed her two hands on her heart. A mist came before her eyes. When it cleared away, she saw that the little free bird had hopped inside the cage and was bobbing his pretty head up and down over the grain dish. As she looked, he said, "*Queet! queet!*" in his sweet, shrill voice, and springing happily up on a perch, began to preen his feathers.

The father laughed. "That settles it." The nurse gently let down the door of the cage. The lunch bell rang and they all went off to the dining room.

That night, long after the little girls had gone to bed, the nurse thought she heard one of them cough, and taking a candle in her hand, stepped into their bedroom. The younger child lay sweetly asleep, her rosy face calm, her long eyelashes sweeping her rounded cheek. The older child, surprised by the light, flung up one arm hastily to hide her face; but not before the nurse had seen her cheeks flushed and glazed with tears.

"Why dearie!" she cried, running to the child's bed. "Darling lamb! Are you sick? Where does it hurt you?"

She put her loving arms about the child and laid the hot wet cheek on her soft old breast, trying to understand what it was that the little girl was saying, so brokenly, so desperately. She could only catch a few disconnected words . . . "the bird . . . the cage. . . ."

"But, dear heart," she said reasonably and consolingly, "the little birdie *wanted* to go into the cage. And he's perfectly happy there. You should have seen how nicely he went to sleep, sitting on his smooth round perch, beside the others, so trusting. Tucking his little head under his wing without a fear. He *wanted* to live in the cage."

The child stopped sobbing, and pulled away from the loving arms roughly. She said sternly, "It's . . . it's his *wanting* to . . . "

She looked at her nurse's face, shook her head, and laying herself down again on her little bed, she turned her face to the wall in silence.

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THE UNPOPULAR EDITOR OF THE POPULAR MAGAZINE

By George Horace Lorimer

THE editor of a popular magazine is unpopular with all critics except those who contribute or who hope to contribute to his magazine. Just as "size is sin" to the average small town Congressman who has never been able to make more than seventy five hundred a year, so is popularity sin to the critic who is unable to achieve it.

Recently a novelist has covered anew this main traveled road of criticism, though one senses under all his strictures a yearning for the fleshpots of the popular magazine. This latest critic, like all the others, builds a straw man that he labels the popular editor, and then proceeds to demolish him. He does not distinguish between the place of the popular magazine and that of the book. He concludes that literature in America is being debauched by lowbrow editors; that they are wilfully barring genius from the public; and inciting promising young novelists to happy endings and crimes of violence to their art.

The real truth is, of course, that all type looks alike to some men. But there is a wide difference, and there should be, between the fields of the newspaper, the review, the popular magazine, and the book. Many fine novels will not stand serialization — the lapse of a week or a month between chapters. Others are written for a specialized audience. But these will find their public and bring a financial return to their authors if they have any element of vitality.

For every stone that the popular magazine rejects there is a place somewhere. There are magazines that make a cult of dulness; thin little refuges for pink and pallid verse; expensive and degenerate, as well as cheap and nasty, periodicals that cater to the prurient minded; not to mention those reviews and magazines whose Brahmans beat their breasts and proclaim their literary and artistic quality. If among all these a man fails to get printed and if, after being printed, he fails to secure the recognition that every writer craves, it must be that his work is lacking in some vital quality.

In a book, the author accepts full responsibility for what he says; in a magazine his editor shares it with him. The book is bought or left on the stalls on the strength of printed or oral criticism. The magazine goes to all classes, ages, and conditions. The editor must be their reviewer.

However, the inference that the popular magazine does not want good workmanship; that its editor asks his contributors to write down; and that he craves nothing but mush and happy endings will not stand up under impartial investigation. Those who complain most loudly about the popular magazines are, on the whole, kept out not because their work is so good, but because it is so bad; because, though

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they can tear a novel to pieces in ten minutes, they cannot write one in ten years. Almost every American novelist of standing contributes to the popular magazines and, in my experience, contributes what he wants to write. And almost every writer does the best that is in him at the time.

I have learned during the twenty five years that I have been editing "The Saturday Evening Post" to have confidence in the good sense, good judgment, and good taste of our popular audience. It is true that many of them like an occasional story dealing with American business. But why not? If literature has any relation to life, the American writer cannot pass it by. In "Babbitt", Mr. Lewis held up to ridicule one type of business man. But there are quite as many Babbitts among the critics, the writers, the lawyers, and the professors as there are among the Rotarians.

The other type of business man, who grades much higher in intelligence than his critics, is not quite so easy to know and to write about as Babbitt, so we have yet to read a great American novel about him.

Our popular reader is not, as his critics infer, deceived by "big names" on little stories, nor slow to withhold his appreciation of a good story by an unknown writer. We find that in the end his judgments are usually endorsed by book publishers and sound critics. True, he does not care for pornographic writing, nor the novel of perversion, but I am lowbrow enough to be in hearty agreement with him.

Some years ago I was visited by a dull, prosy member of a dull, prosy group of pseudo-intellectuals. After a few minutes of condescending conversation in the jargon of his type, he concluded:

"I have decided that I should like to write for 'The Saturday Evening Post'. I have seen many thoughtful people reading it lately." And as I gave him a firm, goodby handshake, I said to myself, knowing just what he meant by "thoughtful" people:

"We must look into this and correct it."

THE CITY

By Witter Bynner

I'M a little of everything
And nothing much,
I've heard a tenor sing,
Read such and such,
Quoted what someone says,
Does or intends,
Greeted acquaintances,
Forgotten friends.

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A NOTE ON THE ENGLISH NOVEL

By Frank Swinnerton

IT is rather curious to recall that the English novel, after various false starts in Elizabethan times, arose almost accidentally in the eighteenth century. There had been, all through the seventeenth century, sketches of types, such as those of Earle (very much better than anything else in this line except the earlier ventures of Dekker); and then there were little tales and character sketches in the periodical essays, about which a great deal has been written. It does not seem to me that these type sketches were really influences of the importance often claimed by literary historians. When the novel genuinely began it was on lines altogether different. It showed no affinity to the type sketches. It did not concentrate upon characteristics. Defoe eschewed characterization, and made his people appear convincing by the honesty with which he accumulated verisimilitude. Richardson practically ignored externals or "traits" (with which writers of the character sketches concerned themselves), and diffused over many pages the results of his patient but extraordinary insight into emotions. Neither Defoe nor Richardson had any use for idiosyncrasies.

It is rather odd that the first celebrated venture into plain narrative should have been undertaken by an elderly pamphleteer and political agent; and it is even more odd that the first psychological novel should have been the work of an elderly printer, who wrote to reform the morals of maid servants. There was only didacticism in common between the two books, if we except what, in our present study, is of far more importance — the amazing fidelity of detail which is common to both. If by some freak of chronology "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pamela" could now be published for the first time we should find in all the reviews of both books the word "meticulous". We should be told, very likely, that Daniel Defoe belonged to the school of Arnold Bennett; and that Samuel Richardson belonged to the school of Henry James. As in one section of the community the first inquiry made about a man is the name of the school he went to, so in another the first inquiry is the name of the school he belongs to. One then calls that the dull school and rests content with one's insight. And it would seem to us very clear that Mr. Defoe must have learned at least his faithfulness through Arnold Bennett from the French, and that Mr. Richardson must have learned his interminable examinations of the heart through Henry James from the same source. We should think him a little more "daring" than his master, and a little less cryptic. Fortunately the dates are there, and our historians have told us that Richardson had a tremendous Continental vogue in the eighteenth century, which has no doubt continued, spreading its influence, until the present day; so our first impulse to invert the true order would be set right, and we should realize that Richardson was one of the fathers of the French novel,

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and, as it were, kept two establishments.

While, therefore, Defoe remained comparatively solitary as a literary force, and was considerably neglected for a hundred and fifty years, Richardson immediately produced a new movement in literature. Abroad, his serious sentiment was rapidly converted into appalling sensibility, and indeed many psychological novelists of all nations have rendered that school an easy butt. At home, however, the poignant realness of "Pamela" and its successors, while continuing suitably to edify the many, came up against a very pleasing British trait. This trait is the one which, I suggest, has gone side by side in England with just that honest faithfulness which Defoe and Richardson had in common, that scrupulous rendering, upon the one hand of goats and boots and grains, and upon the other of every smallest incident in a series of episodes affecting a few lives.

I regard the two traits as characterizing all that is best in the spirit of the English novel. They are to be found in all those novelists of the past whose books can be read with enjoyment today. On the one side a sober preoccupation with common and simple ways of life, seen clearly and very exactly described: on the other side the comic spirit, taking innumerable colorings and liberties, but remaining persistently present all the time. Where the comic spirit has failed, where (as in Thackeray) it has had a tearful pseudo-cynicism watering it down to a lower strength, or where (as in George Eliot) it has taken the form of a rather homeopathic wiseacre-ishness, the reputation of the author has waned or will wane. It has waned in this case of George Eliot because her novels want lightness; it is waning in the case of Thackeray because we get our sentimentality more easily from the illustrated daily newspapers. But we shall find in all our profoundly admirable novelists, from Fielding to Jane Austen, from Scott to Hardy, from Smollett and Sterne to Dickens, from Peacock to Meredith, from Samuel Butler to Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett, roughly, and with obvious exceptions of one or the other quality, the same broad basis of common sense, scrupulous adherence to realness as the author saw it, and a nonmalignant humor which has led to comedy, to farce, to tragedy, and even to a sort of knockabout grotesqueness, without losing its "enjoying" and almost nonsensical character.

It has been otherwise in other countries, where the art of the novel has perhaps been cultivated with more finesse. The English novel has not, morally or technically, been very enterprising; it has never produced a Dostoyevsky, a Stendhal, or a Balzac: it has had few masters of form, no men who could write the novel as Turgenev wrote it, as Chekhov might have written it, or as even Guy de Maupassant, with his masterly power of conveying information, as it were, in transit, wrote it; but it has never lacked for men and women who saw life as humanists and treated it in the humane and tolerant spirit of their vision. Even that dark era of the last half of the nineteenth century, when the philistines ran riot with mediocre products for subscription libraries, is rescued for us by the several exceptions already named or implied, or it may be studied in the works of Sir Walter Besant, James Payn, Grant Allen, etc., as a time when humor still retained power to redeem works otherwise negligible. Though the books were not taken seriously as transcripts or interpretations of life by their authors, at least

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the authors made sure that nobody else should take them seriously on any ground whatever.

Fielding it was, then, who introduced this new quality into the English novel. Without him, Richardson might have set the example for the whole period; and even so there is a great deal of post-Richardsonian fiction which has sensibility as its most striking characteristic. Fielding's own sister, although diverted from the epistolary novel by her brother's success in another technique, and led into the method of Odyssey writing by his two first novels, developed no humor and seems to have set the tone for many subsequent feminine writers. But Fielding himself, reading one day (as all his world was doing) the pitiable distresses of "Pamela", was provoked to ribaldry. He resolved hastily, with the same recklessness which had carried him into so many feeble dramatic experiments, to make game of this melancholy tale. He imagined a young man, own brother to Pamela, whose virture was equally threatened — by the attacks of his employer, a lady of immodesty. Having invented for the Mr. B. of "Pamela" a name, Squire Booby, and having made Joseph Andrews receive with innocent unresponsiveness the advances of his mistress, Fielding tired of the parody, found himself engrossed by his original comic inventions, and continued with his book, making it the first comic novel of English life. He was not uninfluenced by foreign works, for of course "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas" were both known to him; but since he could not attain to the superb equable irony of "Don Quixote" he proceeded in accordance with his own happy English temperament. He showed what the novel might be. He saved it from a possible sterility which might have followed the decay of Richardson; and he made other writers see the possibilities of the English picaresque, the English comedy.

Thenceforward the course was clear. Smollett and Sterne opened up still newer paths; and it was only toward the end of the century, when these men were dead, when Fanny Burney had lost her high spirits in the atmosphere of a court and the persistent "éloges" of her father and his fellow toadies, that the novel relapsed upon Gothicism. I do not know whether this relapse was due to absorption from Germany, or whether it was merely the result of a passing absurdity in the English mind and a poverty of skill in the discovery of material; but it brought the novel to a low pitch. On the one hand there were old English barons and mad mothers and Udolphic mysteries and preposterous castles of Otranto; on the other hand there were the dregs of Richardson and Sterne gathered into the feeble tales of Henry Mackenzie. The flood was exhausted. The intellectual novel of Godwin arose — a kind that may be said to have risen again from time to time in the works of George Eliot and possibly even George Gissing. It had very little life. It was then that Scott, in need of money, in need also of a fresh field for inexhaustible activity, turned to his knowledge of Scottish life and history. Once more the novel was started upon a new current. But in the middle of this tremendous stream, ignoring Scott, ignoring his imitators, and continuing, as she thought, the tradition of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen was writing six masterpieces in a quite different genre.

While Scott was mingling with his great humor and wonderful pictorial gift a more doubtful romanticism and very reactionary political ideals, the first real domestic novels were written. There was little resemblance between

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Jane Austen and Miss Burney, either in theme or in manner. Assuredly, while the earlier writer was a bright girl turned solemn, Jane Austen was a genius beginning the English novel all over again. She was still in the English tradition, simple, detailed, and humorous; but she was an artist as no English novelist had ever before been an artist — she was an artist dealing in beautiful simplicity of form, and in the most delicate finenesses of delineation. She is, above all others, the English novelist from whom those of today could learn perfection in their craft; for in spite of her intricate weaving she was ideally selective, and her finish did not prevent her from insisting upon the essential characteristics of her dramatis personæ.

And some years after the death of Jane Austen began what is called the Golden Age of the English novel, which we are still trying to live down. We had the enormous works of Dickens and Thackeray, followed by the almost (if not quite) as enormous works of Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Craik, the Brontës, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins. . . . What a collection! To name them, to think of the innumerable books which, collectively, they wrote with such unpardonable assiduity, appals one! Here and there one comes across single significant figures, certainly among these writers, and even among those who followed them. Dickens was a comic genius, Anthony Trollope was a second rate master, one at least of the Brontës was a genius. We had Meredith, Hardy, George Gissing, Mark Rutherford. Among all the Mrs. Riddells, the Charles Gibbons, the Alan St. Aubins, the Mrs. Hungerfords, the Mrs. Alexanders, Mrs. MacQuoids, David Christie Murrays, men and women were writing whose work was not the dreary succession of artistic stillbirths that we see elsewhere. Bret Harte wrote at least one magnificent short novel, in "Cressy"; Rhoda Broughton kept a lamp of shining laughter brightly burning. There were others, as a moment's thought will serve to recall. But what was the novel doing during the nineteenth century? It had established itself as prime favorite in a prosperous age, and it had no history, only a vomiting of books which were proudly claimed to be "only stories", "only novels". Fifty, seventy, a hundred years after Jane Austen had withered the "only a novel" fancy by a few pointed remarks upon the novelist's craft, things were worse with the English novel than they had ever been. Why was that? I trace the decadence to Thackeray, who said that novels were "sweets", and to the other novelists who apparently thought they should be bath buns. Trollope, with his marketable commodities, was as bad as any; but at least his good books are separable from his bad ones. Yet the reign of popular novelists (I had almost said "the rain") was a long one. We had our Mrs. Henry Woods, our Charlotte Yonges, our Rosa Nouchette Careys, our William Blacks (the late Justin McCarthy wrote in his "History of Our Own Times" that Thomas Hardy was "far less surely the master of his own craft" than William Black), our Robert Buchanans, our Sarah Tytlers, and twenty others, all prolific, all sure of prosperity and a public, all sure of eventual oblivion. And yet there are some who regard the present age as degenerate!

The trouble about the present age is that it is too self conscious. We are querulous. Robert Louis Stevenson introduced himself into English literature, and was mistaken for a master.

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He was not really, perhaps, a master, because although his work has charm it has no prime originality. But Stevenson did one very great thing. He became a personality. Some time after 1880, Stevenson became generally known. He was not, even then, so universally popular as we like to think, and although prolific he was not self supporting; but he had been in France, and he claimed to be an artist. The word "artist", heard, as it were, for the first time (at least, in relation to a popular writer), paralyzed the English public. When it found that Stevenson was a perfectly moral author, very engaging, and not original enough to be disquieting, but wayward, varied, stimulating enough to be read with amusement, it thought artists might be very good people to have about the place. Further shocks were in store. Other writers about this time went to Paris, imbibed fashions and traits and tricks. They were parodied, talked about. Journalism took a good turn. Younger writers still were getting born and coming up into the columns of newspapers with their bright morning faces. "Artists . . ." said the English public. "Queer people. Effeminate. All mad." But the English public was made to talk about these "artists". They became public figures. One heard about them. The older writers became suddenly shabby — shabby but popular. The artist arose in succession to the Victorian giant. That is one reason why we should be grateful to Stevenson and his contemporaries. They accomplished a sort of *coup de main*. It is true that their literary works were not of the highest class; but at least their personalities were fresh. They were a breakaway. The fact that they were also *fin de siècle* is a misfortune, but it does not affect the work accomplished, which was that of overthrowing the mid-Victorian tradition of rather smaller giants. These artists may have been skeletons, or what Pascal called thinking reeds; but anything is better than such an abnormality as a small giant.

I said just now that journalism took a good turn. It was perhaps inevitable that when the journalists began to write novels (nowadays novelists turn to journalism) they should write with one eye on the journalistic touch. Both Kipling and Barrie were journalists. Crockett and Ian Maclaren were also offshoots from another stem. The outlook was bad. It was destined to be very bad at the turn of the century; when, suddenly, after the Boer War, everybody felt very tired of heroics and sentimental romance and heard with pleasure of some other young journalists who wanted to say something different. The modern "creative artist" came into being. He is still in being; though one does not know, of course, what the immediate future will produce. The modern "creative artist" is between two fires. Upon the one side are those who are taking him too seriously, and scrutinizing his reputation from week to week and from book to book. Upon the other side are the aristocrats of letters, who find the "creative artist" rather too plebeian, rather too much like an ordinary man, and above all rather too critical for their taste. Their objections to him are probably, I think, based upon the assumption that what is offered in the strictly contemporary novel is too much a critical reflex of their own time and their own lives. It is true that invention in the novel has lately been at a low ebb: there has been too much intensive study of the lives of middle class and lower middle class people. If, as I hoped before the war, this study could become an interpretation of

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ideals, it would point onward to fresh fields. It is based upon society in a way that old novels were not. It seems to me (though I know the opinion is bound to be challenged) that the contemporary novel has its roots in reality; but that possibly (this is an admission to its critics) it is only indirectly constructive. It is scientific rather than romantic. Is it therefore unimaginative? We must remember that, living as we do in an urban, closely knit society, the novel has been bound to describe an urban society; and that, having chosen its *milieu* (not with a clear choice, but with a natural impulse to work in a familiar setting), the novelist has been bound to observe the practices of that urban society, which practices make up nine tenths of the superficial life of urban dwellers. Avoid the superficial, and you plunge at once into psychology. That there is a way out, I am sure. That it is a way, not of romance, but of English humor, I am also sure. We are at present imitating the Russians and the French, greatly to the benefit of our technique. Some novelists are imitating the Russians also in mood. That is where they are wrong. For in the attitude to life of the English speaking people is to be found the true attitude to life of those who speak for their generation. If novelists do not do that, it does not seem to me to be of any use to speak of the art of the novel at all. Our novelists might just as well write merely to divert. And to do that would be to slip back to the bad times of prosperity, so that the good work of two centuries would be thrown away.

AUTUMN

(*Parc Monceau*)

By Sara Teasdale

I SHALL remember only these leaves falling,
Small and interminable in the still air,
Yellow leaves on the dark green water resting,
And the marble Venus there,
Moss-grown, with twisted hair —
Is she pointing to her breasts or trying to hide them?
There is no god to care.

The colonnade curves close to the leaf-strewn water
And its reflection seems
Lost in the mass of leaves and unavailing
As a dream lost among dreams —
The colonnade curves close to the leaf-strewn water,
A dream lost among dreams.

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CHRISTMAS IN GRAUSTARK

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHRISTMAS is always white in Graustark. The oldest inhabitant will tell you that he has never known a green Christmas there, nor can he recall ever having heard those who were venerable when he was a tiny boy speak of such a thing transpiring in their day or in the days of their grandfathers before them. Snow falls early in November and lies deep in the cup-like valley till the sluggish suns of the following March begin their yearly task of turning white to green, and June is well along before the slopes of the mountains which form a stupendous jagged wall around the little principality, allow the chill, capacious mantle of winter to slide from their lofty shoulders and magically vanish into the warm lap of summer. There are high, shimmering peaks which never shed their caps of white. For centuries they have worn these caps from one year's end to the other, scornful monsters that pay no heed to the changes of fashion, serenely content to wear, not only last year's bonnet, but the same old thing they had on last century and the century before that.

The styles in mountain caps do not change much; if they change at all, the departure is so slight that a fashion plate made today would not be noticeably different from one made a thousand years ago.

A rather pretty legend prevails in Graustark. It is told by fathers and mothers to eager, wide eyed and hopeful youngsters, not only in the thick of winter but during the hottest of summer months as well. Saint Nicholas, it appears, abides at the very top of one of these everlasting peaks — no one can be quite positive which one it is, to be sure, so infant imagination takes its choice, invariably settling upon the peak most conveniently situated in relation to one's own chimney pot — and from his eerie home up there he soars forth every Christmas Eve behind a jingling team of reindeer, hitched to a sleigh of vast dimensions, to reward the good little boys and girls for being good all year and, sad to relate, as it so often happens, to reward the bad ones for being bad all year. The legend goes that he lives at the top of one of the peaks and hops back and forth at pleasure from tip to tip, the better to peer at long range with those astonishing eyes of his into every nook and cranny of Graustark, into all its schoolhouse windows, chapels, woodsheds, bedchambers, aye, into every cradle and trundlebed.

It doesn't matter, provided you are a small boy or girl in Graustark, whether you fail to say your prayers at night in a room facing south or north, east or west, or even quarterly, Saint Nicholas is just as likely as not to be peeping down from a peak off in that particular direction.

So far as youthful Graustark is concerned, Saint Nicholas is and always has been a native of that snug, serene little land of theirs, for hasn't he lived on *their* mountain peaks ever

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since he was born, thousands of years ago? And doesn't he spend his summers there, and isn't his factory going full force from January to December every year, rain or shine, up there in the clouds where no man has ever set a foot? Indeed, it is generally when the peaks are enveloped in mist and invisible from the valley below, that Saint Nicholas is devising and creating his most tremendous surprises.

Many have never heard of Santa Claus in Graustark. That is to say, not by that name. He is the same merry, rosy cheeked, bewhiskered old fellow that one sees pictured in England and America and Holland and Germany, but in Graustark he is known only as Saint Nicholas. They only know that back in the third or fourth century there was a good bishop who was given the name of Saint Nicholas and who was so popular that churches in Constantinople and afterward throughout Russia were dedicated to him. Graustarkians are pretty well grown up and have been studying geography for quite a while before they discover, by means of vicarious expeditions, the country described as Holland; but even then they are not aware that among the products for which it is noted, besides dikes and wooden shoes, is the Santa Klaus, familiarly known to practically every chimney, fireplace, and — lately — steam radiator in Christendom.

Christmas festivities throughout the principality are more or less officially under way at least a fortnight before the twenty fifth of December. Saint Nicholas Day — in Graustark it comes on the tenth of the month — is celebrated in all the churches. That is when the holidays begin. They end with the twenty fifth, for no more attention is paid to New Year's Day than to the first of any other month in the calendar. In this period three great "days" are celebrated, notable dates falling on the fourteenth, the seventeenth, and the twenty first of December. The first of these is the anniversary of the birth of Prince Ganlook, founder of the present dynasty and a great soldier, who was born in 1566; the second celebrates the execution of Black Queen Yanzi, who was beheaded in the fifteenth century after a reign of three years, during which, as a most malevolent sorceress, she brought famine, pestilence, and mighty earthquakes that all but destroyed Edelweiss, the capital, and thrice caused lightning to strike the monastery of St. Valentine on the crest of Mount Ganlook; the third commemorates the victory of Graustark over Axphain in the twelve year war which occurred in the seventeenth century.

On Ganlook Day there is a magnificent parade by the Army of Graustark, when ancient and modern banners, taken in scores of wars by the valiant soldiers of the principality, are brought forth from the trophy rooms of the fortress and carried proudly through the streets of Edelweiss. Witch's Day is one of great rejoicing. There are thanksgiving services in all the churches, irrespective of creed, and just before sunset thousands of spectators crowd the vast parade ground in front of the fortress to witness the annual beheading of the Black Queen.

A lofty scaffold is set up just outside the western turret, facing the multitude. At a specified time, two burly guardsmen attired in the garb of fifteenth century bowmen emerge from one of the windows in the turret, cross the narrow foot bridge and advance to the front of the scaffold, supporting between them an effigy of the Black Queen. She is, to be sure,

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a bit limp, and so dejected that her crowned head droops until the chin rests either upon the right shoulder or the left and frequently has to be poked into regal, though impermanent, uprightness by one of the attendants; but otherwise she is handled with the deference due a queen, even a bad one.

Rain, snow, or fair weather, this makebelieve Yanzi invariably is dragged forth to be beheaded in the rich, brilliant (though sadly soiled) robes of royalty. She is never without a glittering crown which, strange to say, remains fixed to her head (by means, I suppose, of a couple of tenpenny nails, although I have never been permitted to examine it closely) even when said much used and well tortured head goes racketing about the floor of the scaffold after decapitation. The doomed effigy is followed to the centre of the stage, so to speak, by a small group of "important personages", including, by the way, the executioner. They are all in fifteenth century costumes.

The headsman is a mighty fellow and, I gather, a very popular one, for the throng cheers him with such gusto that he is obliged to bow a score of times or more. A brief ceremony ensues. One of the important personages — the Burgrave of Edelweiss, in fact — addresses the multitude for a few minutes, then turns upon the unhappy queen and gives her a terrific haranguing, shaking his finger at her, raising both fists on high as if about to take the law into his own hands, calling down anathema from high heaven upon her — (all of which the queen takes with astonishing calmness, keeping her head in spite of all the taunts he hurls at her) — after which he motions to the headsman and quickly steps back out of the way. Whereupon the headsman steps forward, brandishing the same mighty ax with which the real Queen Yanzi was dispatched five centuries ago, and indicates to the two bowmen that he is ready. They at once force the queen to kneel and, with their assistance, place her head, crown and all, upon the block. Now everybody save the executioner steps back to keep from being spattered by the royal lady's blood. The ax swings on high and descends with a thud that can be heard to the farthest corner of the square. Black Yanzi's head pops off, the headsman jerks and strains to remove the historic blade from the block in which it is deeply imbedded, and then the crowd sends up a tremendous yell of rejoicing, for now there will be no famine in Graustark for another twelvemonth at least. A bowman picks up Yanzi's head, dusts or wipes it off with his cloak, and precedes his companion, bearing the rest of the royal carcass, into the turret, where the subsequently reunited queen is stored away to be saved for another day.

That night a bonfire is started in the centre of Regengetz Circus and kept alive until Christmas Eve. This large circular park, paved inside the roadway with ancient blocks of stone, becomes from that time on the scene of nightly jollifications. To the heat of the roaring fire, frequently and faithfully replenished with logs from the mountainsides, come revelers from all directions and from all pursuits: gay skaters from the frozen river, sleighing parties from within and without the city walls, rollicking soldier boys and fearless maidens from cafés and dance halls. And royalty itself, venturing boldly out from the shelter of an impregnable castle, comes here to join in the holiday fun and frivolity.

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The Hotel Regengetz, facing the circus, is ablaze with light from top to bottom. Here the nobility and the upper classes make merry by night — and (some of them, at least) sleep by day. There are feasts and balls and, if the nights are not too bitterly cold, band concerts in the open gallery above the entrance to the historic old hostelry. Something similar to all this gaiety takes place in the smaller towns and the villages throughout Graustark, but nothing, of course, to compare with the magnificent opulence and prodigality of Edelweiss, the Old.

The ruling prince proclaims and publishes — one can see the green lettered placards posted on every public building, schoolhouse, and church in Graustark — a greeting to his people, promising his own fealty in return for a continuation of theirs, and authorizing the proper public officials throughout the city and country to draw upon the crown treasury for funds to supply the destitute, the needy and the unfortunate with food, clothing, and fuel for the remainder of the winter, and also to provide an otherwise unobtainable share of the rich red wine that freely and decently flows in every home in Graustark on Christmas Day. And here be it said that one may traverse the length and breadth of the principality on this festal day without finding a drunken man or woman, notwithstanding the fact that there is no more potent beverage in the world, nor any so delectable, as the sparkling wine of Graustark.

On the night of what is known as Victory Day, the twenty first of December (except when it falls on a Sunday, in which event either the twentieth or the twenty second is celebrated), a great banquet takes place at the Castle, after which the Royal family and the hundred or more guests go by sleigh to the fortress, from whose lofty walls they watch the famous ice carnival or mardigras taking place on the river far below. The opposite bank of the stream is aflame with huge bonfires; in the flickering glow of these massive torches thousands of oddly dressed skaters disport themselves. The icy surface of the river, swept clear of snow, is a perfect chaos of changing, swirling, swift moving colors. On snowy nights the fantastic scene is said to be actually bewildering.

Then, on Christmas Eve, be the weather fair or foul, the people of Edelweiss congregate shortly after sunset in three distinct parts of the city and chant their weird, curiously haunting melodies, most of which can be traced back for hundreds of years. In each of these groups there are several thousand men and women. One of these congregates around the big fire in the centre of Regengetz Circus, another in the similarly heated square in front of the fortress, and the third on the Plaza before the Castle Gates at the head of Castle Avenue. The eyes of these thousands of singers are turned eastward and upward, gazing through the black night to the crest of Mount Ganlook, five thousand feet above the city. At the summit of this mountain is situated the thousand year old Monastery of St. Valentine. Promptly at eight o'clock, a faint glow appears against the sky over the central tower of the monastery; with incredible swiftness the glow resolves itself into a towering conflagration, illuminating the whole pinnacle of the mount and sending into the black shades above fitful, unsteady clouds of burning red.

For ages the monks have heralded

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Christmas Day in this way by flourishing their cabalistic beacon high up in the eastern sky, a great blazing star that can be seen by every hamlet, farm, and mountain stronghold in the tiny principality of Graustark. This fire up in the sky is kept going until midnight, mysteriously replenished by the doughty monks. The singers below, shifting always in order that no one may be denied the heat thrown out by the three rousing bonfires, continue until that hour their fervent, sometimes frenzied choruses.

There are no Christmas trees in Graustark, no so called children's entertainments. But the mantel over every fireplace in all that little land is ornamented on Christmas Eve with garlands of holly or mistletoe, and stout, new stockings of many hues. Stockings are bought or knitted for this purpose and have never been used before. Saint Nicholas, they say, would never think of filling a stocking that ever had been polluted by human foot or leg. This habit prevails even in the highest circles. In the Royal Castle itself, little princes and princesses hang up rough — and you may be sure, commodious — peasant stockings. For, it is said, no stocking is ever so well filled as that worn by the sturdy peasant boy or girl in this land among the crags. Hosiery shops do a land office business in December, and countless mothers and grandmothers spend weeks knitting what you might call virgin stockings for use on Christmas Eve — and after, of course, the Graustarkians being a thrifty race.

As for Christmas Day — that is to say, from dawn to dusk — the people of Graustark remain inside their houses, not a soul venturing forth until the bells ring out in the evening to call the populace to divine worship in cathedral, church, chapel, or vast outdoor sanctuaries.

Edelweiss, for example, presents a strange, curiously appalling spectacle. The streets are absolutely without sign of life. Not a human creature is to be seen during the daylight hours — not even policeman, soldier, priest, or infidel. It is a deserted city, a city seemingly as dead as the ancient ruins of Carthage. Look where you will, you will not see a single sign of life save the comforting, reassuring smoke that curls up from the chimneys of castle and palace and hovel, proving to you that Graustark is very much alive, very much at home, and very well fed, indeed.

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SEMPER FIDELIS

An Interrupted Narrative Regarding Sergeant Major John H. Quick, U. S. M. C.

By Thomas Boyd

MY excuse for presenting this actual tale is that the first half of it was written by Stephen Crane and — of necessity — left by him unfinished, since the latter part did not take place until eighteen years after Crane was dead. It is about a man whom Crane once saw and whom I knew slightly; both of us had the fortune, at different and widely separated times, to watch him stand for a moment in a light that was glorious and which but few mortals are given the privilege even of seeing.

The story has its beginning in "Wounds in the Rain", that collection of sketches which Crane wrote about the Spanish-American War. Near Guantanamo Bay, at Cusco, is the setting. White and watchful, the U. S. S. "Dolphin" lies out in the blue harbor with the black muzzles of its guns thrust over the port side, toward the hot sand and the cactus of the island. An advance party of marines are lying on the crest of a ridge, their backs to the hot, cloudless sky. Farther inland, in a tiny valley below, are a house, a well, and a dense thicket of tropical shrub wherein are hidden six companies of Spanish guerrillas. Two hundred yards of sloping sand divide them from the men in khaki. The marines want to rush the enemy out of the thicket, but they are held up by insufficient numbers. So the captain in charge raises his head from behind a broad leafed plant and calls out for a signalman — a man to inform the "Dolphin" to hurl some shells into that tiny valley.

An automatic rifleman, sprawling on his stomach, announces that he can send the word. He has scant competition. No, nor even a regulation flag. So he ties his blue polka dot handkerchief on the muzzle of his rifle, stands up and moves down the bay side of the ridge where it is comparatively safe. But the flag is a poor makeshift and the background of the ridge is so dark that the gunners on the "Dolphin" cannot make out the message. There is nothing for the rifleman to do but return to the top of the ridge and outline himself and his flag against the hot blue sky. There he repeats his signal, very conscientiously.

He offers the first good target the Spaniards have seen. Fully appreciative, they blaze away at it, right at the small of the rifleman's back. At last the "Dolphin" catches the signal, replies, and the rifleman throws himself upon the ground. Then the shells from the battleship whir over the ridge and tear into the thicket.

Now the fight is carried on in earnest. There is no sniping; only a continuous fusillade from a thousand smoking rifles which raise such a clattering uproar that Colonel Huntington from his camp at Guantanamo Bay grows nervous. He sends out detachments to cover the retreat in case the two hundred men are forced to run. In addition, he orders forty men to sup-

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port the left flank of the ridge. It is very nice, except that the position places these forty men directly in the line of fire from the "Dolphin". There is no good seeing your own men killed.

The captain in charge of the besieging company barks for another signalman. The "Dolphin" must be told to lift the range at once. But it is not so easy as it was the first time. The air is black and heavy with pieces of flying steel, steel from Mausers, steel from Lees, soft nosed steel, and jagged steel from the five inch guns.

A young man, heretofore intent on perforating every shrub in the valley, rises and announces that he is a signalman. From somewhere he brings out a blue neckerchief. He fastens it to the end of a crooked stick. Then, very calmly, he stands on the top of the ridge, his back to those angry Spanish bullets, and begins to wigwag to the "Dolphin". He is given sole possession of the ridge. Says Crane:

> We didn't want it. He could have it and welcome. If the young sergeant had had the smallpox, the cholera, and the yellow fever, we could not have slid out with more celerity.
>
> As I looked at Sergeant Quick wig-wagging there against the sky, I would not have given a tin tobacco tag for his life. Escape for him seemed impossible. It seemed absurd to hope that he would not be hit; I only hoped that he would be hit a little, little, in the arm, the shoulder, or the leg.
>
> I watched his face, and it was as grave and serene as that of a man writing in his own library. He was the very embodiment of tranquillity in occupation. He stood there amid the animal-like babble of the Cubans, the crack of the rifles and the whistling snarl of the bullets, and wig-wagged whatever he had to wig-wag without heeding anything but his business. There was not a single trace of nervousness or haste.
>
> To say the least, a fight at close range is absorbing as a spectacle. No man wants to take his eyes from it until that time comes when he makes up his mind to run away. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle is in itself hard work. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle and hear immediate evidences of the boundless enthusiasm with which a large company of the enemy shoot at you from an adjacent thicket, is, to my mind at least, a very great feat. One need not dwell upon the detail of keeping the mind carefully upon a slow spelling of an important code message.
>
> I saw Quick betray only one sign of emotion. As he swung his clumsy flag to and fro, an end of it once caught, on a cactus pillar, and he looked sharply over his shoulder to see what had it. He gave the flag an impatient jerk. He looked annoyed.

My story begins twenty years after Sergeant John H. Quick stood on a ridge near Guantanamo Bay, under full fire from the enemy, and signaled the off shore battleship "Dolphin" to redirect its target — an act for which he was given the Congressional Medal of Honor.

He was sergeant major of our regiment when we went over to France in 1917, and the first time I remember seeing him was one rainy, late spring day in a valley of the Vosges. I was on sentry duty in front of Regimental Headquarters and he was walking toward the door in front of which I stood. He was a tall man with shoulders that sloped a little forward; his hair was raven black except for a patch of grey above the ears; his face had a curious, kindly expression, as if he had seen so many things over which he could not decide whether to cry or laugh that, in indecision, he had taken on a sad and half regretful smile; his nose and mouth were large and roughly modeled, his eyes still had a fine light in them. He may have thought upon his past glories, his Medal of Honor — but none of us ever heard him speak about it. He was a very quiet man.

Then one day the brigade received orders to move, and to move quickly. The Germans had broken through the French lines and were pushing across

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the Marne toward Paris. Prompt upon the information, one man in my company saved a German bullet and wasted an American one by shooting himself. None of us was exactly pleased with the knowledge of what he had to do. All of us were highly excited.

But the long marches, the bumping, tedious rides in the French camions, presented more immediate troubles. The sight of refugees packing the streets of Meaux gave us a sense of exhilaration. It made us feel very important.

The next night we were lying in front of Lucy le Bogage with our officers walking up and down in front of us, saying we had about one hour to throw up a breastworks before dawn came. We used bayonets, helmets, the lids of our mess kits. When morning arrived we were looking out over little mounds of freshly dug dirt toward the grey blue woods ahead from which, occasionally, we could see a tired Frenchman running toward us.

That was on the second of June. At five A. M. on the sixth we were still there, trying to keep the enemy from breaking through the line. And it was decided that the best way to do so was to take Belleau Woods which lay in front of us and which was filled with Germans. A little town to the right of the woods, Bouresches, would be invaluable in our hands. So a battalion of each of the two regiments started out, across four hundred yards of open wheat field. The plan was to rush the enemy, five hundred men at a time. These men were deployed in four waves: the first reached the woods, plunged in; then the second, the third, and the fourth. Two hours later German prisoners were being sent back to Regimental Headquarters.

But to get the town. It was decided to do it with one hundred and twenty men, two platoons from the Sixth. After a short bombardment they advanced in attack formation, the first and third waves supplied with automatics and grenades, the second and fourth with rifles, across the wheat field. There was nothing to stop them but three inch artillery and machine guns!

They attacked, four short waves of sweating men in olive drab, stalking across that unfriendly field. Men dropped without a sound and the four lines merged into three, two, one. When they reached the grey stone buildings of the town there were twenty soldiers on their feet.

Twenty soldiers to rout four hundred! And they did it, somehow. And then Lieutenant Robertson — wounded, but still in charge — settled down to hold the position against the enemy's counter attack. He sent out runners for reenforcements. They returned with two companies from the Second Engineers and one from their own battalion.

The counter attack wasn't long in coming. The Germans had a furious desire to retrieve Bouresches. As the first grey line was glimpsed, pouring over the field, Robertson checked up the ammunition. There wouldn't be enough! That night he sent back word to Regimental Headquarters that the men were running short of ammunition. Sergeant Major John H. Quick and Lieutenant Moore were there when the order came. They said: "We'll take 'em a whole truckload."

They got a team of mules, hitched up a wagon loaded with shells, and started out, over a shell-torn road, under a venomous fire with a highly combustible cargo. Each step that those mules took was brilliantly lighted by enemy flares, popping up now from

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this side, now from that. German gunners lay in wait, and you could not hear the solitary whining of the sniper's bullet for the tremendous clattering from the German machine guns. The wagon creaked, it rolled and jostled over those gullies, stones, and craters; and the enemy artillery ripped up the ground in front and at each side, and threw dirt in the men's faces. Onward they went in the face of the rattling machine guns.

The ammunition truck arrived in Bouresches with its burden. Sergeant Major John H. Quick climbed down as the besieged men crowded about the precious ammunition. Once more he had performed a great service at great risk; once more he had done an extraordinary deed; once more he was decorated for bravery. And Quick? He said nothing about it; he had accomplished only his duty; *semper fidelis*, that was all.

ARCHAEOLOGY

By Babette Deutsch

I WILL return to dig
For gold in Scythian earth;
Where gryphons came to birth
The womb of death is big.

There the tusked waters rose
Like foaming boars, and kings
Crashed through the thorns on wings,
With only gods for foes.

Like fruit too ripe to hang
Moons fell upon that soil,
And from their seeds a coil
Of silver serpents sprang.

The sun was hidden there:
A disc of flame that frayed
The crypt where it was laid,
That now is charred and bare.

On things as stern as stones
At last I would lay hold,
Things rare as Scythian gold,
And intimate as bones.

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THE DUCHESS VISITS HER HOME TOWN

By Henry B. Fuller

THE state of Minniowaska has more automobiles than any other state in the Union — more, anyhow, in proportion to population. One September day, shortly after the opening of the publishing season, most of these automobiles were on their way eastward; objective, New York. That city was then the residence of Carlton St. Clair, novelist. In his day St. Clair had been a Minniowaskan too.

Was Minniowaska on a pilgrimage or on a crusade? Wait and see.

The automobile may be accepted as a gauge of prosperity. In Minniowaska there was one car to every three-and-three-quarters inhabitants. You can easily figure, then, how large a body of people was on trek. The opening of the publishing season had come with the ending of the harvest season. The state was agricultural, and the crops were in. Exodus was easy.

Minniowaska was homogeneous. Everywhere the same sort of people doing the same sort of thing. So unanimity was almost inevitable.

Minniowaska was prosperous. And prosperous people often are more sensitive than unprosperous people. Misery simply slumps and doesn't care. But felicity stands on its toes and looks about for slights. Minniowaska had been looking and was now ready to act.

Carlton St. Clair, Minniowaska born, had left his native state ten years before and had never returned. Nobody had thought much of him while he lingered at home, and nobody had much attended to him through the first years he had spent outside. He wrote his fiction about Paris and Venice and Seville, and not a soul back in Birchbark Falls had felt any the better or any the worse.

Other Minniowaskans, whether at home or elsewhere, had written about their state and its people. Many of these had been fond and sympathetic. Others had been at least respectful; or, if not that, then earnestly critical: Minniowaska had been worth taking seriously. But what was to be thought of the impertinent young man who had now left Paris and all and had laid the scene of "The Denigrated Duchess" in the town of his birth? Birchbark Falls read, and felt that it had never been treated like that before.

"It's impudent! It's shameful!" declared the ladies of the First Church Sewing Circle. And when they told their husbands, these said the same.

They all owned cars, and they all had time. Hence the crusade. That's what it was.

In this elimination race many might fall by the wayside, but enough would be left to inflict condign punishment in the end.

Carlton St. Clair lived in the Village, amid surroundings at once sloppy and æsthetic. He was up several flights of fire escapes and just under his own roof garden. He had a large studio window, like an artist's, and through it he looked out over the town and did the airily ironical on a typewriter. But Birchbark Falls cared not for the airily

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ironical when applied to itself and its worthies. Least of all cared Jed Burroughs, son of the president of the Birchbark Falls National Bank. He was the most earnest and energetic of all those who had banded together to show a renegade scribbler what was what.

And truly old world corruptions were sadly out of place when transferred to a trans-Mississippi locale. The Falls had to ask what a morganatic marriage really was. As for some other features of "The Denigrated Duchess", the simple community hardly knew enough *to* ask. But it knew that it had been made ridiculous — cuttingly so — by one of its own sons. "Son": it was the Reverend Mr. Mills who had thought of that.

The Son arose one morning at ten — or was thinking of doing so. As he stretched and yawned, to the rising odor of coffee, he was conscious of an unaccustomed hubbub in the street below. He had listed all the usual noises; but this one, never.

"What is it, Cécile?"

"*On s'assemble*", was the reply. "The street is full of motor cars. The police are there — many. But they can do little."

"What's wanted?"

"They are all looking at our balcony."

Suddenly a shout arose — a punctuated staccato roar. Nothing could have been more unanimous. Nothing could have been more portentous: for though it began jubilantly, it continued as a threat.

St. Clair woke a little wider and searched his drowsy memory. "Why, it's the state cheer", he said. "They mean it for me? Quite a compliment!"

"*Non, non*", returned Cécile quickly. "They're all shaking their fists."

St. Clair threw on a dressing gown and stepped out upon the balcony. The state cry became louder and more savage than ever.

The streets, as far as could be seen in every direction, were packed with dusty motor cars. Red and green pennants proclaimed everywhere conscious loyalty to Minniowaska. And for every flag that flew three or four good fists shook from behind windshields or from within tonneaux. One grey haired woman, parked in a road-worn Ford, pierced the tumult with a shrill scream.

St. Clair shrank back. "Why, that's Sister McIntyre, who gave me doughnuts when I was a boy!"

From an adjoining car a voice, habituated to loud discourse, issued from a bearded face.

"A minister?" asked St. Clair of himself. "If so, new since my time." And indeed, the Reverend Mr. Mills was showing himself as secular as any of them.

"*Regarde!*" cried Cécile, as she directed his eyes toward the foot of the fire escape. A stout, determined young man had left his car and, evading the police massed on the doorstep, had started to climb up. His face was turned aloft. One or two others seemed preparing to follow.

"Why, that must be Jed Burroughs", said St. Clair. "We went to school together", he explained. "We never liked each other any too well", he added.

As Jed Burroughs climbed up, dozens of peoples shot forth from the cars and scores of arms shot out in threats.

"Don't shoot!" cried St. Clair. "I'll come down." In an instantaneous vision he had seen himself popping through the trapdoor in the hallway and jumping from roof to roof as the crowd pursued him. He saw his bibelots smashed, his budding chrysanthe-

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mums trampled underfoot. . . . "Wait; I'll come down", he said again.

The front doorstep was not exclusively his own, but he used it for the delivery of his address.

"My unfriendly friends . . ." he began.

"I should say so!" cried Jed Burroughs, now back on the sidewalk.

"I'm sure you seriously misunderstand me . . ."

"No more than you do us!" piped Sister McIntyre from her running board.

"But literature . . ."

"Oh, fudge!" cried Mr. Mills, forgetful of his barrel of original sermons. "Have a little fellow feeling for your own kind!"

"Literature", persisted Carlton St. Clair, "is a necessary thing, and therefore a sacred thing. Viewed aright, it is even a complimentary thing —"

"Yah!" yelled Minniowaska, in its best style of derision.

"We are a wide land", pursued St. Clair, "and every part of it must be recognized and recorded. Regionalism, in a country as big as ours, will outlast us all. A community that isn't on the records doesn't exist. It may think it does, but for the rest of the world it's a blank . . ."

"We feel so — not!" shouted Burroughs. "We're busy and active enough, thank you!"

"Now, my Duchess, after her four years in Paris, revisits the scenes of her youth. A feeling of piety propels her toward her early *milieu* and her early *amitiés* — her *premiers amours* —"

"Talk English!" yelled an earnest youth.

"Yes, do", cried Mr. Mills.

"She does not see things with her earlier vision. She has now a double standpoint, four eyes instead of only two —"

"*I* have four eyes", shouted Sister McIntyre, waving her glasses, "but I've never seen half the things *she* saw!"

"They exist", insisted St. Clair gently; "and they're as she saw them." He smiled in propitiation, and the good sister began to feel that perhaps she had heckled him unduly.

"Think", St. Clair proceeded amicably, "of all the middle western towns that no duchess has ever visited, and never will visit . . ."

"We can exist", rejoined Mr. Mills, "without one." But he was now less emphatic than before.

"Think of all the towns that are virgin of print! And what's their history? 'A blank, my lord.'"

"No!" shouted Jed Burroughs again, but less bumptiously, since the Falls, whether for good or ill, were at last really on the map.

"It is my desire for our grand country", declaimed St. Clair, now getting up steam, "that every dog shall have his day and every town its due. Ours most of all. I have tried, in my humble, limited way, to turn the spotlight on our dear old Falls. Other towns may wait for their turn — and wait a long time: not every community has the luck to produce a — ahem! When I look into your friendly faces" — the faces were now less unfriendly and the tumult was as good as stilled — "I feel my own heart strangely drawn toward . . ." Eyes and hand both sought the west, as represented by a warehouse a block away. "But, alas! my travels are so likely to take me in the opposite direction! I would welcome you all. But my house, as you see, is small, while you are gratifyingly many. However, the Square, near by, is roomy; and if Sergeant Kildare will . . ."

Here he turned toward a sturdy,

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blue coated figure beside him on the doorstep — an officer who had been waiting sensibly for the difficulty to become less difficult. Thanks to his forbearance and the novelist's eloquence, it promised soon to become so.

"If you will kindly oblige my friend, the sergeant, and his aids by adjourning to the Square — which is but a few hundred yards to the east — I shall be glad to join you presently and extend what hospitality I can in the form of pop and crackerjack. Regionalism is always regular, publicity is always advantageous, and I am sure that you will thank me in the end. *En avant!*"

TWO POEMS

By Nathalia Crane

THE LAW

A PEACOCK on a pedestal,
In beauty doth prevail;
Yet if he had a thousand eyes
He could not see his tail;

Fate rules he may not turn to gaze
For e'en the briefest span
Whene'er he spreads in green and gold
His very famous fan.

The rower chained to galley bench
From noontime unto noon,
He never sees his own trireme
From viewpoint of the moon.

The bulkheads like a bandage bind,
The deckbeams heed no sigh,
And only when the galley rolls
The oar ports show the sky.

DESTINY

THE wind doth wander up and down,
Forever seeking for a crown;
The rose, in stillness on a stem,
Inherits love's own diadem.

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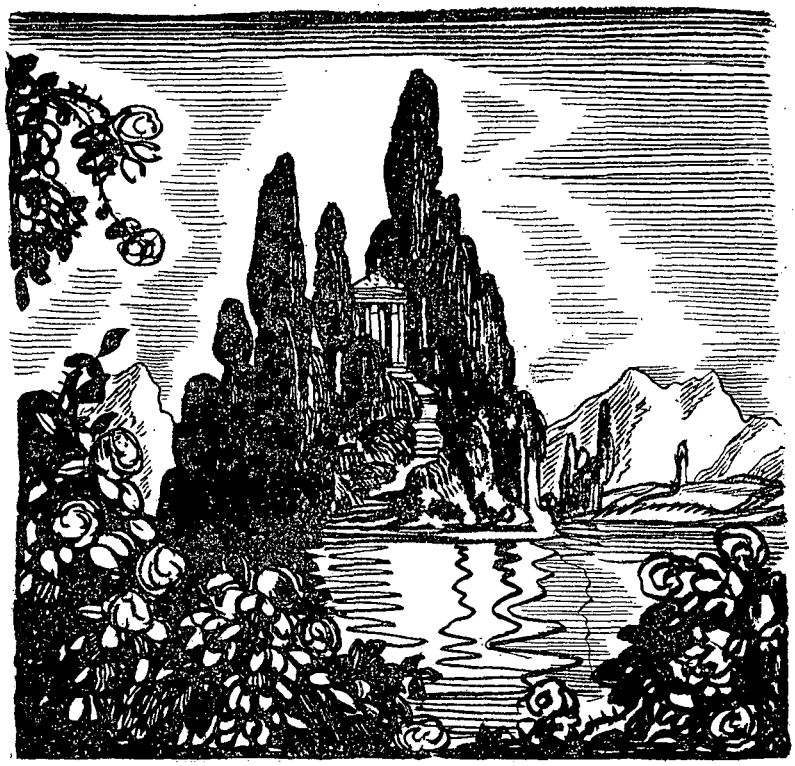

PEOPLE OF SPARTA*

By H. D.

With Sketches by Rockwell Kent

HYACINTHS — whetted steel — barbarism — intensity of mind and spirit rivaling the people of Athens itself — Athens centre of the Greek world, suave, civilized, maker of finished warrior, statesman and poet — one of whose greatest (Sophocles) is said to have remembered with joy when dying that he had contributed to the glory of Athens (not the priceless treasure of his drama) but the fact that as a youth he had met in the Platæan grove a Persian who would not forget him: Athens — set in a ring of amethyst — Athens which, like the strange worlds scientists tell us of, seems to be lighted of another sun — where dawn flows violet — where at noon the rocks on Hymettus cast violet shades, where at evening the whole is one flower, the

*From Pausanias's Description of Greece. Book III.

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jagged peaks of the mountains not only in color but in shape obvious violet heads cut in stone and granite — a rock wreath of purple flowers.

A suavity — a fragrance — Athens — moderation!

Laconia — Lacedæmonia!

Strange savage custom and superstition — the boys sacrificing outside the city, under the patronage of Apollo, young dogs to the god of war, as no other Greeks — and as no other Greeks turned into young animals to fight with fist and teeth, inflicting and receiving ungainly, savage injuries — yet not far from this level gymnasium circled with its gaping ditch, is a temple of the Muses "because the Lacedæmonians do not go out to battle to the sound of the trumpet but to the music of flute and lyre and harp".

Strange contradiction — a people subtle, sensitive and yet most grossly savage — iron — brass — new process of welding armor and smelting ore for statue and temple doors — intense justice, Lycurgas, a name among the few law makers of the world, Sparta, the law-making, the law-inventing, law-abiding — the dances of young women before the chaste and valiant Artemis, and the tearing of young men, gouging of eyes, searing of flesh in the name of holiest Apollo.

Perhaps (as today psychologists would tell us) the suppression that made for this strict observance of law, virtue and beauty, needed by analogy a violent outburst. Cleomenes, the Spartan ruler, characterizes the spirit of his people. Daring in the world of the supernatural as in his worldly affairs and martial exploits, subtle in intellect, a giant in courage, he tampered with the Delphic oracle, bribed the priestess to predict disaster to his enemies, worked valiantly through the tangle he himself had made about him, and at the last "died in a fit of madness".

It was in his reign that Xerxes led his army into Greece.

For one moment, for one second, for one heartbeat, the living organism of the world or the spirit of the world seemed in jeopardy — as if beyond this earth and the spirit or dæmon of this earth, another was watching, questioning: shall this be a creature of sensuous, high strung, feminine, changeable, fluid character, given first to the lure of the senses, a creation of the sun but of an Eastern sun, myrrh mingled with spices, men beautiful, with the half male, ringed and braceleted beauty, with hair braided below the shoulders or falling in black ringlets, odorous, with golden crown inset with image of an Eastern sun — or shall the West prevail?

Athens, standing midway, given to intellectual subtlety and intellectual vagaries, with breadth, with desire to achieve, Athens reaching toward Asia with its chain of peerless islands, Athens begetter of poets and lover of poets from furthest islands and foreign coast — daring colonizer of the Asian seaboard — Athens, a city set forever on a hill — valiant, undaunted, its personality expressed in every ditch and hollow of its paving stones, and stamped on the heart of every citizen as the owl and helmet on the unalloyed coinage of its city — Athens, a light forever — the woman with the helmet or the male with the embroidered garment and the purple sleeve?

Athens, it is true, is the goal of all our striving, the island and the beauty and moderation and the Muses weaving violets! But beyond Athens, like the tears we cannot shed in hearing certain unwonted phrasing of music or the timbre of perfect rhythm — beyond the consciousness, beyond the in-

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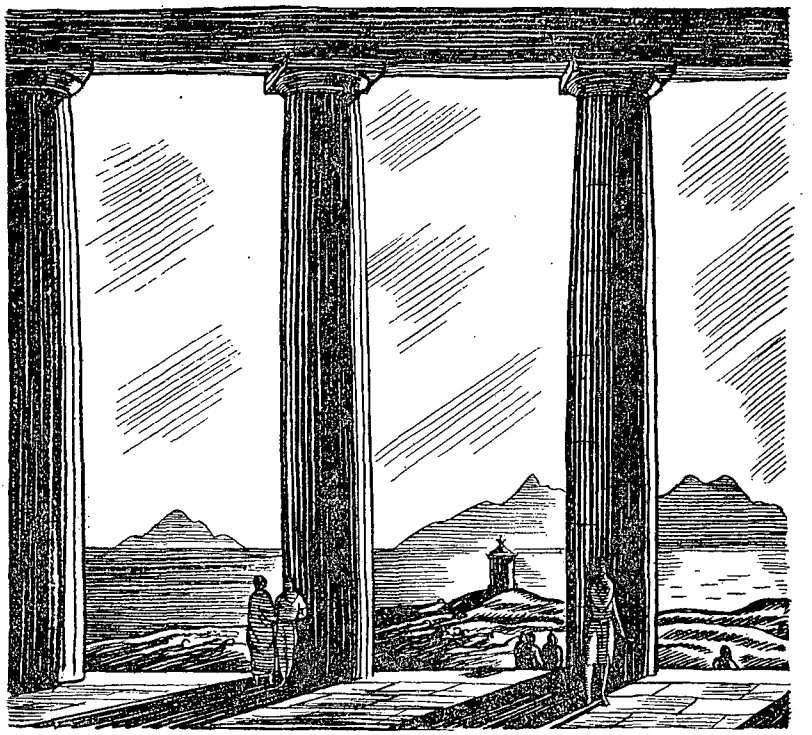

tellect, is the terror of the unexpressed, the fear that rages, tearing us like the young men each other, inchoate, undefined, or the beauty unexpressed and dying to be worshiped dead (a beauty beyond the ecstasy that makes song, the spirit of the Hyacinthia, the Spartan festival). Beyond Athens, ivory and silver, standing supreme upon the Parthenon is the Athene, brass and iron and red roses, another, sacrificing even the mind, her lovely citadel for a region of blank terror and unexploited beauty.

Leonidas, a citizen of Sparta, with three hundred men of Lacedæmonia met the entire strength of Persia in a mountain pass below Thessaly.

Beyond reason — beyond the technical expression of dramatic poem or music or chiseling of statue was this action — the three hundred and their leader slain!

"O passer by, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here obeying their orders."

It is significant that an outsider, a poet of Cos, affiliated with Athens, Simonides, should have crystallized the spirit of Sparta in this heroic epitaph. Laconia bred few poets. Its spirit was essentially the spirit of action — but action technically perfect, the war dance, the dance of maidens, the marching to battle, the meeting and the slaying of the enemy, even the mode and manner of death were self conscious, dramatic, trained, perfected actions, technical actions, a life lived as a poem is written, a death met as the hero in the Athenian drama meets it, with stately posture, with inevitable grace, with enviable reserve.

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To write a poem, to carve a Hermes or Diadumenos requires a lifetime of absolute service, and many previous lives dedicated to the same service. Calamos, Scopas not only spent the ardor of their brain and spirit in perfecting their technique, but others had already attained, achieved, invented manner, method, and mannerism of which they were no mean inheritors. The three hundred had inherited somewhat a technique of heroism — they achieved a perfection never yet attained, never to be surpassed, at Thermopylæ.

But the spirit of Greece, though the various members of it are so singularly divergent, is one. Thessaly, Thermopylæ, Thebes, Athens, Argos, Sparta, names we love and turn over in our hands like unset jewels, making new patterns or stringing them upon a chain to add and add like a child threading its beads, new names, new jewels, Thessaly, wild woods, wild beasts, branch of a tree, a moss agate; Thermopylæ, the quivering, flawless ruby, shot with fire; Thebes, rock and walls, a black Phœnician jade; Athens, obviously the flawless crystal, reflecting the outer world yet turning all things to dream and vision; Argos, some curious buried moonstone; Sparta, great ruby, yet no flawless jewel nor gleaming with such inner fire as that perfect flame, Thermopylæ. And on from Sparta, we have name on name of tiny city, fringing the sea. These names seem to me like a handful of tiny pearls, perhaps in the larger reading of history, valueless, but, with little fleck and flaw, full of color and charm, a handful of seed pearls, made to be strung about the throat of a small child, with fairy tale for history.

There is Croceæ with its stones "like river stones", which add to the "beauty of fish pond and ornamental waters". There are the eighteen cities along the irregular points of the seacoast, "all that remain of what were once the twenty four cities of the Eleutherolaneones". In one we find a "grove with fountains", in another a special little stretch of sand where the "seashore has pebbles beautiful in shape and of all kinds of colors".

In one town, Atalanta paused, thirsty with hunting, in another is a mysterious little patch of fruitful ground called "Dionysius's garden". There is a fountain in one of these small cities where once the passer by paused and beheld as in a mirror a vision to gladden his heart, of ships passing, strange ships with golden figureheads and purple sails, where all care was forgotten — a picture to be remembered all a man's life, to ease his soul in dying. But alas — "The peculiarity of the water was stopped for all time by a woman washing her dirty linen in it."

Again there is a Castor and Pollux, brothers of a fairy tale, standing in the open — "these the sea cannot move from their position though in wintertime it dashes violently over the rock".

There are the fifty impracticable curious girls — daughters of the sea — and there is the small wood sacred to these Nereids, "for the story goes that they climbed up to this place from the sea to see Pyrrhos the son of Achilles when he went off to Sparta to marry Hermione".

There is our Athene again, this time called Cyparissia, who seems to join hands with the beautiful one, the flawless, sprung from the sea, cast with froth and iridescent spray upon Cytherea, the island off the Laconian coast, pendant, as it were to the chain of tiny seed pearls, giant pearl, shot through with violet, crocus-colored and rose-tinted lights.

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THE LOG ROLLER'S HUT

By Richardson Wright

IN the fine old literature of the Sunday School library era, the hero invariably wandered about for days, wretchedly hungry, wet to the skin, tormented by fear, until he finally staggered up to a charcoal burner's hut hid away in the depth of the forest. There he was given food and drink and a disguise (gratis) and led by a secret path to the highroad of safety.

The charcoal burner of those days used to keep a closetful of disguises on hand for just this emergency. Perhaps he bought out the wardrobes of shows stranded on the road. His cuisine, although simple, was always sufficient, leading one to surmise that when he bought, he bought in quantity and not on the cash-and-carry plan.

To the novels of the Seventies the charcoal burner's hut was what the Romans called a *sine qua non;* a novel wasn't worth its salt unless it lugged in at least one charcoal burner's hut.

Life in the literary world is much the same today, with the exception that the charcoal burner has been gathered to his fathers and the hut is now occupied by the log roller. But, as before, there is no way out of the forest of books save one comes across this welcome little shack.

The log roller is more a person of moods than the charcoal burner used to be. He can let you starve without recognition and be buried by the birds as were the Babes in the Wood, or he can fit you out with a disguise, fill you and your rucksack with neat little packets of literary pabulum, and lead you by a secret path to the highroad of publicity and fame.

Since he is so capricious a person you might solve the problem by setting up your own hut and becoming your own log roller. Of that later. At this point we are concerned with the varieties of log rollers. There are three, viz.: the Simple or Frank; the Subtle or Insidious; the Scholarly.

The Scholarly Log Roller generally works through the medium of the preface and the footnote. *Ibid.* is his slogan. Take down any learned volume and see the cunning old fellow at work. He mentions his subject; then he discourses on contemporary books relating to his subject and to these he measures out a judicious mead of praise. The rest of his preface is devoted to thanking those who have helped him with the book — the professor who looked up the dates, the instructor who suggested his adopting the Whosis theory, the librarian who kindly marked the pages of books he quotes, so he wouldn't have to read the entire volumes, the colleague who read the proofs, and finally, the typist who made clean copies of his execrable calligraphy. How much of their books do these professors write anyway?

Several years ago I helped perpetrate just such a preface. The volume required the verisimilitude of scholarship and dependability. Having a certain youthful prejudice against footnotes and *ibids*, I hit upon the happy scheme of extending our thanks to various obscure persons in out-of-way

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places. There wasn't the slightest chance of anyone's ever looking them up. One was a clerk in a Siberian telegraph office, another was a cook in a Manchurian restaurant.

Perhaps half of these professorial prefaces are sheer "swank", put on to gain effect. But why stop at the typist? Why not include the children who behaved themselves while you were writing, and the wife who crawled off to her corner and kept quiet, and the kitchen queen who stayed, and the nextdoor neighbor who gave up practising on the saxophone so that you could work in peace?

Quite a pleasant little study could be made of the prefaces of books written, say, by Harvard professors, by cross referencing the thanks passed from one chair to another. You could read the social romance of a collegiate decade in these forewords.

The Subtle or Insidious Log Roller works mainly through a third party, the way one hires a thug to do some peculiarly unpleasant job. I am sorry to say that this "third party" is often a woman.

You are out at dinner and are just beginning to go down for the third time in a sea of infatuation for your partner when she leans your way and whispers, "Have you read Hexler Jones's new novel, 'The Cutworm'?" You cough into your napkin and say that it hasn't come to you yet. "Oh, but you *must* read it. Immensely clever!" A day or so later when you get that book to review you may find it utter drivel, but your pen will hesitate to say so. For the sake of that voice, you are avowed to say something nice. You forget the noble traditions of criticism, you fling conscience to the winds, a tide of sentimentality pours through you — and you pen a glorious blurb.

The Simple or Frank Log Roller goes about his work in an open, pleasant, and gratifying fashion. He offers you luncheon or dinner — which is always acceptable — and puts it up to you as man to man, much in the manner we are led to believe Mr. Murphy put it up to the other boys at Tammany Hall. In fact, many a good politician has been lost when certain men take up writing.

This type of log rolling is gratifying because all parties concerned get so much out of it. You find yourself one of a group of the hero's admiring friends. The author may even write you every day for an extended period. He will permit himself to be quoted in publishers' blurbs regarding your books. He may put you in the way of "good things".

But how does one begin it? How does one lay the foundations for the log roller's hut? Well, you can start a literary circle or an authors' dining society. You can always attract authors by blowing the dinner horn. Having assembled them, talk nobly of the art of letters and the necessity for authors' "getting together". Suggest that the club be called by some quaint literary name — the Grub Street Worms, the Little Mermaid Tavern, the Marlowe Fellowship. Then, having gotten the club under way, sit back in your president's chair and gather in the kudos, listen to the pose and persiflage and let your admirers smother you with laurels.

In France the salon produced the same results as the modern log roller's luncheon club. England had its Mermaid Tavern and its innumerable literary groups. She has also her cliques; one cannot go far in England today unless he belongs to the "Squirearcky". On the other hand, the individual British author adopts a method

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of living which automatically creates a legend for himself. Few American authors know what a legend is. One of the most advantageous coups ever managed in the history of literature was when Stevenson retired to his Pacific island fastness.

The English author goes to the country and stays there. Living is cheap and he is undisturbed. Moreover, he attains a legend; when he does come up to London he makes as big a hit as Moses did when he came down from his mountain. American authors flock to the big cities where living is high, and breed only contempt because the populace becomes familiar with them. A man cannot attain a legend if he is seen about the streets every day.

I know of a Canadian author who hides himself away from New York and visits this wicked city only once a year. This man writes "She's-a-Bear Fiction"— stories of the wilderness and the love affairs of coyotes. On his annual pilgrimage to the great city he wears rough tweeds and a mackinaw. He never has a dinner jacket, never heard of dinner jackets, and consequently makes a novel, refreshing forest figure at a table where smart people entertain authors. Midway in the salad course he will dip into his pocket and produce a hunk of quartz veined with gold, or a dead snake or a strip of birchbark. That he lives respectably in a small Canadian town, that he sedulously avoids gold mines, snakes, and birch trees, that he never wears a mackinaw except in New York, and that he dresses regularly for dinner has nothing to do with the case.

The way then both to acquire a legend and become a log roller is to hide yourself in the country, to become a romantic figure in the forested distance. And this thought brings us back to our original thesis, for the log roller's hut, as was the charcoal burner's, is always hid away in the impenetrable forests.

SENT WITH AN ANONYMOUS BOUQUET

By Garreta Helen Busey

ASK not of roses at your door
Whence they arise,
But watch them quiver on their stems
Like butterflies
That gleam a moment in the sun
And disappear;
Let them but flash their sweetness through
Your winter cheer.
Drink of their fragrance while they tremble,
Cool and wet,
Under your Christmas candlelight—
And then forget.

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

THE romance of great sales in the book world is just a shade more thrilling, it seems to me, than success in any business, because to the publisher at least, and to a certain extent to the author, it is a gamble, but a gamble in which intelligence must play a large part. Betting on a book is certainly not quite so much of a chance as betting on a hand at poker; yet what publisher would be brave enough to claim that he has always known a best seller when he has read one in manuscript? If you should corner him, he would probably admit that he had rejected many a book which made a fortune later for a rival firm; and the rival firm would doubtless admit the same of other volumes.

The choosing of books and plays is a very similar process. It is well known that the famous and vastly profitable "Rain" went the rounds of the New York managers' offices fairly thoroughly before it found a producer. I must confess to the rejection of a famous best seller for one publishing house, and I know that it was allowed to pass out the door of still another. It is these chances that make bookselling highly romantic to the publisher.

The author faces a problem slightly more grim. For him, there is no definite and straight road to success or popularity. By some lucky chance he may strike the public fancy with his first effort and knock the book to a home run of many thousands of copies. Or he may work for years without praise or sales. No successful author can tell how to succeed in writing. He can only detail, as he recalls it, the progress of his own success. Before he starts writing he knows that very few books sell beyond the hundred thousand mark, and that still fewer authors repeat this sale with their new stories as their career progresses. Public fancy is hard to capture and, once gained, even more difficult to hold. The life of any sort of author is not easy; but the life of a successful author is fraught with many perils. He stands in constant fear of losing his great audience. He may turn it away by some thoughtless act of his life which puts him into the limelight and destroys a popular illusion concerning him. His viewpoint may change, so that whatever the magic of his writing was, it vanishes — and he always knows that it will take perhaps only one dull book to drive away his following. Therefore he must keep himself in as good training as the prizefighter. With every book, he slips into the ring. Applause greets him for his former conquests; but should his performance prove dull, he knows that the knockout can be swiftly dealt, and that the comeback is difficult and dangerous.

Who are the living American authors whose books sell more than a hundred thousand copies promptly after publication — say within six months? In talking recently with a man who knows the book market better than most, since his firm distributes the books of all publishers, I was surprised to find

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how short the list really is. For consistently large sales a certain group springs at once to mind: Zane Grey, Gene Stratton-Porter, Mary Roberts Rinehart, James Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne, Joseph C. Lincoln, Booth Tarkington, Harold Bell Wright, Dorothy Canfield, Edith Wharton, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. These authors have held their places more or less consistently over a period of years, although in most cases certain volumes have proved far more popular than others. Then there are several authors who have recently leaped into the hundred thousand class and who may stay there: Sinclair Lewis, with "Main Street" and "Babbitt", Charles G. Norris with "Brass" and "Bread", Warner Fabian with "Flaming Youth", Edna Ferber with "So Big".

There is Gertrude Atherton, early successful with "The Conqueror", later brilliantly so with the sensational "Black Oxen"; and similarly Harry Leon Wilson whose "The Spenders" had a tremendous vogue, duplicated by his recent "Oh Doctor!" There are others whose books have excellent sales yet have never repeated the great success of one book, like Eleanor Hallowell Abbott ("Molly Make-Believe"), Mary Johnston ("To Have and to Hold"), Frances Little ("The Lady of the Decoration"), Kathleen Norris ("Certain People of Importance"), Alice Hegan Rice ("Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"), Henry Sydnor Harrison ("Queed"), Basil King ("The Inner Shrine"), Meredith Nicholson ("The House of a Thousand Candles"), Stewart Edward White ("The Blazed Trail"), Owen Wister ("The Virginian").

Among the other favorite authors whose sales are still large but not so large as for several of their earlier books are Margaret Deland, Irving Bacheller, Rex Beach, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, Thomas Dixon, George Barr McCutcheon, Harold MacGrath, Henry van Dyke. There are a few women writers of the first order who have apparently not yet reached the one hundred thousand sale. They are Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, and Zona Gale. Two others who write popular books, Temple Bailey and Grace S. Richmond, while assured of a very good sale, apparently fall short of one hundred thousand.

This summary leaves out of consideration the many English and foreign authors whose sales have reached huge proportions in America — and it all sounds rather commercial; but my purpose here is to examine success in terms of sales, not in terms of literary quality. Just how have these authors, or some of them, reached the coveted public? We shall attempt to discover.

I: ZANE GREY

A YOUNG man in the smoking car of a Lehigh Valley train looked out at a smoky Ohio Village.

"So this is Zanesville", he said.

"Yes, this is Zanesville; what of it?" said the broad Ohioan who was just returning with his wife from a trip through Yellowstone Park.

"Well, Zane Grey was born here!" said the young man.

"Yes!" said the Ohioan.

"Zane Grey's certainly a good fellow", said the young man. "In fact, he's a peach. I like him better than his books."

The Ohioan spat reflectively and

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twirled his cigar. His scorn came slowly to speech.

"Well, young feller," he said, "I really don't see that it makes much difference what *you* think of Zane Grey's books!"

It certainly doesn't!

The Ohioan was proud of Zane Grey, as well he should be. Of the work of all living novelists, Mr. Grey's books taken as a whole probably have the widest sale and the greatest reading public. Their readers number millions. They have been translated into many languages. Some of his earlier books still go on selling as well as his later ones. His name is one of the few which has stood for something on the motion picture advertisements. It has definite box office value. Ask the taxicab driver, the peanut boy, the grocer, the lawyer, your father, your brother, your uncle, what books he reads. Nine out of ten American men will answer, *Zane Grey's*. If you don't believe me —try it! Of all living authors he is the most successful in his appeal to men. Why?

How did this native of Zanesville, Ohio, learn his trade? Why is it that he is one of the very few authors the sale of whose books continues at high pitch; even, sometimes, increases, as he grows older? What manner of man is he?

Zane Grey is a short, wiry man, with tanned skin, bright eyes, iron grey hair, and a quick smile. He must possess great powers of physical endurance, yet although he seems sturdy, he does not give the impression of great physical force — rather of much nervous vitality. He has a wife and three children of whom he talks much. He is intensely interested in people, and his views of life are firmly entrenched but amazingly tolerant. I have never met Mrs. Grey, but I suspect that had she not been exactly the sort of person she is, Mr. Grey would not be the success he is. As I write I recall "Merton of the Movies" — "my best pal and my severest critic". Yet like most burlesque sentiments, it so often happens to be true. In the first place, it is essential that Mr. Grey be free to travel, to fish, to hunt, to gather the local color for his novels; and this Mrs. Grey has always left him free to do. In the second place, the works of Zane Grey in one way or another amount to a good sized business, the financial details of which annoy Mr. Grey. He tells you that if left to himself he would probably spend all of his money and never know where any of it was. It is Mrs. Grey — a graduate of Hunter College, New York City, by the way — who runs the business details. She is the executive; not only that, she advises him on all his manuscripts and goes over them with him.

First requirement for a successful novelist: an executive wife who understands the vagaries of the writer's temperament.

But this does not explain the appeal of Mr. Grey's novels — an appeal which I suspect he is far too close to himself to understand. The author of "The Call of the Canyon", "Wanderer of the Wasteland", "Riders of the Purple Sage", "Wildfire", is, first of all, a normal American man. He is an outdoor man, a baseball man. He is a family man. He is a good mixer. He knows how men act and talk and how, in their best moods, they romanticize women. He knows that man, while he sins and sloshes around in the mud, really likes to think of himself as divine; that in his egotistical longings man always envisions a pure life. The American man is essentially clean, he is essentially a sportsman, he loves the out of doors. Here lies the secret of Zane

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Grey. That and a great desire to write stories, a love of picturesque incident, a natural and a complete belief in himself as a writer.

Second requirement for a successful novelist: not to be a hybrid!

How luckily the details of Zane Grey's life prepared him for his career when he found it. Yet when he discovered that writing was the thing he wanted to do, it required a long period of strenuous work, of discouragement, of disappointment, before he knew that he really could do it successfully. He will tell you of long nights and days spent in hard labor, of painstaking visions of manuscripts, of sacrifices on the part of his wife and family. Nor does writing come easily to him. He fashions a story with even greater care now than he did years ago.

Third requirement for a successful novelist: that he be a hard worker!

Zane Grey was born, as I have said before, in Zanesville, Ohio. There is a slight trace of Indian blood in his veins. His father was a hunter, farmer, backwoodsman, who later became a doctor. One of his early stories that he had published at his own expense, "Betty Zane", was a tale of his own ancestors and of their opening of the Ohio River to civilization. This Elizabeth Zane was a sister of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, Mr. Grey's great-great-grandfather, who held Fort Henry for twenty years against the Indians and British. She was the famous Betty Zane who saved the fort by carrying an apronful of gunpowder to the besieged garrison while she was being fired upon by the enemy. It is with ancestral right that Zane Grey composes thrillers.

His boyhood in Zanesville was not without its moments of romance. He will tell you of high school ballplaying days, and of studies far less successfully accomplished than the baseball.

"My first story was called 'Jim of the Cave'", he told me, "and my father burned it and whipped me, though for some other childish prank, not for writing the story. I suspect, however, he thought there was something rather strange about the committing of such a deed!"

In pre-high school days Mr. Grey admits his literary inheritance to have been Beadle's Dime Library and Harry Castleman's books. Later he read Cooper avidly; to my mind it is to the romances of Cooper that he owes his greatest debt. At sixteen he found himself a good baseball pitcher. His family moved to Columbus, where he attracted the notice of University of Pennsylvania scouts. Presently he found himself at college, playing on the varsity.

College over, the obvious thing for so excellent a young baseball player to do was to undertake professional baseball. This he did. That some of his baseball games stand out as the most thrilling moments of life, is evident after even a short talk with Zane Grey. After a whole day with him recently, I came away filled with stories of great baseball players of the past and with one clear memory of how he played and won a game against Yale in the days of "Dutch" Carter. Grey was playing shortstop at the time. He says that to this day he does not know how he caught the famous ball. "Does one know", he asks, "how it is one accomplishes the things that are seemingly impossible?" There came the ball, and if ever a fair hit spelled a home run that was it. Well, out went his hand, and then there was the ball in it and the hand was numb. But the ball was there!

That was one of the triumphant moments of Mr. Grey's career. That, and the time when a contract was first

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handed him across the desk at Harper and Brothers for his first published novel. However, that comes a trifle later in this story.

In New York, Mr. Grey went to work and became fairly successful; but in his office he dreamed constantly of out-of-door things. In his vacations he escaped from town to fish and hunt. He began writing articles on hunting and fishing and they found publication in the out-of-door magazines. This was not enough. He soon visioned himself as a writer only, and as a successful writer. His first novel, "Betty Zane", received no encouragement from the gentlemen whom he then characterized as "hard hearted publishers". He borrowed money, published the book at his own expense. Although it received some good press notices, it sold slowly, having no real selling organization back of it.

It was about then that he made the decision to break entirely with his other profession, and to chance everything on his own ability to write. He moved to a cottage at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, taking with him his mother, sisters and brothers. Here he worked unceasingly on various types of writing, only to meet discouragement after discouragement. Meanwhile, he had married. As he was about to give up, his wife — whom he had met when she was eighteen and still in college — insisted that he keep on and offered her own money for the family support until such time as he should meet the results she knew were in store for him. After five years failure still pursued, and financial conditions were crucial. An opportunity arose for him to make a trip as scribe with the famous plainsman "Buffalo" Jones. The story of this trip through the west was prepared and submitted to Harpers. Again a rejection followed — it was the fifth book to be consigned to limbo by that house.

That day, Zane Grey says, marks the turning point in his career. As he walked away from Harpers he wanted to give up; but he didn't. Instead, he went home, sat down, and began writing his first western novel, the now famous "Heritage of the Desert". It was accepted by Harpers. It sold. From then on his career is well known. He has not lacked for material, readers, friends, or money, and I suspect we might say:

Final requirement for a successful writer: persistence.

How does Zane Grey prepare his material? How does he write his books?

"I used to write one novel a year and a certain number of articles and short stories", he told me. "Then Barton Currie of 'The Ladies' Home Journal' came along, and said: 'It only takes you three months to write a novel, Grey. Why not double your output?'

"This seemed sensible, so I did. Now I write two serials a year."

Mr. Grey's procedure is simple enough — and, although hard work, exceedingly delightful. Three months, he works at his writing in his new home in Avalon, California. He keeps his place in Lackawaxen, by the way, because of its memories of early struggles and romance. The next three months, he collects material. Perhaps he takes a trip through Arizona or New Mexico. Perhaps he fishes in the far north or the south. When I saw him recently he had just returned from a fishing trip on which he had caught the largest tuna fish on record. Some men go to the libraries to find their material for books — but sportsmen, guides, and outfitters know more of Zane Grey than librarians. He pre-

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pares for a trip as carefully as he rewrites his manuscripts. Sometimes, he says, he carries around the main idea of a book for months. Sometimes he gets it from the random story of a guide, from some thought of his own. He then picks companions and plans his expedition to the locale of his story.

"What sort of people do you like to take with you?" I asked.

"Oh, different sorts", he replied. "My brother is one of my favorite companions. I once took an editor, and he was no tenderfoot. We had a good time. Last year I had a bunch of movie men. Just anyone who likes the outdoors, and, of course, I like my guides."

When he actually begins writing he works with feverish haste. His writing is done with a pencil and so rapidly, he says, as to be almost automatic. He works in long stretches, for hours at a time, and he sees his stories as rising to peaks of emotion and of description. When he has passed one of these milestones, he usually finds himself tired and stops. Sometimes he is scarcely conscious of having turned out one of his justly famous and often very beautiful pieces of description. His wife then types his manuscript for him and the slow process of revision takes place. About three months, and the book is finished. This is the life and the work of Zane Grey.

"Do you keep notebooks?" I asked. He smiled.

"I didn't used to do so, but as I grow older I find that details slip, that it is much better to keep accurate count of all the things that happen on a trip. I have notebook on notebook filled with unused material now."

DISILLUSION

By George Sterling

SINCE boyhood he had loved a certain star,
And, as the many do, had lifted eyes
Innocent of the terror of the skies.
Of all the multitude of orbs that are
He chose him one whose pure and icy spar
Seemed holiest, and when he saw it rise
Would often whisper: "Make me good and wise!
Lead me to Heaven, O beautiful and far!"

Then he was taken to the silent peak
Where the astronomers at midnight peer
On dreadful gulfs, enormous and austere.
He listened, but I did not hear him speak:
None heard him, stumbling down the mountain, say:
"A ball of gas! . . . Quadrillion miles away!"

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THACKERAY'S DIARY

By John M. Patterson

AMONG the many delectations of collecting books and autographs, none perhaps is more compensating than the discovery of a manuscript that has never been published. This is especially true if the discovery add to the world's sum of knowledge on some point of literary history, or contribute a hitherto unknown fact concerning an author's life. Those of us whom the gods have blessed in this respect — seldom, of course, through any merit of our own — constitute, as we are quite ready to admit, a class apart from the remainder of our collecting brethren. The ordinary collector must rest content with the distinction of possessing this or that fugitive edition, in which some far sighted printer of a past age has been conveniently careless in making use of what we have come to regard as the "correct error" in type sticking. Such attenuated raptures are not for us, however.

Let me help you to understand what I am driving at by plunging, at once, into the heart of my mystery.

William Makepeace Thackeray has been, and still is, a very much talked about, and a very much written about, author. He has several biographers, the most prominent of whom are Merivale and Marzials, Charles Whibley, Lady Ritchie, and Anthony Trollope. Yet the present humble writer knows a number of important facts concerning Thackeray which his biographers — if we except Lady Ritchie — did not know.

How many people know that Thackeray kept a diary? I do, for one. I not only know that he did keep a diary, but I know what is in it. Furthermore, I am the owner of the diary.

Let me proceed to tell you how I made a discovery in Thackerayana, or rather, how the discovery was thrust upon me.

A couple of summers ago, while I was in London with my friend and fellow collector, John C. Eckel — of Dickens Bibliography fame — we "just dropped in" upon the Maggs Brothers to see their new bookshop on Conduit Street. As we entered the store I noticed one of the brothers engaged in most serious conversation with a lady. I am not in the habit of listening to other people's private talk, but I could not help hearing the word "diary" used several times by one of the speakers.

When the stranger departed, Mr. Maggs turned to us and said, "That is the granddaughter of —— and here is a very interesting little item." At the same time he handed me a small book bound in dark red Russian leather. It was a "Punch's" Pocketbook.

Mr. Maggs does not make a fuss over "Punch's" Pocketbooks — unless there be something unique about them. So I opened the little volume and found — in a handwriting which I recognized — these words:

Thackeray
36 Onslow Square, Brompton, London.

I know that house on Onslow Square. It is just across the street from a won-

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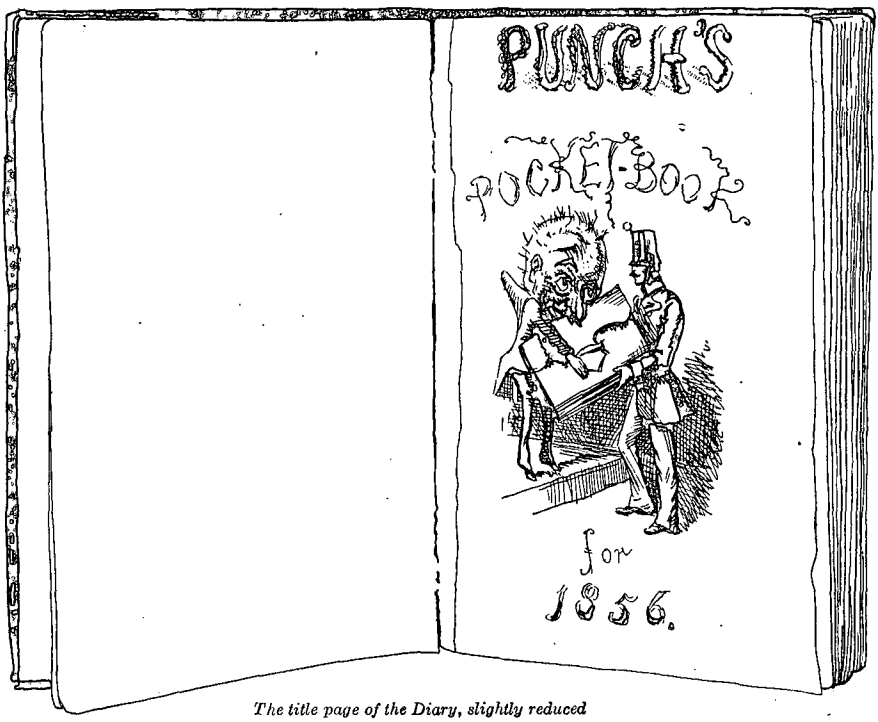

The title page of the Diary, slightly reduced

derful little spot filled with trees and spattered with sunshine — except when it becomes darkened with fog, or splashed with rain, and then it is just as murky and depressing as any other London square on a wet day.

The little volume consists of some 190 pages. It is about 3¼ inches wide and 4¾ inches long. A number of humorous (?) short stories, illustrated with several spirited woodcuts; some printed matter, including a calendar and information pertaining to the seasons, holidays and festivals, as well as much data relating to the government and laws of England, take up the greater portion of the book. What interests us most, however, is those pages on which Thackeray has jotted down his daily doings.

Prior to 1854, the year of "The Newcomes", he had been one of the leading contributors to "Punch". His work covered every feature of the paper — burlesques of history, parodies of literature, songs, stories and jokes — in fact, everything from a line to a column. In addition, Thackeray contributed 380 drawings — for, like Clive in "The Newcomes", he had been a caricaturist from his early boyhood. One of his "Punch" drawings is famous because nobody has ever been able to see the point, though a rival paper ironically offered £500 for an explanation. With this single exception, his fun making powers seem to have been appreciated — even by his colleagues — for we know that he became an attendant at the regular dinner parties which formed so delightful a feature of "Punch's" cabinet council, and to which none but the elect were ever admitted.

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Although he ceased to write and draw for "Punch", he nevertheless retained his friendship with the members of the staff. In proof whereof we find this entry in the Diary: "Wednesday August 13th, 1856. Dined Punch."

Those "Punch" dinners must have been wonderful. Wits of pen and pencil! Good fellowship! Work and serious aim! Nothing wanting because nothing was ever forgotten! In the beginning "Punch" dined on Saturday night, when the paper was made up and on the press. Then it was found that the dinners could be better utilized to promote the interests of the paper by having them on Wednesday; so the day was changed. It is, therefore, Wednesday, the thirteenth of August, that Thackeray "dined Punch".

The famous table around which the staff assembled — if it could only speak, what stories it might tell. Mark Lemon carved his initials upon it; so did John Leech and W. M. T. One day, while sitting around this very table, the three engaged in a friendly microscopic handwriting contest. Thackeray, as we know, made a fine art of penmanship. He has said of himself that he could always make a living by writing out the Iliad on a sixpence. So a sheet of writing paper was provided. Thackeray was the first to try his skill, and wrote the Lord's Prayer within the space of a threepenny piece; Leech then sketched the figures of thirteen persons, two horses and a dog; Lemon followed with two lines from "Punch", so small that they cannot be read without a magnifying glass. The formation of every figure and every letter in this odd contest is perfection itself.

But this has nothing whatever to do with the Diary, so let us open the pocketbook and read what Thackeray has written therein. He probably contemplated writing something about Rowley or Chatterton, for we find this memorandum:

> All that has hitherto appeared in print about Rowley or Chatterton is contained in the Monthly Reviews for April, May, June, 1777. In the Gentleman for May, June, July, August, September, 1778, and August and September, 1778 in the second volume of Wharton, Section VIII, in Walpole's letter.
>
> Love and Madness 167. In the same book see a very curious account of Doctor Dodd's execution. Charles Fox and Raynal looking on at it. 103.

Or, maybe the article on "Love and Madness" suggested thoughts of that poor sick wife of his, whose intellect had become clouded after four years of happy married life. Who can tell?

On another page he has set forth the various sums earned from his lectures, as follows:

Lectures from Nov. 4 to Dec. 30.

	£.	s.
Edinburgh	300	
Glasgow	105	
Paisley	25	
Dumfries	25	
Hull	100	
Bradford	50	
Liverpool	210	
Manchester	85	
Derby	25	
	925	
London	52	10
	977	10

It is interesting to note the difference between the London receipts and those from Scotland. Little wonder that he wrote from Edinburgh: "I have three per cent of the population here; if I could but get three per cent out of London!"

The Diary proper begins on May 21, 1856, when mention is made of Charles Wentworth Dilke. Then follow the names of such notables as M. Labouchère, Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Ashburton, Lord Derby, Richard Monckton Milnes, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Gilbert Abbott à Becket. Reference

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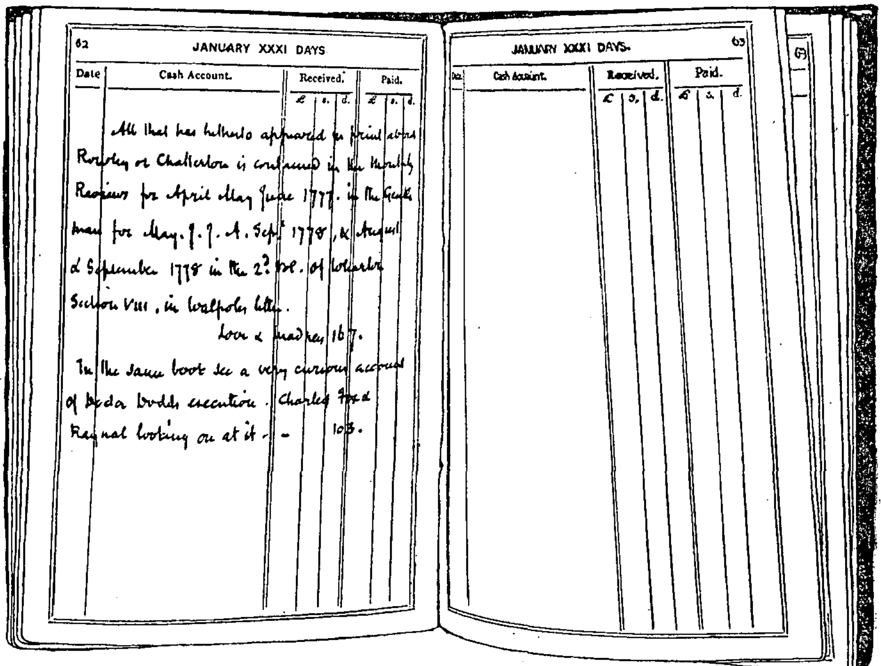
62 JANUARY XXXI DAYS

Date	Cash Account.	Received. £ s. d.	Paid. £ s. d.
	All that has hitherto appeared in print about Rowley or Chatterton is contained in the Monthly Reviews for April May June 1777. in the Gentleman['s] Mag for May. J. J. A. Sept 1778, & August & September 1778 in the 2d vol. of Walpole's Section VIII, in Walpole's letters.		
	Love & Madness 167.		
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JANUARY XXXI DAYS. 63

Date	Cash Account.	Received. £ s. d.	Paid. £ s. d.

Facsimile of a page of entry in Thackeray's handwriting

is also made to such trifles as servants' wages and merchant tailors. "Trifles", did I say? Yes, but that was seventy five years ago.

One entry in the Diary reads: "Aug. 14th, 1856. Left house. S. E. Station at 1.30. Dover about 4.45, reached Calais about 7."

In fancy we can see the tall ungraceful figure, the massive head, the pink face, the heavy rimmed spectacles, the bridgeless nose, the tall hat, the loose fitting clothes. It is Thackeray coming down the steps of 36 Onslow Square. Entering his brougham, he waves a fond adieu to his daughters, and is driven to the railway station, whence he goes to Dover to embark for a two months' vacation trip on the Continent, via Calais. We know it was two months, because the Diary tells us so. For the same reason we know that he went to Ghent and Brussels and Spa and Düsseldorf and Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, and other well known places in Europe.

To my mind, however, the most interesting pages of the Diary are those which touch upon his Scotch tour. If anyone should like to follow Thackeray in the Land o' Cakes, he may find much information in the little book. It not only gives the places where his lectures were delivered, and the financial benefits derived therefrom, but also the names of those who entertained him. There was something in Thackeray's peculiar genius which appealed to the Scottish temperament. Nearly all the men with any literary talent whatever knew him personally, and some of them were very fond of him.

In November, 1856, he was lecturing on the Four Georges. He was forty five years of age and had already written "Vanity Fair", "Pendennis",

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"Henry Esmond", and "The Newcomes". He had also delivered a series of lectures on the English humorists — both in Great Britain and the United States. Society had taken him up, as society does take up a successful author who is willing to be caressed — and Thackeray liked to be petted. Popularity and applause were stimulants to him. "If I don't go out into society, I can't write", he once said. The coruscating conversation, the soft candle light, the pretty faces, the clever men, the atmosphere of refinement, the flavor of ease, and the surroundings of opulence all drew him to "the 'ouses of the Great" as a candle draws a moth. But he had not always been the pampered darling of *le beau monde*. First a man of fortune, next a ruined and a struggling artist, then an obscure writer for reviews and magazines — barely eking out a hand to mouth existence — he had to wait until he was thirty eight before the first number of "Vanity Fair" was published.

When success came to W. M. T. he determined to make the most of it by working "double shifts" — lecturing as well as writing. Hence we find him in Scotland during the month of November, 1856, and "making such a pot of money" with those Four Georges of his that Douglas Jerrold suggested he had better go on with the eight Henrys, and then the sixteen Gregorys; by which time he might become so rich, and the public so exhausted, that he could afford to wind up with the one John — and that a cheap one. This particular pun is said to be as old as Magna Carta itself; but then Douglas Jerrold would always have his little jest.

"I heard", said Thackeray to Jerrold on one occasion, "that you have said 'The Virginians' is the worst novel that I ever wrote." "You are wrong", replied Jerrold; "I said, 'It is the worst novel anybody ever wrote.'"

Now I know that someone is going to tell me to stick to Thackeray's Diary; but remember it was the Diary that really started all this talk. The little book is so full of suggestions that it is hard to refrain from occasional wanderings into bypaths to pluck an odd flower.

Now take, for instance, this entry: "November 5, 1856. J. B. Dinner, Dr. Simpson, Aytoun, Mr. Stevens, Ladies."

Of course "J. B." is none other than the "good physician", Dr. Brown, who lived in No. 23 Rutland Street, Edinburgh, and wrote there a story of the immortal "Rab". The "Dr. Simpson" referred to is that eminent Sir James who discovered how chloroform might be used as an anæsthetic. Aytoun is the Scottish poet and humorist who, by his own confession, "followed the law, but never could overtake it". His "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" are known to most of us. The chief quality of his poetry is its picturesqueness — reproducing as it does a bygone age.

More interesting, perhaps, than Aytoun's poetry was Aytoun's first wife. She was a daughter of John Wilson — the Christopher North of "Blackwood's Magazine" — and seems to have inherited some of her father's wit and humor. When Aytoun proposed to her, the young lady reminded her suitor that before she could give her absolute consent, it would be necessary for him to obtain her father's approval. "You must speak for me," said the bashful poet, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." The young lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, announced that Aytoun had sought her in

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marriage. She added, "Shall I accept? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings", said hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress", said Miss Jane, as she reentered the drawing room. Turning round, the delighted young man read these words: "With the author's compliments!"

Christopher North was one of the most interesting figures of a time when learning was at a premium. Big man among big men, he could, with equal facility and felicity, conduct a literary symposium or a cock fight. The Ettrick Shepherd of his "Noctes Ambrosianæ" is, to me, one of the finest and most finished of literary creations.

Another name which suggests much is that of "Blackwood". It appears frequently in the Diary. Who has not heard of "Blackwood's Magazine"? And how many famous works of fiction first found their way into print through the great Scotch publishing house. In passing I can recall Wilson's "Noctes", Aytoun's "Glenmutchkin", Warren's "Diary of a Late Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year", Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge"; a number of De Quincey's — but not the "Opium Eater"; Bulwer's "The Caxtons", and last but by no means least, "Scenes of Clerical Life".

The Diary tells us that Thackeray stayed at John Blackwood's house, in Randolph Crescent, while delivering his Edinburgh lectures. The Scotch editor had earned the reputation of being a good host, and arranged his dinner parties with great skill. So one can easily understand why W. M. T. preferred to stay there rather than go to a hotel. I am sure, too, that he was a welcome guest and that the grey days and dark, frosty nights were brightened by his presence.

Thackeray never wrote for "Blackwood's". The two men had met at the Garrick Club when Thackeray was "beginning to write". Their friendship had come about entirely through mutual attraction and liking and not through any literary relations. W. M. T. gives John the credit, however, of having inspired him with the idea of "Lord Crewe". Many quaintly friendly notes of the Thackeray-Blackwood intimacy still exist.

With Aytoun almost next door, and with Sir Edward B. Hamley — hero of the Crimean War and contributor to "Blackwood's" — within a short horseback ride, one can imagine the good times which the author of "Vanity Fair" must have had.

Here is a quaint little entry: "November 16, Craigie Halkett. Walked to church and fat of land and claret in plenty and smoking too much." Evidently, Lieutenant Colonel Craigie Halkett, of Cramond, was one of those military gentlemen who believed in entertaining in the good old fashioned way.

Thackeray liked all sorts of dinners, but I believe he liked Scotch military dinners best of all, for we find him dining with Hamley at artillery mess the next day. Nor was he overcome by the doughty warrior, for five days later we find this entry: "November 22, Mr. Ritchie's dinner, where I almost took Edinburgh. Too much wine. Very good cooking. Russell, Findlay (Scotsman)."

John Ritchie was the proprietor of that great Whig paper known as "The Scotsman". Russell and Findlay were its editors. "Blackwood's Magazine" preached Toryism. Thackeray's middle name was Makepeace. Here was an opportunity to prove that there

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really was something in a name. So, by means of John Ritchie's wine and "very good cooking", W. M. T. arranged a truce between the Whigs and Tories. He did more — he succeeded in reconciling the two clans. This is proved by a letter which John Blackwood wrote to Charles Reade in 1876. "Many years ago," says Blackwood, "when Thackeray was staying with us, he insisted on making us (Russell and Blackwood) better acquainted, and a great night we had when late one evening the sage walked into my smoking-room, bringing Russell with him. Heigh-ho!"

But I am afraid that I have said more about Thackeray than I have about his Diary. So let me devote the few minutes which we still have to the little red bound book.

Here are a few pen scratches which suggest a number of things: "November 27. Paisley. Lecture in old church. Entertained at Mr. P. Coates's magnificent house. Dinner. Supper. Took leave of kind Blackwood in the morning."

Have you ever been to Paisley, Gentle Reader? If so, you will recall the dirty little river, the smoking chimneys, the noise and the bustle — for Paisley is a busy manufacturing town. Its shawls used to be known the world over. Clark's O. N. T. and Coates's linen and cotton spool thread are household words, even in America.

In the heart of this busy town stands an abbey, its venerable appearance contrasting strangely with its surroundings. Crowds of operatives jostle past it; heavily laden carts cause its old walls to tremble; the whir of machinery and the whistle of the locomotive break in upon its repose. The old abbey seems decidedly out of place amid modern manufacturing. And so it should, for at one time it was a famous shrine of Scotland, sharing honors with Melrose, Scone, and Dundee. It was in this old abbey, or rather a certain portion of it, that Thackeray lectured. Originally Paisley was settled by the Romans. So, according to the Diary, we have Thackeray at an ancient Roman camp, delivering a lecture in a mediæval chapel before a modern Renfrewshire audience and being entertained at the home of one of the world's largest thread manufacturers — for the Mr. P. Coates to whom W. M. T. refers was not Mr. P. Coates at all, but Sir Peter Coates, one of Paisley's leading citizens and a proprietor of the Ferguslie Thread Mills.

The next day we find "Old Thack" at Glasgow — only seven miles away — where he lectured to an "immense audience in the City Hall". This appears to have been his fourth Glasgow lecture. On the twenty ninth of November he was at Dumfries, where he lectured in a "pleasant little theatre" and was given "kind entertainment" by the editor of the Dumfries "Courier". Of course he visited the graves of Bobby Burns and "Bonnie Jean" Armour, both buried there. From Dumfries he went to Carlile where he dined with Mr. Steel and Mr. Cockburn, and slept "at excellent station hotel".

On the first of December it was snowing and bitter cold. Thackeray was at Hull, where he lectured in a "snug theatre". He tells us that he met a Mr. Frost — whether it was our old friend Jack, we are unable to state, because the Diary does not give the gentleman's Christian name. W. M. T. seems to have liked Hull very much. He stayed there a week, writing many letters and meeting lots of people, including "jolly old Mr. Wrightson" and a clergyman "with three services on Sunday at 150 a year". The fact that

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Thackeray had made one hundred pounds during his one week at Hull may have had something to do with his sympathy for the poorly paid clergyman.

Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, and Derby were his next stops. His visits to these places netted him nearly four hundred pounds within a fortnight, but the Diary tells us that he visited some of them more than once.

There are no entries in the Diary between the twentieth and the thirtieth of December. But it is not hard to guess the reason. It was the holiday season and in those brave old days Christmas was — well, it was just Christmas: hearty good wishes, spoken in all kinds of voices, from deepest bass to shrillest treble; the whole Island engaged in a general "handshake"; preparations making on every side for the social board around which friends and kindred were to be united. I am sorry that Thackeray did not give some of this fine early Victorian flavor to his Christmas books. Dickens did.

Even if the Diary fails to mention Thackeray's doings after the twentieth of December, nevertheless we can see him coming down from the north to enjoy the Yuletide. There he is greeting, with affectionate embrace, the two girls who were the idols of his heart. We can almost hear the big table groaning under the weight of Christmas dinner — smoking from the spit and flanked by the outposts of Bacchus. We can see the roundish face, with the little dab of a nose, as the glow from the open fire lights up his smiling countenance. Then, when the meal is finished, we can see him, cigar in hand, sink into an easy chair, take out his Diary and glance through it, his mind reverting to the people of the north who had been so kind to him.

Of all British cities there is none more appealing to the literary man than Edinburgh. It is Florence-like in its intellectual leanings and more than Florence-like in its beauty; while a thousand years of history are crystallized within the circuit of a single glance. Hill, crag, castle, rock, blue stretch of sea, the picturesque ridge of the Old Town, the squares and terraces of the New — these things seen once are not to be forgotten; but my time is up —

> The play is done; the curtain drops,
> Slow-falling to the prompter's bell:
> A moment yet the actor stops,
> And looks around, to say farewell.

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IS THERE AN EASY WAY TO WRITE?

By Homer Croy

I HAVE always wanted to find an easy way to write. Many times I have thought I have discovered it.

I worked hard, in my younger days, spoiling much good paper and doing a huge post office business. I took my manuscripts down to the post office, had them weighed, dropped them in, and then some marvelous machine in New York or Philadelphia opened them, extracted the stamps, and sent the manuscripts back in a remarkably short time. The harder I worked the faster my manuscripts came back. Nobody knew about it except me and the post office and this mysterious machine.

They were hard days. It seemed to me there must be some secret to writing that, if once I got hold of it, would sweep me on to victory. I was like a golf player who thinks it is all form. I wanted to find out this great world secret, apply it to myself, and give one magnificent leap onto the magazine covers. I began to look around.

I happened to read one day that Stevenson would sometimes search for the right word for twenty four hours. Ah, I said to myself, that is the secret — the right word. It seemed so simple — what else could it be? Why hadn't I thought of it before? Now I was on the right trail. I worked and scratched out, I revised and labored over every word. I walked the floor and thumbed the dictionary; I ate with Webster and went to bed with Roget; I learned rules of grammar and syntax until I made Genung and Meiklejohn seem like foreigners making their first stumbling steps in an alien language. I have now safely forgotten all those rules — thank Heaven! — but at that time they seemed more important than Moses at Sinai. I hunted the right word high and low. I made Stevenson look like a hack. When I came to a ticklish sentence and began to look for the right word, only one in the universe would do. If I found it inside of thirty six hours I mistrusted it. I thought there was something shoddy and makeshift about it. I would pass it up, put my nose in the dictionary and pull my hair (I had it then), and begin to stalk the one and only word. I thought that was the way literature was made — I hadn't the slightest doubt of it. Word by word I worked my manuscript out, each word a perfect pearl, each pearl strung and matched in the string. But it didn't make any difference in my post office business. I was still the best local customer they had.

One day, right in the middle of my pearl theory, I was dealt a blow. Arnold Bennett was my favorite author. I swore by him. He was the last word in writing. I bowed down and kissed "The Old Wives' Tale". I wanted it made compulsory reading in the public schools. Then I read that Arnold Bennett was a fast writer, that he wrote by hand at a galloping rate, rarely ever changing a word. This staggered me — my great master turning out page after page with hardly a correction! I began to turn it over. Maybe after all that was the right way — just fly

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into it and get it done while the tide is running high. I threw away my thesaurus and started in on the white heat method. That was the way to produce literature. Don't worry about the dictionary, just slap the words down while they are seething and surging. I tried it; I slapped 'em down. If I found more than two corrections on a page I became suspicious. I wrote furiously. The only time I stopped to look up a word was in order to find out how to spell it. But I didn't have any better success. That marvelous machine in New York and Philadelphia continued to function smoothly and anonymously.

I worked in the mornings. They were my best hours. I treasured them. Then I read that William J. Locke worked only at night, when everything was quiet and peaceful and he knew he would not be interrupted. He would begin at nine o'clock and work through until three, eat something and then go to bed. I now saw what was the matter — I wasn't working during the right hours. By nature I am sleepy-headed; I begin to yawn about half through the second act. But I wasn't going to let that keep me from writing, so I changed my hours and began working at night. It was tough; sometimes I would nod in the middle of a sentence. Then I would get up, exercise, eat something, and begin again. But all I did was to speed up the return of my manuscripts.

I now began to worry about my method of composition. I had been a newspaper man and pounded the typewriter with one finger on each hand. It was the only way I knew how to write. Then one day I heard that Theodore Dreiser used a stylograph pen.

"There," I said, "that is the secret — just let it flow out of your finger tips."

So I bought a stylograph pen, loaded it, and tried to think of a plot. At last I found one and let it flow out of my finger tips. . . . The manuscript came back in about the usual length of time. I tried the pen on a few more stories with about the same postage bill. I now began to get uneasy. The stylograph method didn't seem to be all that it should be. It had its drawbacks — possibly you have tried to use a stylograph pen.

At about this time I discovered that Don Marquis smoked a corncob pipe as he wrote. This was just what I lacked, I told myself — a picturesque corncob. With it inspiration would come and take me into its arms. So I went out and bought a corncob pipe, filled my stylograph, and started to work. But I still did a two way manuscript business.

I read that Booth Tarkington had a big drawing board, tipped at the right angle, with a pencil sharpener close by. Before starting in to work he would sharpen forty pencils, lay them in a row, and then go to it. "Gee," I said to myself, "this is the real method — look how Booth gets away with it." I hurried out for a drawing board. I was surprised at how much one costs — especially one that tips at the right angle. Then I got my pencils, laid them in a row, and started in. It was hard work — scratch, scratch, break off a point, throw away the pencil, grab up another. At last, I had the big secret in my grip. If I had only known it a few years earlier, how much time I might have saved! But I thought I would make doubly sure. While I scratched away I smoked, stopping now and then to refill my corncob pipe. It seemed to me, with this lead-pencil-corncob-pipe method, that I could not possibly go wrong. In fact, so earnestly did I believe in it that I wrote one whole

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novel by lead pencil, puffing and heaving at my pipe. The novel was accepted and I waited anxiously. It would set the country agog; the critics would be bowled off their feet. It came out, but the only stir it created was among my family and relatives. It was published shortly before Christmas. Christmas is a bad time to publish a book — especially for an author with many relatives.

I was rooked. How could this be? Other people got away with these methods, why couldn't I? Maybe I wasn't smoking enough. I laid in more tobacco.

One day I read that Balzac did it on coffee — that he locked himself in his room for days at a time, had his servant bring coffee to the door and, filling up on it, would drive on at a furious pace. So I fixed it up with one of the waiters at the hotel, and locked myself in and put on my bathrobe. Now and then the waiter came with coffee. I would open the door a few inches, toss back my tumbled hair, and take the tray and rush back to my inspired pages. I had discovered the great secret, I told myself. Balzac was the boy who knew his business; his mind had conceived the Human Comedy. Why, good gracious, a novel embracing the whole human race was nothing! I took another shot of coffee — I would do one myself. I would make Balzac's look like a blackboard exercise. I worked at night, worked till I staggered. It nearly killed me. My hands shook, my knees trembled, there was a ringing in my ears. . . . At last, I finished the manuscript and sent it in. I have never had a manuscript make such a quick trip. I was shocked — didn't they know inspired work when they saw it? What had become of the great editors of the old school? Dead, dead — gone — just callow youths lolling in honored chairs. Again and again the manuscript came back. In fact, it has never been published. Now and then I get it out of the drawer, and drop a few silent tears on its erratic lines.

Psychoanalysis swept the country. I promptly fell in with it. Ah, I said, now I have it. The big secret is out. I read about things I didn't know before that I had — about the subconscious, my racial inheritance, inhibitions, ideals, reflexes, complexes . . . it sounded wonderful. That was all I had to do — just hitch up with my subconscious and let it do the work. All I would have to do would be to cash the checks. It made the old pipe-and-coffee theory seem silly. There was no doubt about it — I had now discovered the genuine thing. All I had to do was to lie down, close my eyes, go into a half-dream state, and novels would come to me. I tried it but it didn't work. All I got out of it was a good sleep. I would close my eyes and wait for my subconscious to get in its work, and pretty soon it would be noon. Then I would go down and have a hearty lunch. It was the best vacation I ever had. There was only one thing the matter with it — the grocery bill. My family had been trained up to eat regularly. I had to give up my subconscious theory and go to work.

In the meantime I had written three or four books by the old fashioned, hard-work-toil-and-labor method. They took the best I had in me, pumped me dry, left me a sponge. At the end of each I felt as if I would never again get up enough ambition to write another. But some way or other I managed it.

From time to time I write a book, but I am still looking for an easy method of writing. Maybe some day it will come along. When it does I want to try it — if I am on earth.

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THE CONSERVATIVE LITERARY ANARCHIST

By Grant Overton

TOWARD the end of his life, Henry Adams became a member of a new and interesting party, now, I fear, extinct. They called themselves Conservative Christian Anarchists. They did not put up a ticket. Theirs, as I gather from "The Education of Henry Adams", was a policy of avoidance and passive resistance. It was Fabian and cunctatory. It waited watchfully, though without gross anxiety, before watchful waiting had become a catchword. And it was generally a policy of silence — though, I think, not always.

Now I consider that the time is ripe — in the sacred formula — for the organization of a similar party of Conservative Literary Anarchists. In urging the peculiar ripeness of the time, I hasten to say that the ripeness may be the least little bit overripeness or underripeness. Let the reader decide. The facts are as follows:

I

My friend Washout lives outside of New York, which he visits a couple of times a year. On such occasions he is for some reason always eager to know about what he calls contemporary literature. I have sometimes thought that his notion of contemporary literature consisted too exclusively in an interest in people who write. But I certainly do not condemn this in him; I feel the same sort of interest myself.

Now in Chicago (where he has been) you can go to Schlogl's a few times and over the food there meet and talk with practically everybody of what I suppose must be called the Chicago literary group. The complete picture is presented in Harry Hansen's agreeable "Midwest Portraits", so I may be excused for not particularizing here. In New York the quest of the writer is altogether a different affair — a vexatiously difficult affair at times — and the attempt to achieve a point of view on current writing is complex, absurd, hopeless and funny.

To begin with, there is no Schlogl's. In the last several years there has been a habit on the part of people like Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, Robert Sherwood, John V. A. Weaver and his wife, Peggy Wood, and others of lunching at the Algonquin — only for most of them, since they are newspaper writers, it's breakfast. A round table in the rather small dining room back of the lobby is reserved for them. And nowadays most of the other tables are likely to be reserved in that dining room, especially on Saturdays. And those other tables or the wall seats will be occupied by other writers or reviewers, with now and then a publisher or a person in a publishing house, or an editor like Frank Crowninshield of "Vanity Fair". But on any day, even Saturday, there will be a large admixture of non-writers — two or three people of the theatre or other arts, one or two advertising men, incomprehensible people who are perhaps staying at the hotel, and a remorseless percentage of sightseers

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and celebrity-gazers. When the tables are full a rope is drawn across the entrance and George Jacques urbanely guards the portal.

Besides a small but rather constant nucleus, the Algonquin attracts other writers from time to time. Some of these are non-New Yorkers who may eat there occasionally when in town — P. G. Wodehouse or Irvin S. Cobb or Henry James Forman or Samuel Merwin or any one of several dozen others. But these are just as likely to eat at their clubs — the Players, Harvard, Yale or Princeton, or National Arts. Authors, publishers, and editors are particularly abundant at the Players and, if women, at the Cosmopolitan Club. Then there is the Coffee House Club to which Owen Johnson, Jesse Lynch Williams, Charles Hanson Towne, John Drew, and various others resort. The Dutch Treat Club lunches on Tuesdays — a weekly roundup of authors, editors, newspaper men, and shining talents in several directions. It would probably be safe to say that a majority of the well known writers of the United States belong to the P. E. N., which holds a monthly dinner except in the summer time. These dinners are pleasant because the company gathers at small tables and there are never, ordinarily, any speeches; you visit while you eat and before and afterward. But though the P. E. N. dinners are well attended, not half the membership attends, or could attend, any one of them, except on the occasion of an international dinner like that last May. The Brevoort is the occasional resort of some writers; and all these clubs and places overlap a good deal in their literary patronage.

Now — to return from a long digression — when Washout comes to New York he expects me to show him authors; if possible, to persuade them to open their mouths in his presence. And sometimes I am able to comply in a modest way with his unsuppressed desires, but more often I am not. For New York has no literary clearing house and there is no draft that will be honored in all quarters. But I only speak of this personal side of the matter to introduce the real, the serious difficulty: which is Washout's absolute determination to achieve a synthesis of literary opinion while in New York, to arrive at a high and unshakable point of view, an apex of literary infallibility from which he can view nothing wrong.

After he has been around a while he is a miserable and broken creature. He has been to the Algonquin, the Players, the Coffee House, a P. E. N. dinner. He has read what Heywood Broun has to say, he has talked with Carl Van Doren, Floyd Dell, Burton Rascoe, Arthur Train, Rupert Hughes, Mary Austin, Willa Cather, Sophie Kerr, half a dozen publishers and as many editors — for I suggest a typical visit merely. He has accumulated literary opinions with a vengeance but some of them are irreconcilable. The science of a synthetic chemistry of thought being still in its infancy, he has not achieved that point of view so necessary to his peace of mind — and mine. All he has got is a composite, like a composite photograph with the vaguest of chins, a blurry nose and ears that appear to be swimming vigorously. I have at such crises tried to reason with him, but you cannot reason with a man whom you have somehow ignominiously failed.

II

Washout usually takes a run out to Chicago and comes back extremely enthusiastic. I know why. It is be-

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cause he has seen all the authors and talked with them, or heard them talk, and because in the sight and sound of them he has found Unity, as a cosmician would say. And with three more days in New York, this Unity is completely disintegrated.

He talks with a publisher (though this might happen in Chicago, too) and learns that Mr. P. is just bringing out a 600 page novel, Ludovic Calamazovski's "The Bastard", which somebody has just translated from the Outlandish, and which is one of the great masterpieces of all literature. The limited edition will consist of fifty seven copies autographed by the publisher, and a still more limited edition is hoped for if John Sumner will only rise to the bait. Calamazovski lived and died in obscurity; but was admitted at Ellis Island in the old days before there were quotas, and spent several years here as a furnace firer. Outwardly he shoveled coal, but his rich inner life of that time is the subject of the novel.

Next Washout runs into a reviewer who tells him that E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" is the novel of the year as well as Mr. Forster's novel of the last twelve years, his only one, in fact. Washout speaks to me accusingly: why have I not informed him of this masterpiece? I make excuses and say — truthfully, according to my lights — that "A Passage to India" is certainly a novel far out of the ordinary but that it had not occurred to me that a knowledge of it was indispensable to his purpose. I tell him that it is a minutely observed, closely written, faintly humorous and faintly ironical study of the irritations of racial contacts in India; but that in its pivotal incident there is no effort at plausibility and that the manner of reporting conversation is often unnecessarily obscure. And finally I take my refuge in the incisive comment of Burton Rascoe, that here is a novel which is being too unanimously praised and is being overpraised. I suggest to him that Mr. Rascoe may be right in thinking that there is an effort to jam this worthy novel down the public's throat — and add that I am sure Rascoe is right when he says that the public is likely to ticket the book as a "classic" and mentally consign it to the long list of such books which it has no intention of ever reading.

It is at this point that the awful gulf opens between Washout and myself, straining a sincere affection and a lifelong friendship to the uttermost. And at such a moment I feel most strongly the claims upon me of Conservative Literary Anarchism.

III

Washout thinks the points of view thrust up like spears in Chicago and like an army of spears in New York rally the readers of the country. And I think he is wrong.

Washout fully believes that these spears which know, individually, no brother can be lashed together and that then every opposition must give way before them. I think — confound it, I as good as know — he's wrong.

What I suppose may, without misrepresentation, be called the Algonquin point of view is without mercy for the writer in whose work as a whole the country has formed a habit of rejoicing. I don't suppose the author of "The Call of the Canyon" will be angry if I name him, Zane Grey, as an example of the writers to whom the Algonquins give no quarter. This fact does not in any manner interfere with or lessen Mr. Grey's popularity with his readers. For all I know, it may enhance it.

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But, contends Washout, the Algonquins can make the fame and sometimes the fortune of a writer. As regards the fame, they can certainly do something; but for the rest everything is uncertain. And this is very true of more than the Algonquins — it is true of the critics and reviewers of the whole country, or, at least, of any majority of them ever assembled in the praise of one book. Every publisher can show you distended folders of clippings heralding certain new books; and of those books half sold well and the other half not at all. For some obscure reason, or from some chance or by some accident, of those books exposed for sale in the bookstores of the country, the one was taken by the book buyer and the other was left. From some observation I am able to assure Washout — only he never quite believes me — that this statement is true when all the conditions external to the book itself are exactly parallel. Each (we will say) is a first novel, each has the same impetus at the start, each is equally advertised up to the point where further advertising of the unlucky one is seen to be hopeless; each gets a mass of splendid notices; the advance sales have been equal. And yet the bookseller reorders one only.

Washout looks incredulous when I say that some books with fewer notices and fewer favorable ones somehow become very respectable if not best sellers. But it is so.

He is on firmer ground when he limits the argument to Chicago, for there something like a common point of view exists and all the spears are likely to point in a single direction. The Chicago critics and the Chicago booksellers are not infrequently disclosed as minds with but a single thought and lungs that shout as one. A striking example was afforded two years ago when "The Judge", by Rebecca West, was published. Chicago hailed it in no uncertain terms, with the curious result that at one time early after publication the orders from Chicago were four times the orders in New York. So much for Schlogl's!

But here is an interesting point: Chicago has its voices in New York, and often they are effectively heard above the general confusion of New York voices. For, as I explain to Washout in the rare intervals devoted by him to listening, the phrase "Chicago" in the literary sense is a synonym for the whole middle west. It covers, with entire accuracy, Carl Van Doren, Stuart P. Sherman, Franklin P. Adams, John V. A. Weaver, Edna Ferber, Floyd Dell, Theodore Dreiser, Fannie Hurst, Zona Gale, Hamlin Garland, Robert Herrick (by long residence and his work), and H. L. Mencken (by self adoption). I name a few outstanding Greeks who are openly in Troy.

The United States has a seaboard of many thousand miles, but it is not a maritime country and it never will be. Its hinterland is too big. Now geography is not without its relation to literature as to the other arts. The largest single specimen of our country is the prairie. And even as the sea covers three quarters of the globe and rules its destinies in the ways it can effect, so that inland sea which rolls south and west and some way east from Chicago will rule the country, politically, socially, economically, artistically. What it wants, we will have — in fact, what it wants, we are already getting as our main literary diet. And what does it want? Willa Cather, and such work as Edna Ferber's "So Big" and Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins", for certain;

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it wants the mirror held up to itself. For the rest it demands a generally varied and nutritious fare — plenty of serious books like "The Outline of History", brilliant books like "Ariel: The Life of Shelley", and the spiced cup held occasionally to its lips in such work as Michael Arlen's. But it is only just to say that if there was never a public which knew its mind so decisively, there was never a public with a collective taste so sound, so intelligent, and so high by whatever standard is made applicable.

IV

At this point Washout becomes Cutout and I am drowned in the noise of his triumphant exhaust.

Have I not proved his case? Does not the majority rule?

I admit that it does a lot of ruling; that you can rule all of the public some of the time; that you can rule some of the public all of the time; and I resolutely deny that any literary majority can rule all of the public all of the time. To revert to Zane Grey, who is so unfortunate as to serve as my symbol, I am not aware that the Chicago voice has ever had any more to say in his favor than the Algonquins. So there must be a large, unruled and unruly public, perhaps a widespread readers' Klan, which adheres to Mr. Grey through all doubt, difficulty, and danger.

Besides, that great rolling prairie produces its own *mal de mer* in certain souls, and the results of this novel seasickness ashore have been embodied in books from "Winesburg, Ohio" (or perhaps much earlier) to "The New Spoon River". Its effects in some instances are such that Homer Croy is now writing Missouri farm novels in Paris and Floyd Dell is domiciled up the Hudson, and Carl Van Vechten has written two kinds of books about cats. Are these defections? Do schisms impend? I do not know. I am no literary biologist but I should think it likely. Not so my friend Washout. He is a sometimes harassed but unswerving believer in the approach of literary infallibility, in "a point of view on contemporary literature" somehow soon to become not only militant but triumphant, indivisible and one.

V

As I listen to him and sit back in my comfortable rôle of the Conservative Literary Anarchist I am under no illusion; I know I am alone. Henry Adams had associated with him in the party of Conservative Christian Anarchism that jolly fellow, John Hay. But my brushing contacts with literature long ago taught me never to expect complete and coextensive agreement. I doubt if I desire it any longer.

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MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Don C. Seitz

MARK TWAIN contributed from time to time autobiographical notes to various periodicals, principally "Harper's Magazine" and "The North American Review". These were ruminative, anecdotal, and at times savage. Supplemented with much material which Mr. Clemens desired to be withheld until after his death, these now become two volumes of unreserved and decidedly vivid comment and recollection, issued as "Mark Twain's Autobiography", written, as he says in a word of preface, "from the grave". Thus, as he puts it, he could be "as frank and free and unembarrassed" as "in a love letter", knowing that what he wrote "would be exposed to no eyes" until his own were closed, and he himself "unaware and indifferent". So we get some of his life and much more of his view of life.

The arrangement of the book is not chronological but follows the order in which the sections were written. The first item dates back to 1870, and covers the fortunes and misfortunes of his father, with their incidental effect on the family; the last, dated April 11, 1906, tells of his friend, Frank Fuller, who launched him on his first New York lecture course. But after all an autobiography, to be entertaining, is better if a bit desultory and wandering. Mr. Clemens's mind flows at will through these pages, reflecting, observing, condemning. It is a work to be read by opening at any page and picking out plums.

The "autobiography" furnishes us plenty of dates, even if not all are relevant. The most important is November 30, 1835, for on that day Samuel L. Clemens was born "in the almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri", a mud hole bordered with log cabins and embroidered with malaria.

Strong minded, Mark had an opinion about almost everything. Traveling much, he accumulated acquaintances all over the world. Europe and Asia were well trodden paths. But this did not make him cosmopolite; it did not even smooth his corners. He was from Missouri and always had to be shown.

The friendship with H. H. Rogers, Standard Oil magnate, has had much credit for the restoration of Mark Twain's fortune, shattered in backing Charles L. Webster and Company and the Paige typesetting machine. "For eleven years", it is recorded, "he has been my closest and most valued friend . . . his commercial wisdom has protected my pocket ever since in those lucid intervals wherein I have been willing to listen to his counsels and abide by his advice — a thing which I do half the time and half the time I don't." He calls him "the best bred gentleman I have ever met on either side of the ocean, in any rank of life from the Kaiser of Germany down to a boot-black".

The details of Mark's financial salvation follow and are of surpassing interest. He tells of the chill which came upon him when he overheard

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conversation between Mr. Rogers and some seasoned business men, in which one of them asked: "How old is Clemens?"

"Fifty eight", was the reply. At which the wise one commented: "Ninety five per cent of men who fail at fifty eight never get up again."

Another wise man made the salvage only two per cent. The sayings haunted their hearer for several days and filled him with melancholy forebodings. His wife figured them all away by showing that four years' earnings would cancel the debts — and they did. Rogers cowed the creditors and made them wait while Mark earned the money. Only three or four were obdurate. Of these he expresses his opinion in a chapter which he is sure "can never wound them", for he has "every confidence they will be in hell before it is printed".

He loves to mock at himself. "I am used to having my statements discounted", he says. "My mother began it before I was seven years old. When a neighbor said to her: 'Do you ever believe anything that boy says?' she rejoined: 'He is a well-spring of truth but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket.'"

Theodore Roosevelt made small appeal to Twain. Not impulsive himself, he saw the danger of it in others. The President's push calls for some caustic comment. Senator Tillman receives a thrust: "I do not like Tillman. His second cousin killed an editor three years ago without giving the editor a chance to defend himself. I recognize that it is almost always wise and is often in a manner necessary, to kill an editor, but I think when a man is United States Senator he ought to require his second cousin to refrain as long as he can, and then do it in a handsome way, running some personal risk himself." Then he praises Tillman for taking up the case of a Mrs. Morris who had been rudely removed from the White House on the order of a Roosevelt private secretary.

That Twain could play politics in an astute way furnishes a tenderly told tale. His friend Mason, Consul General at Frankfort, was in peril from the Cleveland second administration at its first coming in. Mark would not ask the grim Grover for a favor, so he wrote his plea to Baby Ruth, then in the cradle. Quite naturally the correspondence traveled higher up. Mason was saved and promoted. "Ruth, the child," he writes, "remained not long on earth to help make it beautiful and to bless the home of her parents. But little creature as she was she did high service for her country, as I have shown, and it is right that it should be recorded and remembered."

Twain's acquaintance with Cleveland began while the latter was governor of New York. Mark had lived in Buffalo when the doughty Democrat was sheriff, but as he explained, when calling at the Capitol in company with George W. Cable: "In Buffalo you were nothing but a Sheriff. I was in society. I couldn't afford to associate with Sheriffs. But you are a Governor now, and on your way to the Presidency. It is a great difference, and it makes you worth while."

As he said this Mark had perched himself on the corner of the great square desk that decorates the Executive Chamber in Albany. A crowd of secretaries suddenly poured into the room "with an aspect of respectful expediency in their attitude". This was relieved by Mr. Cleveland. "You are dismissed, gentlemen", he said. "Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells."

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There are some strange portraits of his schoolmates in Hannibal, whither the family had migrated from Florida. Thus for example:

> Another schoolmate was John Meredith, a boy of a quite uncommonly sweet and gentle disposition. He grew up, and when the Civil War broke out he became a sort of guerrilla chief on the Confederate side, and I was told that in his raids upon Union families in the country parts of Monroe County — in earlier times the friends and familiars of his father — he was remorseless in his devastations and sheddings of blood. It seems almost incredible that this could have been that gentle comrade of my school days; yet it can be true, for Robespierre when he was young was like that.

Sweetly he tells his first love story; how when reaching the impressionable year of nine he became smitten with Mary Miller, aged eighteen. "She was not", he writes "my first sweetheart, but I think she was the first one that furnished me with a broken heart. . . . She scorned me and I recognized that this was a cold world." He had not noticed the temperature before and "was as miserable as a grown man could be". Transferring his wrecked regard to Artemisia Briggs, who was even older than Mary, he was no more successful; but she did not scoff at him; indeed, was kind, though "she was also firm and said she did not want to be pestered by children".

There are some rare tales picked up from conversations on Mr. Rogers's yacht, the "Kanahwa". One by the Reverend Joseph Twitchell describes Boss Richard Croker's father, who was chief teamster of Sickle's brigade, to which Dr. Twitchell was attached as chaplain; who, inside of clothes that were always muddy, was "a whole man" and "highly educated". He could and did read the New Testament in its original Greek.

The chapter dealing with General Grant will make a deep appeal. The General's biography, coming after his downfall with Grant and Ward, redeemed him with his countrymen. Mark Twain never did a more noble act than in securing the publication of this book for his Charles L. Webster firm, and paying what was the first decent compensation ever given an author in America.

It sometimes seems in reading Mark Twain's work that he was far too contemptuous of himself, and this fact the "autobiography" emphasizes. With such a mental attitude he could not perfect, like Stevenson. If he found a pool clear he liked to "rile" it. So one finds frequent offenses in style and taste. That his mind was Rabelaisian and his conversation coarse, does not call for comment. It does explain much that crops out in his text. Yet he is, and long will be, the first American writer of things truly American, with an audience that never ceases to grow and admire.

Albert Bigelow Paine, who has mined and reclaimed so much Mark Twain matter, without becoming a smirking Boswell, supplies the introduction and the editorial arrangement of the volumes.

One thing is missing in this fascinating story of a great life: some detail of the manner in which he placed his copyrights with Harper and Brothers, and so led to the building up of a franchise in his books that probably exceeds in value any ever accorded an American author — even the most dazzling best seller of carload lots in our day.

Mark Twain's Autobiography. With an introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. Two volumes. Harper and Bros.

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HAIL FRIEND!

By Percy Marks

With Sketches by Richard Lahey

JOHN WINSLOW was dying. John Prentiss Winslow, A. M., professor of English literature and rhetoric. So he was listed in the college catalogue, but to many generations of undergraduates he had been Daddy Winslow, a good old "prof" who never flunked a man if he could help it. Of course, they never called him Daddy to his face, but he knew that they called him Daddy behind his back, and they knew that he knew it.

He was dying — and he knew that, too. After fifty years of teaching he was about to leave this life, leave it not because he was sick with some mortal disease but because he was literally too tired to live any longer. Heart and mind had labored hard for well over fifty years; now they were pulsing slowly to rest. Calmly weary, he waited for his heart to swell and contract for the last time, for his brain to form one final, flitting thought. Then — rest.

He almost welcomed his weariness; there was peace in it, the gentle, soul-relaxing peace that follows earnest labor: but he resented his aloneness; there was no peace in that, only bitterness and a resentful ache that throbbed with a dull, never ending insistence. He was dying alone in the college infirmary with only a doctor and nurses to care for him, and he did not need nor want professional care. No taking of his pulse, however gentle, no smoothing of his pillow, however expert, could bring him the solace he needed so badly and yearned for so intensely.

He looked like Carlyle as he lay there in the little white room and turned his fading eyes toward the afternoon sunlight that streamed in a fan of pale gold through the single window; a Carlyle, however, that had become strangely tender and gentle. His face was as rugged as the irascible old Scotchman's, his cheeks as pink and soft, but his blue eyes were clear and

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kind; they had never burned in anger. There were no dead fires in them, only the pathetic hurt of disillusion. His hair, long and still thick, was as white as the pillow on which it lay. His mouth was almost weak in its sensitiveness; it was somehow ineffectual. It looked like the mouth of a poet who could not speak.

The fan of sunlight flamed slowly into a burning gold and then faded quickly into the dreamy grey of early twilight. And as the light faded, the old man's mind, which had been wearily torpid, awakened to feverish action. His whole life flashed before him like a racing moving picture. There were times when he wanted to stop it so that he could look longer at some particular episode; but the pictures flashed on, incident after incident flying dizzily, crazily before him. Terrified, he closed his eyes. At first it seemed as if he had only made matters worse: faster and faster flew the pictures; the light grew harder, whiter, the outlines became cruelly distinct; then suddenly the light faded, the pictures came more slowly, and finally they blurred into nothing.

Remembrances, however, remained, and he pieced them slowly together into a coherent story of his life. He smiled bitterly at that story; it was so trite, so commonplace, so cheaply sentimental and futile. It was like a thousand stories that had appeared in stupid magazines; not a banal detail was lacking.

He had been poor, desperately poor, but he had worked his way through high school and college. "The poor and struggling hero", he remarked cynically to himself. And he had been in love since his high school days with Betty Haskins, a pretty blonde child who had worshiped his every word and gesture. "The love motif to be played by the violins, variations on the flute." Well, he had gone away to college, and they had written long foolish letters to each other that had almost burst with glorious plans for the future. "Trombones, trumpets — a clarion call!" He was to be a writer, a great poet both in verse and prose, and then they were to be married — and, they were sure, live happily ever after. "A minor strain, presaging the final doom. . . "

Oh, not a detail was lacking. The college had offered him a position in the English department after his graduation, and he had accepted it, not because he wanted to teach but because he had to have money and because he thought that teaching would give him time in which to write. Write! Ah, how he had wanted to write — and what had he done? He searched his mind. At first he could think of nothing, and then he remembered: he had written a sonnet. One sonnet — but the ecstasy of it! A student had tried to write one and had failed; he had decided to write it for the earnest youth. Hours and hours he labored over that sonnet, and when he had it finished, he did not know whether it was good or not, and he did not very much care. He had written a sonnet! But the ecstasy had died twenty years ago; now all that remained was the realization that in fifty years he had written fourteen lines, and he wasn't even sure that they had been worth the writing.

Betty, of course, had promised to wait for him for years unending if need be, but the waiting had been long and hard. His salary from the college began in September and ceased in June, and it was pitifully inadequate for his own needs even while he was teaching. He was forced to spend his summers doing any sort of work he could get. A few years passed; he had done no

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writing, he had no money, and Betty was growing restless. She had married another man — oh, but the story *was* trite! — and had written him a pathetic farewell letter, a letter that he treasured for years until her two sons, twins, had registered in one of his classes. Then he burned the letter, and he had been rather hurt to discover that neither the twins nor the burning of the letter caused him any pain. Time, unromantic and relentless, had more than healed the wound; it had obliterated it.

That was his story, and the final chapter of it, which had comprised two thirds of his life, was, he felt, hardly worth remembering. Teaching, teaching, teaching: themes, themes, themes. He had had splendid plans, great plans that he had never quite relinquished until the last year. If he could not create beauty, if life would not give him time to create it, he would inspire others to do it; he would inspire those boys who called him Daddy Winslow to see that beauty was all that lived; he would make them understand that the truth that lived in beauty and in beauty alone was all that was worthwhile; and he would make them feel, as he felt, that to give expression to that truth in terms of beauty was the noblest work of man. How often he had quoted to them those lines of Browning:

. . . . . paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it.
God's works — paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip . . . . .
. . . . . .
This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank — it means intensely and it means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Ah, the old Fra had known — and *he* had dared!

He had tried hard to make those boys understand, those fresh faced boys with such alive, eager eyes, such alert, acquisitive minds. How they had listened — and year after year how high his hopes had soared. Surely some of them would understand; surely some of them would go forth and conquer. He could not create beauty — the gods had denied him that — but through them he would send his message to the world; instead of giving it his own poor art, he would give it a thousand artists.

That had been his dream, and half a century of disappointment and disillusion had not discouraged him. He had seen those fresh faced boys come back to college reunions ten years after graduation, twenty years after, cold, hard business men, their eyes no longer clear, their faces and bodies gross, their high ideals either forgotten or deliberately and vainglorously trailed in the mud. They had called him Daddy Winslow to his face then — and patronized him. Oh, they thought him a silly, impractical old fool, good enough to talk to ignorant boys who couldn't know that what he told them was idealistic bosh. They were cold and hard, those men, and some of them were cruel. He could see it in their eyes.

Out of the thousands of young men he had taught and tried so fiercely to inspire only three had made a real effort to speak his message. The first, Hubert Cornwall, had been remarkably gifted; his themes had been a thrilling joy to the old professor. His first novel had been honest work, a splendid, startling beginning; but the beginning was also the end: he never wrote another honest line; he never again strove to speak the truth as he saw it or to speak even untruths beautifully. He was rich now, possibly happy. Time had not obliterated the scar *he* had cut in Winslow's soul.

The second, Tom Hawkins, had be-

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gun slowly and fared badly, but after a few years of hard work had caught the attention of the public and critics. But he had died before he was able to give adequate expression to the poetry that he so truly felt and so eagerly yearned to create.

The third, Robert Merton, was still young; he had graduated only five years before. On him hung all Winslow's life, the success or failure of fifty years of labor. He was as gifted as Cornwall and as earnest as Hawkins, but the dying man was afraid; the boy was young; business men who owned magazines were beckoning to him, and it was easy to sell beauty for the delights of the fleshpots. He was afraid, horribly afraid. Fifty years, fifty long, monotonous years, and then — failure!

As the twilight faded into night he saw his life as in a vision. Perhaps he was delirious; he did not know — but the next day the vision remained to torture him.

He saw himself standing alone in the centre of a great plain. Nowhere was there a rise or fall of the ground, only eternal flatness; nowhere was there a flower or bush, only baked, dry earth. The sky was grey with a greyness that seemed to permeate the very air about him; there was no sign of blue, nor was there a single black cloud — nothing, only greyness.

At first he was conscious only of his aloneness; then he realized suddenly that he was no longer alone. Out of the earth something misty white was rising, something that looked like square columns that stretched away in even rows to the vague, foggy horizon. They made a great wheel, those misty, infinite rows, of which he was the hub. Then he knew what the columns were; they were stacks of themes, all the themes, the millions of them that he had read. A force far stronger than he started him walking down the rows, and he knew that he must walk up and down them for fifty years.

Something wriggled through the stacks of themes, a fiery something that looked like a lank letter S lying on its side. He knew what it was; it was the red ink mark that he used to connect the severed parts of a split infinitive. There was a bigger one, bolder, more fiery; that was for dangling participles. Monotony, greyness, flatness, millions of themes, split infinitives and dangling participles — his life!

II

He was better the next morning, dangerously better the doctor knew.

"Splendid, Professor Winslow", he said as he felt the old man's pulse; "your pulse hasn't been so strong for days. Splendid!"

Winslow smiled. "The rapids before the waterfall", he said sadly; "the swirling of the waters before the final plunge."

The doctor was startled. Winslow had spoken the truth, but he had no intention of letting him know that.

"Nonsense. Nonsense. You are better, so much better that we are going to let you have a pleasant surprise." He turned to the pretty nurse, who was standing at the foot of the bed. "Bring them in, Miss Murphy."

The nurse left the room and returned a minute later with a market basket over her arm. She put her hand in the basket and fluttered a mass of yellow papers.

"Telegrams, Professor Winslow", she said brightly. "Shall I read them to him?" This to the doctor.

"Yes", he replied, picking up his bag. "Read them and then see that he takes a long nap. I'll be in to see you again before noon, Professor Winslow. Remember, you are to take a nap.

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"The rapids before the waterfall"

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Don't let the telegrams excite you." And with that he left the room.

Miss Murphy seated herself by the bed and set the basket on the table. "I'll take them just as they come", she said, "and when you are tired, tell me."

"But whom are they from?" The old man was utterly bewildered.

"I don't know. They began coming last night and they have been coming ever since. There must be a hundred here, and there are lots more down in the office. I'll read you those later. They're still coming, too; the telegraph messenger arrived with a big pile just a little while ago. He said that the wires were hot with them."

"But I don't understand. . . ."

"Well, I'll read some, and then maybe we can tell."

She began reading. The telegrams were from old students of his, some from men that he had taught forty years before, some from youngsters only recently graduated. Half the names were only vaguely familiar to him; many he did not remember at all. All of them, young and old, were wiring to wish him a speedy recovery to health. He was, of course, deeply moved, but he could not understand how they knew that he was ill. The telegrams came from every place, from New Orleans, from San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Seattle, and from towns that he had never heard of.

"Wait, Miss Murphy", he begged. "I don't understand. How did these men know that I was ill?"

She smiled tenderly. "Why, it was in the newspapers of course."

"In the newspapers?"

"Why, yes. The doctor told me that it went out yesterday over the Associated Press wires. It was in last night's papers all over the country. Shall I go on reading?"

"Yes, please."

But he did not listen. Dimly he heard over and over again: "Best of luck . . . Sorry to learn . . . A speedy recovery . . . Your old student wishes you . . . Hope this finds you better . . ." but the words only heightened his confusion. His illness was in the papers all over the country! Why? He was not famous; he had written nothing; he had given no important lectures; he had no honorary degrees. Finally he figured it out. He had taught for fifty years, and in that time the college had graduated over thirty thousand men. Its classes in recent years had been very large. All those men had known him, even those who had not been in his classes. Of course, they and possibly their families would be mildly interested in his illness, in the fact that he was about to die; any news, however slight, that would catch the attention of nearly fifty thousand readers was, he supposed, worth publishing.

But that did not explain the telegrams. Those men, those busy men, hard and cold, had taken time to send him telegrams wishing him luck. Some of the hardest of them, some of the cruelest — he was sure they were cruel — had wired. Why? Why? He could not understand.

The wording of a telegram — it was somehow different — caught his attention.

"Will you read that one again, please?" he asked.

"Surely. 'I am on my way, Daddy Winslow. With you tomorrow at four. Robert Merton.'"

"Again, please."

She read it again. The doctor would have been frightened if he had felt the old man's pulse at that minute. Bobby Merton was coming! Bobby, his hope, the boy that held in the hollow of his young hand all that Winslow had

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dreamed of and labored for for fifty years. Bobby cared; he was coming!

"Where did the telegram come from?"

"From Chicago. He must have left last night. . . . Shall I read any more?"

"No, no. No more now, please. . . . But leave the telegrams where I can see them. And won't you bring in the others, too?"

Miss Murphy took the basket, left the room, and returned shortly with it filled to overflowing with more telegrams. She was a pretty nurse and efficient, but she was more than that; she was intelligent. Better than the old man himself she understood those telegrams.

She stood at the foot of the bed and filled both hands with the yellow papers; then she tossed them lightly upward. They fluttered like autumn leaves and fell on the white counterpane, on the floor, the table — everywhere. Solemnly she repeated the movement until the bed and room were littered with telegrams. Winslow could not move his eyes without seeing them.

"Your friends, Professor Winslow", she said softly.

"That was sweet of you, my dear; but what will the head nurse say?"

She tossed her head, and her blue eyes sparkled. "She can go hang!" She moved quietly to the head of his bed, turned and smoothed his pillow, and then drew the curtain. "Now you must sleep; the doctor's orders, you know."

Sleep? He must not sleep; he dared not sleep. What was this line of Shakespeare's? "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. . . ." Yes, that was it. No, no; he dare not sleep. Four o'clock. Six hours. Could he keep from sleep that long? He must, must! Bobby Merton was coming . . . four o'clock . . . Bobby! . . . He must tell him — make him understand . . . Poetry. Save Bobby — must save Bobby . . . Beauty and truth! Had to tell him . . . Keats? Keats? Oh, yes. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . ." Six hours. Must not sleep — must not sleep — must not . . .

III

The young man jumped from the taxicab, paid the driver, and rushed into the hospital.

"Professor Winslow", he demanded of the nurse at the desk; "he is not —?"

"No; he is still alive, but he is sinking very rapidly. You are Mr. Merton?"

"Yes."

She turned to a probationer. "Show Mr. Merton up to Room 26."

He followed the blue clad figure up the stairs. She stopped at the door and tapped softly. Miss Murphy opened it and, when she saw the young man, stepped into the hall and closed the door behind her.

"You are Mr. Merton?"

"Yes. Please, may I see him?"

"Yes, but I think I ought to tell you something first. He has been delirious for hours, but he is conscious now. He can't speak, but he will understand you. While he was in the delirium he kept saying your name over and over; and then he would say, 'Beauty, beauty. Oh, Bobby — always beauty. Must make him understand. Beauty. Truth. Mustn't sleep. Beauty, beauty, beauty!' Do you understand what he wants?"

"Yes, yes", the young man answered eagerly; "I understand."

Miss Murphy opened the door. "Be quick", she said softly; "he has only a few minutes."

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The doctor was holding the old man's wrist, his eyes on his watch. Merton moved quickly to the opposite side of the bed.

"Daddy Winslow," he said gently, "Daddy Winslow."

The tired, fluttering lids rose slowly. The blue eyes gazed blankly at him for an instant and then lightened with understanding. He tried to speak but his lips quivered impotently; his eyes pleaded.

Merton took his hand. "You know me, Daddy Winslow?"

The lids closed slowly and then lifted again.

"I'm Bobby Merton, and I've come to tell you" — his voice broke pitifully — "to tell you that I understand. I'll always write as you taught me. I swear it, Daddy Winslow. I'll make beautiful things for you." The light was fading from the blue eyes. "Daddy Winslow!" he cried. "Daddy Winslow! It's beauty . . ."

The wrinkled old lips parted gently in a smile — and then he heard no more. Merton was talking, but Daddy Winslow did not know it. He was standing once more on the great plain; once more the cold grey sky bore down upon him; once more the whitish stacks of themes stretched like the spokes of a wheel into the infinite distance. The lank, fiery letter S's squirmed fiercely through the themes. Everything was flat, cold, grey — his life.

He stood there, the hub of the wheel. Slowly the grey light paled into brightness. The stacks of themes were changing somehow into men, and he knew that they were the men from whom he had received the telegrams; they were fat and gross, their eyes hard, their mouths tight and bitter, their hearts cold. They looked at him, thousands and thousands of them, kindly patronizing, frankly contemptuous. And then he noticed that each one held in his hand a yellow paper, a paper that fluttered and beckoned to him.

A golden and luminous light was everywhere; it reached to the very sky. The grey was gone, all gone, and the wonderful golden light that streamed ever upward like long flaming banners touched the sky with glory and the blank plain with a radiant beauty. It seemed to be passing into the very bodies of the men.

And as it passed into the bodies of those tired, hard men, they underwent a wonderful and beautiful change. Slowly, surely, while the golden banners flamed and streamed about them, the gross flesh melted, the cruel eyes softened, the tight lips parted in gentle smiles.

He knew them! They were the boys he had taught. There they stood, the spokes of a great wheel — he in the centre — their bright, young ideals shining from their eyes, their cheeks glowing, their bodies slim and young, their lips quivering with smiles. No matter how far away they stood, he could see them all; he knew them all!

Upward streamed the golden light; the very earth glowed with it. . . . What was that he heard? Was it music? The young faces! The high hearts! The glorious dreams! Youth! That sound! That chant! What was it?

Then he knew. Every face was turned toward him; every hand was raised high in greeting. From the great wheel rose a ringing shout: higher and higher it sounded, louder and louder it rang, mounting to the skies with the golden banners as the eager hands strained upward and the young lips parted to form the words that merged at last into one great, rousing cheer: "Hail, Friend!"

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THE LONDONER

"The Political Novel" and a French Life of Defoe—A Charles Lamb "Find" —Lamb's Editors—Hugh Walpole's Book on Trollope—A List by Walpole—Sir Algernon Methuen—J. Y. McPeake—"Cargoes for Crusoes".

LONDON, *November* 1, 1924.

I OBSERVE two books in the autumn announcements that interest me. They are, "Daniel de Foe et ses Romans", by Paul Dottin, and "The Political Novel: Its Development in England and America", by Morris Edmund Speare. The latter I assume to be an American book, and it has a fascinating theme. I wish the range of the book could have been widened so as to include Australian political novels, because these are a distinct section of Australian letters, and they throw astonishing sidelights upon the government of a commonwealth. Mr. Speare may possibly have been aware of the Australian political novel, and he may have included the species in his survey. I fear, however, that if he is to cover the American political novel of the past and present he will have no room left for works dealing with the British Empire outside the range represented by Disraeli, Trollope, and, in later days, Mrs. Humphry Ward, H. G. Wells, etc. A new book by Lord Gorell, by the way, is illuminating upon the subject of the House of Lords. It is called "Plush". All the same, even with these forebodings, which may be wholly without justification, the book should be of great interest. The notion of dividing up novels for convenient treatment into divisions of theme seems to me a good one. We may very well by this method systematize knowledge, and the historian need not set out — as at present — to be also a critic unless he has the requisite faculty and impulse. M. Paul Dottin's book on Defoe belongs obviously to a different category. A book upon this subject which requires three volumes for its matter is clearly a big undertaking. If it should prove to be the standard book upon Defoe, all students of literature will have cause to rejoice. A friend of Lamb's once wrote a book on Defoe, and Lamb contributed an essay to the work, but although at one time I did read this book of Walter Wilson's I do not recall that it was anything at all. I have on my bookshelves another "Life" of Defoe by Thomas Wright, but this book is hardly of the calibre of standard biographies. Mr. Wright has been biographer to a number of diverse great men, and with all his talents he still lacks mastery. So far as I know there are besides these two books only small monographs. It is very odd that this should be so. Defoe's genius is amply acknowledged, his life was a singular one, it was set in a strangely varied and interesting time, which is admirably documented, and there are most agreeable possibilities before any person with the leisure to make research and the talent to avail himself of its results. I for one hope that M. Dottin has filled the gap, and if his book is a good one I should say that it will be freely read by all those who have ever dabbled in eighteenth century letters. I do not profess to have done more than dabble, but I have in

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my time had very much pleasure from the occupation. It is full of opportunities for the imaginative student — by which I mean the man or woman who will make something more than the ordinary analysis of facts and works which so often passes in this country and in America for literary criticism.

* * * *

I mentioned Lamb just above, and I am reminded by the mention that a hitherto unidentified book of Lamb's has just been discovered and proclaimed. The announcement was made first on Mr. Clement Shorter's book page in "The Sphere", and the volume is "The Book of the Ranks and Dignities of British Society". Lamb's letters to his friend Thomas Manning, which have always seemed to me the best of all Lamb's letters, contained a great deal of fooling, and it was at all times a difficulty for Lamb editors to decide which of the facts communicated in these letters could be relied upon and which were mere concoctions of the moment. When, therefore, Lamb described "The Book of the Ranks and Dignities of British Society" in one of the Manning letters, it was left to the individual discretion of each editor to attach importance to the announcement or to regard it as so much spoof. The passage was as follows (under date of January 2, 1810):

> I have published a little book for children on titles of honour; and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour — As at first, 1, Mr. C. Lamb; 2, C. Lamb, Esq.; 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4, Baron Lamb, of Stamford; 5, Viscount Lamb; 6, Earl Lamb; 7, Marquis Lamb; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country; otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent; higher than which is nothing upon earth.

E. V. Lucas said the passage was "of course, an invention". Canon Ainger ignored the passage altogether. William Macdonald alone, than whom no student of Lamb was ever closer to the trail, was "inclined to think it may have existed". Well, Mr. Macdonald has been proved to have been right, for the book has been identified. Strange that Mr. Shorter should have been the person to vindicate Mr. Macdonald's view, because when Mr. Macdonald's edition of Lamb first appeared Mr. Shorter advised purchasers to tear Mr. Macdonald's prefaces out of their volumes and throw them away. This was a mistake of Mr. Shorter's. Mr. Macdonald was a pugnacious fellow, but he was right in attacking the late Canon Ainger's attempt to bowdlerize the life, character, and letters of Lamb. Ainger actually altered certain passages of the letters, because they contained statements which he thought would damage Lamb in the eyes of the "unco guid". The same thing has been done, with equal stupidity, in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, as if the truth about a distinguished man could ever be concealed by such tactics, and as if there were not always a public which would instantly assume that the truth is much worse than the facts. But many critics were furious with Mr. Macdonald, whom they regarded as a noisy upstart. They did grave injustice to a man who, if he was diffuse and assertive, was a pretty considerable critic; a man, too, of immense courage and honesty. I knew William Macdonald. He was a cripple, extremely delicate, and a person of

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marvelous vitality. I know that he personally idolized Lamb, and that in the production of his edition he scamped nothing, but pored upon every page of his proofs, tracking down by this means the purport of innumerable allusions, and making clear many facts about Lamb and his work which had previously remained obscure. By accident his edition began to appear at the same time as the edition of Mr. Lucas. Its scholarly character was obscured by the fact that the publishers had planned an illustrated edition, which naturally was out of key with scholarship. In spite of this, in spite of the fact that the work he was expected to do, and was paid to do, could have been performed with a minimum of energy, Macdonald elected to give Lamb students the best he could manage. However hampered, therefore, he insisted upon passing every page of text himself, upon scrutinizing every original manuscript he could get into his hands, and upon supplying a considerable amount of critical material, in notes and introductions, which must have been a real cause of perplexity to his publishers. Some of the notes were scoffed at as long winded and absurd. Long winded they may have been, but absurd they rarely were. They were absurd only to those who could not be bothered with them, or to those who found Mr. Lucas's methods more to their taste. It seemed at that time impossible not to be a partizan either of Mr. Macdonald or Mr. Lucas. Mr. Macdonald and I imagined that we discovered a number of inaccuracies in the Lucas edition. We checked our own dates and our own conceptions when Mr. Lucas was safely in bed. I myself spent evening after evening in laborious examination of texts, and again and again walked many miles from Mr. Macdonald's home to my own, perilously carrying borrowed Lamb originals, full of triumph because I had deciphered words or dates in Lamb letters which had baffled even Mr. Macdonald. I may accordingly look upon Mr. Macdonald's work in a glow of emotion caused by such happy memories. My judgment may be obscured and my prejudice may be considerable. But I do not think so. I still believe that Mr. Macdonald's brief sketch of Lamb's life, and several of the other prefaces to the Macdonald edition, represented the study of Lamb at its highest point. I have the greatest personal liking and admiration for Mr. Lucas, and I would not for worlds institute invidious comparisons between his edition, which no doubt is the standard critical edition, and that of Mr. Macdonald. But when I think how Mr. Macdonald was abused and decried, and with what fortitude, in spite of physical anguish and a sensitiveness absolutely abnormal, he endured all such abuse and went on with his devoted work, I am inclined to think that Mr. Macdonald was in his way inspired. He was a remarkable man, certainly, of astonishing intellectual power, but of still greater critical acumen. He worked always against the greatest difficulties. He was poor, he had few friends (but many enemies who did not know him), he had to support himself by means of critical journalism (and only those who have engaged in this work know how wretched are the financial rewards), and at every turn, even in the case of the Lamb, and indeed more perhaps in the case of Lamb than in any other case, he had to meet difficulties which would have goaded another man of his infirmity into ill temper and reckless indifference. Through all, with a peculiar Scots relish of pro-

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lixity, he loquaciously laughed his way, and he got on with his work. Moreover, he had some Lamb inspirations which should be worth something to subsequent Lamb students. I wish I had a copy of the original and suppressed edition of the "Letters" in his set. It was as full as he could make it, and it contained the letters of Lamb to Charles Lloyd, which, owing to the copyright act at that time in force, had to be withdrawn at the instance of Messrs. Macmillan. I suppose that the new copyright act of 1910 would permit these letters to be restored. I do not know. By the way, I recently learned that the letters written by Thomas Manning in answer to Lamb are in existence, and that they may eventually be published. I wish that this complete correspondence might be given to us. If Manning's letters are what one expects, they would be a considerable treat. They would fill out Lamb's character in this, apparently his warmest friendship, as nothing else could do.

* * * *

I referred a page or two back to the political novels of Trollope, and I am reminded of two things. The first is the book on Trollope which Hugh Walpole is now writing, and the second is a personal incident. Walpole decided to write his book some years ago, and I mentioned the fact in a paragraph in one of these very letters from London. Spurred by the proximity of such a book, I said, I had read a book of Trollope's. It happened to be a poor (and late) one. I said that on the whole I thought some of my own works were superior. It was impudent enough, but it was meant impudently, and could not have been read otherwise. Therefore I hope that if anybody was offended by the passage I have long been forgiven for it. But many months afterward I made acquaintance for the first time with Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll, hearing my name, rose dramatically to his feet. "Are you Pure?" said he. "Shake hands twice. I love ye!" And then, sinking back into his seat, he shook his old head at me. "Eh, but Trollope . . . " he added, and shook his head for a long time, all the while eyeing me with a kind of mock reproachfulness. No more was said. At least, I remarked that I would read some more Trollope, and try to change my opinion, but he did not make any further comment. I never had an opportunity to tell Dr. Nicoll that I had kept my promise, because he was ill for a long time before his death and if I saw him it was for only a passing moment; but I have in fact changed my mind about Trollope. I have read a number of his novels in the last two years, and I regard him as a considerable novelist. This will not matter to many people, but I put it upon record that I am converted to Trollope. There are passages in "The Bertrams", for example, which I think will bear comparison with anything in English fiction. Moreover, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary by those young prigs whose notion of art is insignificant form, and in spite of Trollope's own interjectional disclaimers, he was an artist. I am proceeding with my researches into the nature of Trollope's gift, and by the time Hugh Walpole's book comes out I shall be in a position to read it with something like intelligence. Walpole, as if indifferent to this, is quietly working upon the book far away amid the wintry landscape of Cumberland, and is this week publishing a new novel called "The Old Ladies". Since Walpole also has a story which is being

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serialized here in "Nash's Magazine", he must have been pretty busy in the last year or so. He should have plenty of time to give to the Trollope book, and I wish him all good fortune in his adventure. When I add that Trollope wrote about seventy books of one sort or another between the years 1847 and 1883, and that most of these books seem to contain about one million words apiece, it will be realized that Walpole has in hand no ordinary task.

* * * *

Walpole, by the way, has just been making another list. It is a pastime of his, and a very generous one. He has made a list of the twenty best novels published by living authors, and this list has been published in a quarterly periodical issued here under the name of "The Bermondsey Book" (because it is published in connection with a shop in a very poor London suburb known as the Bermondsey Book Shop). The list is as follows, and readers will realize that it was compiled before the death of Joseph Conrad:

1.	*Esther Waters*	George Moore
2.	*The Lake*	George Moore
3.	*Lord Jim*	Joseph Conrad
4.	*The Nigger of the Narcissus*	Joseph Conrad
5.	*The Forsyte Saga*	John Galsworthy
6.	*The Old Wives' Tale*	Arnold Bennett
7.	*Clayhanger*	Arnold Bennett
8.	*Tono-Bungay*	H. G. Wells
9.	*Mr. Polly*	H. G. Wells
10	*The Three Sisters*	May Sinclair
11.	*Jacob Stahl*	J. D. Beresford
12.	*Nocturne*	Frank Swinnerton
13.	*A Passage to India*	E. M. Forster
14.	*Sons and Lovers*	D. H. Lawrence
15.	*Black Diamond*	F. Brett Young
16.	*Green Apple Harvest*	Sheila Kaye-Smith
17.	*The Voyage Out*	Virginia Woolf
18.	*Dangerous Ages*	Rose Macaulay
19.	*The Death of Society*	Romer Wilson
20.	*Antic Hay*	Aldous Huxley

To me, of course, the list is a queer one, and Walpole would not really claim that the books named in it are the "best". His idea is to commend twenty representative books by living writers. To some few of them I should personally assent, but half of these books I have not read, and of the others I should eliminate several. Granting that Miss Sinclair, for example, ought to be represented, I should not put "The Three Sisters" among her best work. "A Passage to India" I should put lower than "A Room with a View" by the same author. Compton Mackenzie, I think, is better worthy of a place than some of the other writers named. I should also have liked to see Allan Monkhouse in the list, because although Mr. Monkhouse is an unfashionable writer I relish his books very much, in spite of the fact that he is a friend of mine. I should have welcomed, moreover, Oliver Onions's "In Accordance with the Evidence", which is a real book. I should substitute "Nostromo" for "The Nigger of the Narcissus". However, the mere statement of differences reveals the difficulty of making such lists. I do not like such lists. I do not think they are really worthwhile. Yet there is no doubt that a list by Mr. Walpole will induce many people to read the books he suggests, and since in this case there is no more than a claim that the books are representative, I suppose we may as well allow it to pass. Not having read any novels by George Moore, I do not know if "Esther Waters" and "The Lake" are his best. Let them remain as Nos. 1 and 2. Let "Lord Jim" and "Nostromo" be Nos. 3 and 4. The Galsworthy and the two Bennett books pass, and I suppose would always pass, without question. I would personally back "Kipps" and "The New Machiavelli"

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against the two Wells books chosen by Mr. Walpole. I would accept "Jacob Stahl", "Sons and Lovers", "Dangerous Ages", and "Antic Hay", not as necessarily the best works of their authors, but as typical works. Since this makes thirteen books, I would complete the twenty as follows (the titles are given merely as those of typical works): (14) "Carnival" by Compton Mackenzie; (15) "The Dark Forest" by Hugh Walpole (himself); (16) "My Daughter Helen" by Allan Monkhouse; (17) "In Accordance with the Evidence" by Oliver Onions; (18) "A Room with a View" by E. M. Forster; (19) one of Charles Marriott's novels; and perhaps (20) "Vera" by Lady Russell. The books I have mentioned are not books which it is fashionable to include in lists; but if one is going to take a view of the current novel I see no reason why one should be influenced by fashion when quality is a better guide. I would back my seven against the corresponding seven in Mr. Walpole's list upon grounds of quality.

* * * *

I cannot let the death of Sir Algernon Methuen pass without comment. His rise to successful publishing must have been very rapid, but since I was excessively juvenile when the business was established, and had not long learned to read, I recall nothing of it. What amazes me, however, is that the success should have been started (or so I have somewhere read in the past) by a book called "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist", by Edna Lyall. Imagine any publisher at this day producing a book with that title! It is unthinkable. The sight of a manuscript bearing the title "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist", would unnerve any professional reader. When, further, it is recalled that the book contained, probably, not more than about forty thousand words (I cannot be sure of the number since I have not a copy of this epoch marking work in my library), its success becomes still more incredible. And yet the facts are too many for incredulousness. Such a book (it is a very innocuous book, and much inferior to the best work of this already forgotten author) was written, it was published, and it enjoyed great success. It was followed by many other books, not all of them so innocuous or so successful, but for the most part in readable veins. Probably the Methuen firm, in its heyday, was the best novel publishing firm we have had. Its — at one time — red cloth bindings, its romantic authors, the fair standard of its production (I speak comparatively), made the firm's books recognizable. It published nearly all the books, sooner or later, of Anthony Hope. They were bound in a bluish grey, and I think "Quisanté" was the first of them of which I ever read reviews. Messrs. Methuen also published the first works of W. W. Jacobs. They published that sensational success, "The Garden of Allah", and that other one, according to James Douglas, "The Secret Woman". For years they had the pick of the fiction market. When Arnold Bennett had had his great triumph with "The Old Wives' Tale", it was the firm of Methuen that undertook the "Clayhanger" trilogy. Sir Algernon must have been a very shrewd man. He had the extraordinary shrewdness to secure the services of a first class man of letters to help him with the literary policy of the firm, and that is one of the reasons why Methuens have always had so much picked talent in their lists. Anybody who knows anything about modern publishing knows that,

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contrary to the prevailing notion (which imagines publishers cruelly turning away masterpieces offered galore by unrecognized geniuses), it is the chief difficulty of all publishers to secure a modicum of good books to justify each season's enterprise. The business of publishing has become for this reason a most intricate affair of diplomacy and prophetic insight. It is true that Edward Garnett has for years managed to adorn the lists of the publishers for whom he has worked with masterpieces both English and foreign; but Mr. Lucas has obtained for the firm of Methuens a tremendous collection of books having entertainment as their leading characteristic. He knows as much about literature as anybody, but he has been broader in his selection than Mr. Garnett, and in his own field equally successful. No literary reader has had, I should surmise, greater practical knowledge of the book market, and this knowledge has not been misused. Sir Algernon Methuen himself had a flair for books, and he was a writer as well as a publisher. I have not of course read lately his little book on the Boer War, but when it appeared I thought it extraordinarily well written. That, I believe, was the impression of it widely held at the time of publication, whether the views expressed by Sir Algernon were acceptable or not. I met Sir Algernon upon several occasions, and I had many letters from him. All of these letters were the work of a gentleman, and as not all publishers are gentlemen this fact was enough to set the letters apart from those generally communicated by publishers to authors with whom they have business dealings. He struck me as the reverse of a strong man, but he was intelligent and helpful. He made suggestions and recommendations, but he withdrew them at the first sign of any unwillingness upon the part of an author to accept suggestions. He was, that is, an extremely courteous man. In person he was of medium height, rather thin, with a thin face and a small white mustache. His eyes were quick and lively. I should think he was a very shy man, but I always found him both kind and agreeable. For some years he had attended his office rarely, but had kept in close touch with the business from his palatial home in Surrey. From this home he had dictated his letters, and it is to be said with recognition of his gift for publishing that he read the books his firm published, and did not fail to send messages of encouragement to his youngest and least successful authors. Such interest, which some young and unsuccessful authors may have resented (although I do not know of any such instance, and only generalize from my ordinary experience of young and unsuccessful authors, who are the most touchy of any human beings except old and unsuccessful authors), was for the most part as acceptable as it was unusual. I cannot help thinking that the world of publishing is the poorer for Sir Algernon's death.

* * * *

Another death that I deplore equally is that of James McPeake. Mr. McPeake was the managing editor in London of "Nash's Magazine" and "Good Housekeeping". The former, I have been told, is the most successful (it is certainly the best) of all the popular magazines in this country. Its emergence under the control of Mr. McPeake has demonstrated that a good popular magazine can be run at a profit. This has always been described as impossible, and the im-

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possibility has been advanced to excuse the monthly enormities committed in England. Mr. McPeake showed that the mean course is the short sighted course. Having established "Nash's Magazine", he turned his attention to the woman's periodical, which as a common rule is the most gloomy of all newspapers. (I regret to hear, by the way, that Naomi Royde-Smith, who has been giving such strange distinction lately to "The Queen", has resigned her position as editor of that paper.) Mr. McPeake started over here an English version of "Good Housekeeping". He used very little of the American "Good Housekeeping", but struck out for himself. The results justified him. I am told that the paper has not only been a success. It has been a boon. The degree to which it has been a boon may be inferred from the fact that its monthly circulation is at the present time not many thousands short of 200,000. To those who know what circulations a popular woman's magazine in the United States may attain, this figure may seem small. I can, however, assert that such a circulation in England is enormous. Very strangely, the position of newspapers and magazines is reversed in the two countries. In England, owing to our dense population and small area, newspapers can sell up to a million and a half or even more. Magazines, on the other hand, cannot count upon 100,000 with any confidence. I believe it is generally conceded that, although he had capable assistants, the success of the English "Good Housekeeping" was due almost entirely to the peculiar talent of Mr. McPeake for giving the public good magazines which were full of readable material. As a worker in a field little cultivated, he deserves remembrance. He showed that good writers, carefully chosen and given a degree of freedom, were still good writers. Also that if it can have good writers the public does not really prefer vulgar ones. In his own way, Mr. McPeake was a "character". For himself he appeared to care nothing at all. For his papers, everything. Such men give their lives to a particular service. Its success is their only reward.

* * * *

I have been reading "Cargoes for Crusoes", the third of the books which Grant Overton has produced in the interests of book publicity. This time the book is issued under the imprint of three American publishing firms, Messrs. Appleton, Doran, and Little, Brown; but as far as I can judge the whole thing can be read without reference to the firms whose books are dealt with in its pages. It is as free as any such work could be from ordinary "puffing". For myself, who am a lover of every sort of gossip (except that which is principally in vogue at literary tea parties in England, where sexual delinquency, real or invented, is the staple of conversation), this book is most acceptable. It tells me all sorts of things that I want to know. Merely upon its bibliographical side the Overtonian method has real value, and for this alone "Cargoes for Crusoes" is worth keeping at hand. But some of the criticism is also of the greatest interest, for Mr. Overton is no hack; and the general information conveyed is fascinating. I wish that English publishers would band themselves together for the purpose of spreading so much information about the books they publish. They would benefit not only themselves but the whole cause of modern literature.

SIMON PURE

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THE SKETCH BOOK

Thomas Moult *Ralph Block* *James Montgomery Flagg* *Edna Ferber* *Henry Beston*

ANATOLE FRANCE THE BOY

By Thomas Moult

WITH the honors of greatness upon him, M. Anatole France came to his years of tranquillity. But his pen remained as busy as ever. In 1920 he completed "Le Petit Pierre", and two years later there appeared the delectably named "La Vie en Fleur". In these pages are continued the "souvenirs" which began with "Le Livre de mon Ami" and "Pierre Nozière".

Thus we have four books in which we are privileged to behold Europe's late genius turning to look back upon the far springtime of childhood, and finding himself at once the proudest and humblest of his kind. He seems to have resigned himself to his mood of retrospection with a child's humility, to the guidance of an unseen hand, the hand of one walking by his side. But although through the mist of distance he sees his own infancy being led, as once it was led, into the unfamiliar path of life, he watches as proudly as though he himself had not been simply the child, but the unseen guide also. No longer a child, he is able to recall the child's helpless wonder, and he has analyzed it exquisitely in his study of one whom we have come to know and adore as little Pierre. Although he has never in reality been the unseen guide, he now apprehends in the light of experience exactly why the hand whose fingers the child felt upon his wrist drew him this way along the spiritual and material labyrinths of the French capital rather than that way, or that way rather than this.

Thus, within M. France's venerable mind are fused the pride and humility of understanding. And, writing down that retrospective vision, recounting his young experiences, he has given such tender expression to his commingling of emotions, especially in the pages of "Le Petit Pierre" and "La Vie en Fleur", that his autobiographical pages will be worth a whole library of memorial tomes concerning his name and fame. Though a second pen may, ably enough, "mark the height achieved, the main result", none but Anatole France himself could have put on record the "golden instants and bright days" whose greater significance John Masefield has emphasized so beautifully in one of his noblest verses.

In another sense as well as in this, must M. France be regarded as his own best biographer, for the humane irony that colored his maturest outlook saved him from the pitfall which brings dismay to so many autobiographers, that of exaggerating the importance of one's early occasions. It would be hard to find a more delicious example than M. France's of how a man ought to memorialize "the day before yesterday", as the late Richard Middleton once entitled his own poetic fragment of autobiography. By means of a series of episodes the intellectual and emotional flowering of an eager and thoughtful boy is portrayed, and at the

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close of "La Vie en Fleur" we leave him entering, more or less on equal terms, the society of grown ups. Actually in this narrative we are nowhere informed in so many words that the author himself is Pierre Nozière; but in the genial preface to "La Vie en Fleur" he confesses that he has written "faithful memoirs disguised"; his pen has pursued no particular method, he tells us, but he has preferred to adopt the plan of Madame de Caylus who, already old and overcome with worries, objected that her mind was not tranquil enough to dictate her memoirs. "O well," said her son readily, taking up his pen, "we will call them 'Souvenirs', and you need not bother about any order of dates nor sequence of events."

It matters little by what name, souvenirs or memoirs, we classify this fruit of M. France's retrospection. There is a chapter in the most recent volume wherein is related how, at twelve years of age, he remarked to his school chum, after much inward meditation, that "One doesn't give enough." Forthwith they formed a private charitable organization. Between them they possessed forty nine sous to bestow on the poor and lowly. Alas, the action made one of those two boys, as he admits, a "little Pharisee". But his readers have no cause to regret the fact, for they are gainers by at least one memorable passage:

> I was disposed at this time to take for mine the ideas of others. I have corrected that since, and I now know that I owe as much to strange people as to my countrymen, to the ancients as to the moderns, and notably to the Greeks, to whom I owe most of all, to whom I would like to owe more, for whatever we know of reasonableness, about the universe and man, comes to us from them.

The schooldays of the young Anatole, or Pierre, are always recalled lovingly, as are the people by whom he was surrounded and for whom he conceived an abiding admiration. He reports the eternal schoolboy discussions: "I joined a Peripatetic Society whose members, during their debates, walked up and down the court, arguing on everything known and unknown." He helped to form the "Académie Blaise Pascal", whose headquarters were to have been an attic in one boy's house; but unfortunately at the first meeting somebody smuggled in a bottle of rum and the paper they had arranged to discuss was entirely forgotten. A man servant eventually brought from the irate parent below the message that if his son did not expel his rowdy friends within five minutes there would be trouble! On another occasion young Pierre was rhapsodizing to a friend in his early teens over the ladies of history. "Take care, Nozière," warned the sage in knickerbockers, "woman is perfidious!" And once, at a school banquet, he was placed next to a boy named Mouron whom he and his class disdained and refused to speak to. During the meal he rejected most snobbishly all the poor boy's advances. Thereupon Mouron made a doll of his serviette, placed it before him on the table, and addressed it somewhat in this fashion: "How are you, my poor little Mouron? There is no one to speak to you. That is sad, but console yourself. We will have a chat together, and that will amuse us. I am going to tell you about an astonishing adventure that happened to my schoolfellow, Pierre Nozière. Pierre came to the banquet of Saint Charlemagne without his soul, because if he had come with it he would talk. But he says nothing, because his soul is not in his body. Where is it, in what country? On the earth, or in the moon? I do not know. Anyway, while it is traveling about, you are having a very sad meal,

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my poor little Mouron, by the side of a body without a soul, of a statue which neither speaks nor laughs; it is only a statue." Is it to be wondered at that the disdain of Pierre was broken down completely by the sweetness and grace of this unexpected speech? A friendship began there and then that lasted all their lives.

Who will forget M. France's portrait of the peasant Justine, a serving maid in the Nozière household whom her master had facetiously christened "Catastrophe" because she was always to be found in a state of panic in her kitchen, her hands and face black, her hair untidy — a hopeless slattern throughout her humble career, yet in her "servile intelligence" as charming and lovable as any of the bourgeois heroines in his fiction? In these souvenirs we are introduced to every type of Parisian character, maiden aunts and mentors, parents and public dignitaries, schoolboys, artists, and "sweethearts" of undeniably high degree: and yet that portrait of Justine is never overfaced. "Justine," the earnest boy of twelve impetuously exclaims, "do you realize that Spartacus, the head of a horde of slaves, defied the four Prætorian armies and three consular armies, and that he forced the Senate to send against him the legions of Crassus and Pompey . . . " But at that point Justine will interrupt him. "I must remove the lentils which are on the fire, for there is nothing that sticks to the bottom of the pan so much as lentils."

Here is revealed, deftly and with exceeding modesty, not so much the peasant Justine as the author of "Sylvestre Bonnard" himself. Out of that blossoming boyhood, that zestful period of observation, as all the cultured world knows, a career emerged which was as rich and full flowered as any in modern Europe. And the score of classic volumes which have crowned it are always of life just as eager, always a treasury of the humble, of the universal schoolboy, the universal Justine.

FOOD IN FICTION

By Edna Ferber

DICKENS did it. If, in the old walnut bookcase back in Appleton, Wisconsin, we had had a complete set of, say, Jane Austen instead of Charles Dickens, I probably should not now be accused by our more spiritual book reviewers of being vulgarly lavish in the amount of food and clothing that I bestow upon my fiction characters. One midwest critic of somewhat anæmic cast devoted two columns to the expression of his overwhelming repulsion at the amount of food spread over the pages of "So Big", and his delicate shrinking from the sordid paragraphs that describe the clothes of the people who move through the chapters of that, in his opinion, all too earthy novel.

It all comes, I suppose, of having been brought up on Dickens and Thackeray — but mostly Dickens. There weren't many books in that walnut bookcase; so I read and reread what there was. Veal and ham pies, hot pineapple toddies, succulent oysters, great joints of beef and mutton, stews of tripe, and rashers of bacon oozed and sizzled in the volumes that made Sairey Gamp and Mr. Micawber, Bill Sikes and Fanny Squeers, real and living persons to me. Daniel Quilp could never have been so delightfully horrible in my eyes if I hadn't seen him drink his boiling hot tea without batting his mean little eyes. Imagine a Miss Havisham without a description of her age-yellowed and withered satin wedding gown, her shroudlike veil, and

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her tattered stockings of finest silk. I knew these people; not only what they said and thought, but what they ate and drank and wore. They were real. They were human beings.

I like to know what people eat and wear. I enjoy writing about food and clothes. But apparently it isn't done. Ever since the discovery of sex by our Younger Set of Fictionists (this was about eight years ago: they just stumbled upon it as is so often the way in the revelation of a great truth) all other appetites have been barred from the fictional page. It has got so now that mention of meat and drink is looked upon as being downright indelicate. Of course some upstart claimants have come forward recently with the contention that sex was an acknowledged fact way back in 1911, but the Younger Fictionists soon made short work of these. One poor fool even had the effrontery to mumble something about the Book of Genesis, but he was quickly shouted down.

In time they will probably have their way, these new purists. Of course it will make a lot of difference in some old stories of which the fogies among us have grown fond. The story of Adam and Eve, for example. Eliminate the apple and the fig leaf and it loses something. I don't know what — but something. And that one about the loaves and fishes. Somehow, it would seem so different with all that vulgar food left out. The whole school of what has been called *gefüllte fiction* will, in time, be stamped out. The new generation will never be subjected to the degrading glimpses of Jos Sedley and his top boots. They will know nothing of the crass details of what Jos and Becky Sharp and Amelia and her young man — Whatshisname — had to eat at Vauxhall Gardens. Take food and drink and raiment away from Joseph Hergesheimer's novels — banish the Bacardi rum, the rose-pink clams, the chiffon, the perfume, the silver girdled girls — and you have — well — what have you?

Give these Nice Nellies of fiction another twenty five years and we shall have a whole new set of moral standards. Food will be something not to be mentioned in polite society. The offspring of two decades hence, dashing in upon a roomful of people with his shameless, "I want a piece of bread and butter and jelly", will find himself hustled from the room by an embarrassed and irate parent and treated to a lecture such as:

"Melville, hasn't Mama told you that you mustn't say a thing like that in company! It isn't nice. Those are things we don't speak of. You can come and talk to Mama about them, but not anyone else. What will the ladies and gentlemen think!"

But in another fifty years the revulsion will come. Slowly it will dawn upon a narrow world that it is, after all, wisest to be Open and Honest about the Facts of Life like Food and Clothes. The child will find it all out one way or another. Why not teach him, frankly and intelligently, in the home or in the school? We shall have modernists who will advocate taking the child out into the fields and woods to let him behold how the mother bird feeds the angleworm to her young. And then, very gently, his maternal teacher can say, "Melville, dear, that is why your dear father works in the great big office downtown, and why Mother goes to market and buys chopped beef and turnips and mangel wurzel and bread pudding and all the delicious things you like so much. It is because they want their little Melville to grow up to be a strong, sturdy, clean limbed young American."

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But before that day of freedom dawns, the drama, too, will no doubt be writhing under the cruel thongs of bondage. Instead of the big seduction scene as we have known it, the real thrill of the new-school play of daring will come when tea is served in the second act. And there's little doubt, as things are shaping themselves now, that when the heroine utters the almost unspeakable line, "Lemon or cream?" the minions of the law, armed with right and power, will rush in and close the show.

PITY THE SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR!

By James Montgomery Flagg

THERE is a theory that a short story and a novel are two distinct literary expressions. Perhaps as much difference between them as there would be between a sonnet and an epic or a madrigal and an oratorio. If I'm wrong correct me. In actuality the only variance seems to be in length. If an author can't think of enough stuff to make a serial, he lets it go as a short story. He's out of luck. If I'm right correct me.

When the farmer says to the hen, "Lucille, I want three eggs by Wednesday at nine fifteen!" he will no doubt get the eggs, since Lucille is a trained layer. Yet the very best eggs are not laid by request. When Lucille has a wonderful idea for three eggs and the farmer doesn't know anything about it, she is quite likely to lay three dreams in gold and white!

Of course, that opens up the world-old discussion as to whether an artist in any art does his best with or without the whip of necessity. Nowadays it is the lash of luxury, I'm afraid.

Too often it probably is the case that when an author has an unexpected success he says, "Aha! Now I shall indulge in a pergola and twins!" He bites off more pergolas and twins than he can chew for. The children of his brains give way to the children of his exuberance. Then come the contracts for serials. Whereupon mediocrity sets in.

The most irritating modern improvement in style is this "Came" business! "Came Ethelbert to the library", "Came Whitsuntide", "Came Tuesday", "Came smallpox" — Where do they get that stuff? Why not, "Went the plumber", or "Went Wednesday"? Or why not, "Poked he the Bishop in the ribs"?

Another thorn, at least in the side of an illustrator, is the male author's insistence upon describing his heroine's wearing apparel. They never know anything about women's clothes, and if an illustrator followed them as they fondly hope to be adhered to, a sartorial monstrosity would appear. To a male author a heroine's makeup usually includes "coils of hair done low on the neck", "clinging material", when perhaps the mode is bobbed hair and straight line effects!

Why do they think they have to describe clothes? *And* scenery — especially in western stories? Pages of grey hills, purple shadows, pink buttes, cotton clouds, amber valleys, lavender rabbits, dust colored dust clouds — and all nature seemed hushed and everything! In one of Mark Twain's books he had all the descriptions of scenery in the appendix — assorted — read it or not as you pleased! That's service!

The author's traditional complaint against the illustrator is that the latter does not read his story. Whose fault is that? The author's, of course. Why doesn't he write stories that even

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an illustrator could read? His publisher says, "Here is a gripping story of the Northwest Mounted and Framed — 'Passion and Chilblains!' — you cannot lay it down till you've finished it!" That sort of thing. If it be true, why does the illustrator lay the book down? Don't say he never takes it up!

There is a particularly depressing formula in the publishing business. When an author has made a hit in a certain type of story, or hero, he is forced to grind out replicas of his first success ad nauseam, for decades. He has said all he had to say in the first thirty eight stories, but money talks — the public likes it — it has the habit, so keep it up.

It is human on the part of the publishers to strive to fill the demand — but is it humane, or is it art? Would "Alice in Wonderland" have lasted if she had been dragged through years of adventures — "Alice in Putney", "Alice at the Crystal Palace", "Alice at Oxford", etc.!

You must immediately recall instances of this repeater business. There was Sewell Ford with his "Torchy" — it has been going on for centuries. He has worn out illustrators. The original model for the person of Torchy is a grandfather. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford of Chester's lasted fifty times as long as Ponzi of Boston. Dear old Penrod must have been a Knight Templar with a large stomach the last time he played hookey. And Owen Johnson's Tennessee Shad and Doc McNooder and the others are going to Lawrenceville again. I will say they are as entertaining as ever in spite of their invisible long white beards!

It is obvious that these characters are real Americans on account of their popularity — but God help successful authors!

STARS OF ROMANCE

By Henry Beston

ALL my life long I have wanted to see the Southern Cross. Beneath its ray, so countless books informed me, the ocean isles of paradise lifted their stately palms to the tropical glory of the moon; and traders, pirates, treasure seekers, shipwrecked sailors, and frabjously beautiful native maidens carried on a life just as real and just as earnest as Mr. Longfellow ever could have wished. On northern nights, when a liquefied slush used to get in over the tops of my rubbers, I often comforted myself by remembering the Cross, and musing on romantic sentences. You know the kind, they run like this: "It was night, and I remained by the shore, lying under the glorious Southern Cross, my senses dulled by the sleepy fragrance of the oopa tree."

I had quite an imaginative picture of the constellation. It was of impressive size, of Latin design, and composed of four or five well matched and magnificent orbs. There was really nothing in the northern heavens quite so fine. A man who had seen the Southern Cross had seen about everything there was to see.

Years passed, however, and in spite of many periods of naval service I never found myself in equatorial latitudes. Then almost overnight the opportunity came, and I boarded a passenger vessel bound for southern seas.

Almost from the hour we left New York, the Cross was in the air. Such is the power of romance! If you wanted to get acquainted with anybody, all you had to do was say, "We are going to see the Southern Cross this trip", and it did the trick every time. On one round of the deck, I was informed that we were going to see the

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Cross by eighteen different passengers, while I myself spread the light among some twenty more. Enthusiasts began to look for the stars while we were passing the capes of Delaware. We argued, consulted authorities, looked for books on astronomy in the ship's library, and badgered third assistant pursers and pallid cabin boys who obligingly pointed out everything from Cassiopeia to the Heavenly Twins.

Day by day, the ship drew nearer to "the line", and it was presently said that a certain passenger had seen the Southern Cross. The passenger became the hero of the hour. Surrounded by admiring romantics, he led us to the twilight rail, and pointed out a new something or other in the sky.

"Oh, that's not the Southern Cross", said a ship's officer benignly; "that's the false cross. It rises some time before the real cross."

The false cross? But romance had never mentioned a false cross! Perplexity found a dwelling in our eyes. To further our confusion, the eastern heavens began to roll over the edge of the world the most baffling array of crosses and crisscrosses that could madden readers of romance. At the height of the dispute, there was evidently visible a cross, a false cross, a false false cross, and several more. But where was the Southern Cross? Where was the bright symbol of the romantic dream?

There came a night of stilled waters and a blue-black heaven swept magically clear of tropic mist. I remained on deck to muse a while, for all the other passengers had long since retired to their beds. The lights along the deck suddenly went out, and I listened to the mysterious swish of the alongside waters whispering in the dark. Presently I saw the red glow of a cigar drawing near my chair. A distinguished fellow passenger, an army officer of the general staff, was finishing a final smoke.

"Did not I hear you say something about the Southern Cross?" he asked, rolling his cigar. "It's risen well above the horizon now if you care to see it." And with a soldier's careful precision, he pointed out the long sought cross of literature.

My heart sank. "Not that small, misshaped affair? You really don't mean to tell me that's the Southern Cross?"

"Yes, that's it. I used to do geodetic survey work, so I made studies of the southern heavens. That's the Cross!"

Oh Stevenson, oh Conrad, oh Herman Melville, oh Frederick O'Brien!

The constellation of the Centaur had risen well into the sky, and within a bay of it was a cross. It was not a large cross, for you could just about have fitted the four stars into half the dipper's bowl. Moreover, it was less a cross than a sort of smallish, irregular kite, for there was no star to mark the intersection of the cross bar and the staff.

Alas for romance, the brilliance is likewise largely fabulous! The brightest star of the little kite, the "alpha" as astronomers say, lies at the foot, and is the only one in the constellation that ranks as a "first magnitude". If you want to know how bright a first magnitude star is, take a look at the outer top star of the dipper bowl. The stars that mark the left hand point of the kite and the apex are mere second magnitudes; you may match them, if you like, with the two lower stars of the dipper bowl. The star to the right, which is both faint and misplaced, ranks as a third magnitude, and you may match him with the star of the dipper bowl which marks the handle joint.

The secret of the Cross is not its

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imaginary splendor, but its relation to the southern pole. A line drawn from the top star through the bottom star will almost touch the pole if prolonged. No wonder that Spanish seamen found an awesome omen in these new stars so strange to European eyes. And mind you, the polar constellations at the south go clockwise round the pole. It's confusing till one reasons it out.

What the Southern Cross is to us, the Northern Lights are to the dwellers in tropic lands. They talk about them with a longing wonder in their eyes.

"Lying under the glorious Southern Cross?" Well, I'm glad I know now what these romantic authors have been lying about!

A LITERATURE OF THE SCREEN?

By Ralph Block

SEVERAL years of exposure to the plaintive queries of playwrights and novelists and the rosy declarations of scenario writers, have hardened me to any argument about the "future literature of the screen". The novelists and playwrights, after they have looked at the cashier's check to make sure the figures are right, always suggest peevishly that they suppose their art is once more in for butchery. Scenario writers live in dreams of the day when the screen will end its parasitic career, feeding on the creative genius of the theatre and the novel.

Even to think of a literature of the screen, now or in the future, is to begin with a misconception. Only an Hibernian such as Rex Ingram, might adequately discuss such an idea, by answering that when we produce a literature of the screen, it won't be a literature of the screen. The mistake lies in thinking of the art of the motion camera and of the screen as a secondary process, a derived art, as a literature at all. Its greatest handicap has always been the inability of audiences and creators alike — until recently — to think of it as a direct medium of presentation. Audiences have been stimulated by various causes to think of it as another form of play or novel or short story. Screen creators, with second hand pride, have thought of it in terms of adaptation, translation into one coherent form of any one or all of the other three.

This generalization does exclude, and intentionally, those creative spirits who aim to use the screen abstractly, as nearly like music as possible. Their art, which exists as yet only in theory, aims to harmonize forms and develop structures of abstract thought, with light in motion as the medium of expression, instead of sound as in music. But for the purposes of this exposition, when I speak of the screen I mean that great vulgar phenomenon of a modern mechanistic existence, which in Peoria and Park Avenue alike is called the movies. Regardless of the moving tide of today's sophistication and tomorrow's satiety, the living world continues ceaselessly curious of itself, its loves, hates, dreams and battles; and never before has it had so free an opportunity to see its reflected image as the movies provide.

But this fact has long been self evident. What the movies need now, to gain new vitality and a renewed hold on that audience that tires of old ways of telling old stories, is a master to invent new and strange ways of story telling. He must be rich enough in life to invent a new idiom and common enough to make it say the old things over in new ways, which is indeed the course every great art has followed in

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its time. But this idiom must be of the camera, powerful enough to make old appearances significant and newly interesting — not to the theorist and æsthetician, but to Lizzie. This man will not be Chaplin, who is after all an intellectual, not Von Stroheim, still breathing heavily in the age of Zola, nor Lubitsch, an aristocrat among hucksters. He will be not unlike the Griffith of the early days, but rid of the stereotyped forms which the repetitions of a conventionalized art have enforced.

Lacking this power now, the movies have gone back to the classic form of the well made play, and week by week show their power to out-Sardou Sardou in their mastery of plot and construction. This is an instinctive gesture toward safety; even if characterization is weak, plot always has a power of its own. Audiences have learned likewise to lean upon plot, and have through years of stimulation developed a plot hunger, akin to their own workaday desire to see "things come out right". But in the end, as M. André Gide somewhere once declared, character alone is drama, and without it there can be no plot. The future of the screen lies in some great dreamer in camera terms, able to make the celluloid unfolding of character more fascinating, more closely related to the desires and dreams of modern audiences, than that mere unwinding of contingent events which is plot can ever become. When this Messiah arrives, the screen will have passed through its second period, and will have entered the Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Dürer, Holbein, Velasquez stretch of its history.

Welcome as this coming may be to some, its eventuation will no longer provide easy journeys for fluent penmen to Palm, Waikiki, and other beaches. The day of a literature of the screen will have come and have gone. The visual evidences of an art of the screen will be in the celluloid exhibits themselves, among the archives. They will bear the names of gentlemen — and undoubtedly ladies — who in an increasingly visual world will have been tempted to set down graphically their reactions to life, not by brush and oil or typewriter and pen, but by camera and celluloid. The screen itself will be the literature of the screen, to which all litterateurs of today may, borrowing from Montague Glass, look forward in anticipation, God forbid.

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SPILLED BEANS

By Robert Benchley

1: THE RHINESTONE WORD TRICK

NEVER teach a parlor trick to anyone else, for the chances are that he will go out and do it badly and spoil it, not only for himself, but for you as well. Undoubtedly the Great Disappearing Quarter Trick was a knockout when first performed, but after Uncle George has been doing it every Sunday afternoon for the children for five years, with the chances even that the quarter will roll on the floor instead of snapping up his cuff, it has become less and less impressive until now even the children would rather see the quarter put to some other use.

Max Beerbohm, Aldous Huxley, and even Norman Davey have a legitimate kick against Michael Arlen for spilling the beans in their Rhinestone Word Trick, a trick which they have been practising with splendid effect but great restraint for many years. After reading "These Charming People" the whole thing becomes as clear as day, and we doubt if even the incomparable Max could recapture its glamour for us. As the often quoted gentleman said of the work of the piccolo player: "Even if that was good, I wouldn't like it."

The formula, as we detect it after Mr. Arlen's countless repetitions, is as follows:

THE STORY OF A LADY WHO INTERESTED ONLY HERSELF AND OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DIDN'T EVEN DO THAT

THERE is a tale which is told in London about a young man (I had almost said "a young woman" but that would have been neither fair nor correct) who felt so strongly that all women were unfit for marriage that he married three of them at once. This, however, leaves something to be desired as an introduction to my little tale, as my little tale has nothing at all to do with young men in general or this young man in particular. It might have had, except for the fact that the young man was my mother. Which complicates everything. Or almost everything.

Eunice Lovejoy was so beautiful that it is related that it once pleased the King of Spain to kill himself for her. This may or may not be true, according to your feeling about the King of Spain. I have no feeling at all about the King of Spain, except that I do wish that he wouldn't wear fedora hats.

However, one never knows about such things, or rather, if one does know, one doesn't tell—that is, not if one happens to be Gordon Nevins and an English gentleman.

I had met Gordon Nevins in front of the Hartford Lunch, that retreat in London where one finds men who know the ting of the hot sands of Fraja on their cheeks and who also know that the syrup should be put in between

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wheatcakes and not allowed to soak in through the top. If that is being a cad, then Gordon Nevins was a cad. But a glorious cad, such a cad as I should want my young son to grow up to be if I had a young son, which I have not (God help him, and us too, for that matter).

"I thought that you were sailing tomorrow", I said. It was always safe to say that to Gordon Nevins, for he, like most other English gentlemen one meets in front of clubs, *was* usually sailing tomorrow, even if it were only to Tillbury Docks.

"Don't be an ass", he said. "I sailed yesterday. But before I go I have a story which I think will interest you. At any rate, it will interest me to tell it, and that is enough for any man to ask."

We stepped inside and I saw by his fingers that he had been crying. And when Gordon Nevins has been crying, you may be sure that God and his subsidiary angels have had a hard day at the office.

"You have seen Eunice Lovejoy?" I asked, for I already knew that he had.

"No", he answered, with unaccustomed prolixity.

"Then why have you got her dress on?" I returned. A cab drove up but we did not get in.

Now who shall describe Eunice Lovejoy of the silky lashes, of the eyes that pouted in the sun, of the ringlets blonde one year like flax, dark the next like those great nets the fishers use to catch sunbeams with, Eunice Lovejoy of the this and that? Her eyes were thus and thus, and her hands were those and those, but the song that she sang as she sailed her little boat in her tub, was the song that men have sung to women since the first young man looked behind him and found that his heart was broken. Or was it?

Archlake Turbot, or Gordon Nevins, or whatever it was we decided his name was at the beginning of this story, drew me down beside him onto the deck of the ocean liner.

"I was standing in front of Eunice Lovejoy's house only a half hour ago", he said, lighting the doorman's cigarette. "It was raining and I was wet. Or perhaps I should have said, I was wet and it was raining. I think that is why God makes the rain, Blashton (you are Blashton, aren't you?), I think that is why God makes the rain, Blashton, because it is like a woman's tears. Horrible things, Blashton, women's tears. Horrible!" And he shuddered.

"As I stood there I felt someone at my side. It would be more correct to say that I *saw* someone at my side. He was one of those men whom one instinctively feels to be fat. He was wet too, for it was still raining. 'May I speak to you a moment?' he said. 'You have already', I replied, 'and your moment is almost up.' This unnerved him and he fainted. When I came to, he was still standing there.

"'I think that you will be interested in what I have to tell you', he said. 'I have just come from seeing Eunice Lovejoy, and she was this and that.'

"Now of men who have seen Eunice Lovejoy when she was this and that there are less than a few, and so I gave him my arm. 'Tell me,' I said, 'tell me what you mean, and if you mean nothing, tell me that too.'

"'I was in Eunice Lovejoy's apartment at a quarter past five' (it was then just five, so he couldn't have done much) 'and, as is the custom among men who are in Eunice Lovejoy's apartment at a quarter past five, I had just told her that I loved her.'

"'Naturally', I said. 'Go on.'

"'How can I go on if you keep say-

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ing "Naturally"', he whined. 'I had just told her that I loved her.'

"'Naturally', I said. 'Go on.'

"' Just then a man entered the room. I recognized him at once, for he was one of those men one recognizes at once no matter whether one has ever seen him before or not. But I had seen him before, God help me (and God help the sailors, too, while He is about helping people). Eunice was playing with a baby that she had just had. She did not look up.

"'"My dear sir," I said, "I think that you ought to know that I have just told Eunice that I love her. Here in England we do things that way. You ought to be the next to know in case there is anything that you want to do about it. I have loved her for a long time, for a longer time than it has taken her brown eyes to grow sad, for a longer time than it has taken her raven hair to turn blonde, and, if I may be so bold, I think that she has loved me at least half that long." Eunice said nothing, but looked thus and thus.

"'"I have known it all along", he said quietly, "and I have already made up my mind what to do." With that, he picked up my hat and walked out of the room. He never returned. At least I waited until half past five and he hadn't returned then. Poor chap!'

"It had stopped raining by this time, but I was still wet. The fat man looked at me as if he expected me to say something. So I did.

"'You are to be congratulated', I said, 'if you have won Eunice Lovejoy away from her husband.'

"'I did not say that', replied the fat man. 'I simply said that I had won Eunice Lovejoy. It was, however, her lover from whom I won her. My name is Lovejoy. I am her husband.'"

Gordon Nevins turned and pulled in a fire alarm.

"That was a rather silly thing to do, Nevins", I said. "You can't possibly have a fire big enough waiting for the firemen when they arrive to pay them for coming."

"Perhaps not", he replied. "But I shall ride back with them. And I shall clang their bell as I go — Loudly", he added.

The rest of the story is frightfully dull. But it is related how that night in Cavendish Square an owl was heard, and whenever an owl is heard in Cavendish Square it means that Eunice Lovejoy's eyes are wet. And, God help me, what eyes they are!

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POEMS OF CENTRAL ASIA

By Achmed Abdullah

Decorations by George A. Picken

I

IN the courtyard of Afzal Khan the little tree parrots
Flutter about gaily.
Hear how the silly little parrots twitter and chirp!
See how they preen their gaudy Indian feathers!
They fly from tree to tree.
Wherever they fly, they leave their droppings:
Dirty, garish little Indian parrots!

In the very courtyard of Hydar Khan's grandson
The little tree parrots flutter and flutter.
Yet would I, the tough old Afghan hawk, fear them?

Tomorrow Afzal Khan will have grown tired of them.
Tomorrow he will wring their silly little necks.
But I am Turkan Khatoom.
Seven sons have I borne my lord!

This is a poem of the border Afghans about Peshawar, of the early nineteenth century. At that time the dynasty founded by Ahmad Shah had degenerated, and Peshawar had fallen into the hands of four of the famous twelve Barukzai brothers, the Sirdars Yar Mohammed, Sultan Mohammed, Pir Mohammed, and Sayyid Mohammed. There was a great deal of confusion and war throughout Afghanistan and the border, Afghan fighting brother Afghan, and occasionally all joining forces to fight the growing menace of the Sikh nation under Ranjit Singh. This poem is attributed to Turkan Khatoom, wife of Afzal Khan, a captain in the army of the youngest of the Barukzai brothers who afterward made himself Amir of Afghanistan. It appears that during a raid into India Afzal Khan kidnapped three women of the Sikhs whom he made his concubines; and in these lines Turkan Khatoom ridicules her new rivals' pretensions.

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II

THERE, in night's great purple box,
I hid my seven jewels:
My women, my children, my horses,
My honor, my sword, my faith, and my race.
Solitude watches carefully,
So that none may steal them.

Three stout locks has the box which hides my jewels.
Let him who has jewels lock them with three locks:
With silence, and mockery, and laughter!

Verses concerning the Tarantchis who live about Kuldja in Eastern Turkestan, on the Russian-Chinese border. Their language, except for certain influences due to the colonies of Kalmicks, Chinese, and Manchus who live among them, is a very pure Turki, in fact purer than the modern Turkish spoken in Constantinople. They are mostly peasants, their very name meaning "millet-sowers", from "taran" (millet). They are Moslems and claim descent from the ancient Uigur tribe of Tartar-Mongols, once famed for their learning.

III

I SAID:
"If I come to you, will your lips kiss mine?"
She said:
"Have you a thousand lips that you should ask me?"

I said:
"Your raven locks are like black cobras."
She said:
"Fool — would you trust a hooded cobra's sting?"

I said:
"How then shall I conquer your love?"

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She said:
"Can you cut off a head without a sword?"

I said:
"Like a blind pilgrim, I wander aimlessly."
She said:
"If you are a wise pilgrim, why disgrace yourself?"

I said:
"Let us be happy together, if only for a moment."
She said:
"What happened to the women whom you used to love?"

I said:
"You are proud. Consider that Allah sees you."
She said:
"What is it to you? Why talk so loudly?"

I said:
"I am the lover of your wondrous face."
She said:
"Allah! Do not force your love on me!"

I said:
"If I die on your threshold, yours will be the blame."
She said:
"Go and die. Then my dogs will stop barking."

I said:
"You cannot understand the love which I bear you."
She said:
"And what do the men of the Khatak tribe know of love?"

Dialogue written in very pure Pushtoo with few foreign words, Persian, Arabic, Hindi, or Tartar. It is of the early seventeenth century and has been credited, like most songs of that period, to Khushal Khan, chief of the Khatak tribe of Afghans. But he doubtless adapted it from a poem of the early sixteenth century written by Mir Gwaharam, chief of the Lashari tribe of Balochis, to the lady Gohar who took refuge with Mir Chakur, the chief of the Rind tribe of Balochis. This episode, incidentally, caused the thirty years' war between the two tribes of which the hillmen still sing numerous ballads.

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IV

LONELY and unadorned is the last bed of the desert rider,
When death seizes his throat as the eclipse seizes the moon,
When Fate gathers the thousand arrows beneath her armpits.

There are here no gold-hilted Bokharan scimitars,
No crimson, jingling trappings of Turkish Beks,
No brocaded cloaks nor great belts of Volga leather.
For naked I came from the bosom of God.
Naked I return.

You, O pilgrim, when you ride past my grave, stop.
Pass not without a thought for me.
Remember that only yesterday I was even as you.
Remember that tomorrow you will be even as I.

A "meit tauriki", similar to an epitaph, of the Karachuka Turkomans, a clan of the Yomud Turkomans who roam the Central Asian steppes near the Caspian. The Turkoman graves consist of underground chambers where the body is placed without covering, together with the earthen jug used in washing it. A small lamp is placed at the foot of the grave, as well as some article belonging to the deceased, usually a cradle in case of a child; but all these articles, given the Turkomans' harsh life, are simple and crude. The place where the head rests is marked by a stone called "m'chachad" which, curiously, is not a Turkoman but an Arab word. There is no verdure about the graves, no flowers, nothing to make them attractive. They are typical, in their stark, grey loneliness, of the steppes and the tribes of the steppes.

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IS THE COSTUME DRAMA DEAD?

By Stephen Vincent Benét

BY the time the Salvation Army Santa Clauses begin to feel a little chilly in their red flannels and the department stores are all alive with artificial holly and exasperated shoppers, almost any dramatic critic worth his passes should be able to discover some sort of Trend or Tendency in the multifarious offerings of the current New York season. Personally, the more serious pursuit of Trends and Tendencies has always seemed too much the Hunting of the Snark for comfort — and we approach its æsthetic rigors with shameful trepidation. But for your information, we shall attempt for once to emulate our favorite theatrical penman, Beaunash, and plot if we can some sort of green arrowed line through the confused and clashing traffic of Realism versus Expressionism and John Golden against the field.

We thought we had a perfectly good theory anent the Decline and Fall of the Costume Drama all carefully substantiated and marcelled and everything. And then "The Firebrand" came along and spoiled it. Up till then, in the eternal battle between modernity and gadzookery, modernity was winning hands down. We had seen the glowing Bagdad of Haroun-El-Raschid in James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan" suffocate under the weight of an overelaborate production after the briefest of sojourns. We had seen "The Red Falcon", a bloodthirsty excursion through the more passionate sectors of Mediæval Sicily, prove no more successful than "That Awful Mrs. Eaton", an American romance of the days of Andrew Jackson — and everything seemed pointing toward one of those Old Home Weeks with grandmother and the Rotary Club, when Benvenuto Cellini suddenly came to life on the stage of the Morosco Theatre and knocked our careful conclusions galley-west.

Nevertheless, "The Firebrand", in spite of its Medicean trappings, is modern at heart. Very modern. Perhaps that is why it gives so entertainingly just a picture of the Renaissance. The characters concerned refuse to be frightened by their historical significance. They talk like human beings — if often like the human beings that only Avery Hopwood knows. And the artistic, homicidal, and amatory exploits of the Jurgenesque goldsmith who wrote the finest rogues' march in literature, are admirably presented by Joseph Schildkraut and an accomplished cast.

Edwin Justus Mayer, author of the unusual "Preface to Life", wrote "The Firebrand", and the piece is sponsored by "The Three Musketeers, Inc.", otherwise known as Schwab, Liveright, and Mandel. It marks the initial success of a noteworthy experiment — the entrance of a well known publishing house (Boni and Liveright) into the field of theatrical production. Perhaps other publishers may follow their example — let us hope with as jovial aliases. "The Four Horsemen

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of the Apocalypse Ltd. Present . . . " would look very well on a program. Or "These Charming People (Société Anonyme)" — or — but there, there, we have said enough.

To return to the homey drama and South Chicago, "Minick" by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber seems to us by far the best thing of its sort since "The Show-Off". An old man comes to live with his son and daughter-in-law. They love each other, but they get on each other's nerves — and in the end he retires to the relative peace of an Old Man's Home, where nobody will mind how long he takes to read the morning newspaper. That is all the story — but how honestly and with what a wealth of observation and sympathy the authors, the producer, and the cast depict it! We can think of few plays we can more wholeheartedly recommend to every member of the BOOKMAN audience. And yet, there is something lacking in Minick — the hairline that divides sincerity from greatness is seldom approached. The poignance has no cutting edge — there is a certain tidiness about the play that diminishes its stature. But for all that it is excellent and veracious — and the meeting of the Ladies' Club that finally disrupts Phyllis Povah's politeness toward Father-in-law O. P. Heggie is one of the funniest incidents of recent date.

Real magic is the rarest quality in the current theatre — and in "Bewitched" by Edward Sheldon and Sidney Howard, it is present in abundance. To our mind, this tale of a young American aviator who, making a forced landing in a forest in Auvergne, finds it enchanted with dreams and sorceries, was the finest achievement of the year next to "What Price Glory?" Which statement is undoubtedly prejudiced, for "Bewitched" happens to contain every theatrical ingredient that appeals to us most strongly. There isn't a trace of conventional whimsicality in it — and the crystal bubble of its witchcraft is so seldom dulled with "fine writing".

And, speaking of writing, the amount of time devoted by this year's dramatists to the problems and temperamentalities of various practitioners of the arts is astonishing. In no less than six plays of the autumn, the difficulties that beset musicians, painters, novelists, and other such idle people at war with a workaday world, are expounded at length. "Great Music", a fervid panorama dealing with the woes of a baffled composer, even goes so far as to recommend acute leprosy as a stimulus to ultimate artistic achievement. Other prescriptions were less drastic. In "The Far Cry", by Arthur Richman, Robert Milton's first presentation as an independent producer, the painter-hero required only a villa in Florence, the society of a charming divorcée, and a fair amount of abstinence from the more pungent alcohols to spur him on to Michaelangelic emulations — while in "Cock o' the Roost", by Rida Johnson Young, autosuggestion and a model tenement overlooking the East River were enough to change a hack writer of detective stories into a would be Bennett. Sometime we are going to write a play about an artist whose private life is wholly and completely listerined. The play will be a tragedy. At least for any producer who accepts it.

Which reminds us, by contraries of course, that the repertory seasons of the Theatre Guild and the Provincetown Players have begun, and that it should need no urging on our part to induce those of you who live in or near the confines of Manhattan to sup-

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"The House Into Which We Are Born" by Jacques Copeau (Theatre Arts). Incredibly long speeches in this really interesting reading play.

"The Colonnade" by Stark Young (Theatre Arts). A somewhat literary drama by the author of "The Saint".

"The Judge" by Maxim Gorky (McBride). An excellent translation of a striking drama.

"The Soul of the Moving Picture" by Walter S. Bloem (Dutton). Indispensable for anyone really interested in the development of the motion picture.

"A Mixed Foursome" by Francis Neilson (Huebsch). A somewhat muddled comedy of marriage and divorce.

"The Twentieth-Century Theatre" by Frank Vernon (Houghton Mifflin). A short but competently presented study of the modern theatre.

"Singing Jailbirds" by Upton Sinclair (Sinclair). Mr. Sinclair is again radical in expression and striking in thought.

"Restoration Comedy: 1660–1720" by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford). A scholarly and interesting study of early English drama.

"The Contemporary Drama of Russia" by Leo Wiener (Little, Brown). Russian playwrights and their plays carefully tabulated and analyzed.

"The Drama in Europe" by Eleanor F. Jourdain (Holt). From Greece to the present — a wide field certainly; nevertheless, clear and informative.

"Moses" by Lawrence Langner (Boni, Liveright). A brilliant introduction — an interesting play.

"The Inn of Discontent" by Percival Wilde (Little, Brown). Pleasant fantasies by this master of the one act play.

"The Desire for Change" by Francis Neilson (Huebsch). Sociology and manners mixed.

"The Impossible Philanthropist" by Francis Neilson (Huebsch). A play filled with mental dialogue rather than action.

"The Tragedy of Mr. Punch" by Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell (Boni, Liveright). An exquisite book in every way.

"The Organized Theatre" by St. John Ervine (Macmillan). An English theorist discusses our American young men such as Kenneth Macgowan and Stark Young — he agrees and disagrees.

"An Introduction to Dramatic Theory" by Allardyce Nicoll (Brentano). Highly technical but interesting.

"The Women in Shakespeare's Plays" by Agnes Mure MacKenzie (Doubleday, Page). Voluminous and illuminating, if you are technically interested in Shakespeare's ladies.

port the work of these two noteworthy organizations. The Theatre Guild moves to its new theatre this year, and subscribers of present record will receive preferred locations when the move is made. As for the Provincetown, Messrs. Jones, Macgowan, et Cie. proclaim their flourishing condition by the addition of the Greenwich Village Theatre to their activities, the establishment of a permanent company of players, and the promise of some dozen productions during the year.

Of the three plays thus far unveiled by these two courageous champions of the intelligent drama, Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" (Theatre

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Guild) will deservedly appeal to the larger audience. A suave, expert, and chuckling comedy, brilliantly interpreted by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, its feathery deftness should continue to engage attentive playgoers for months to come. It is high comedy par excellence — light and brittle as a perfect meringue.

"The Crime in the Whistler Room" by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (Provincetown) does not live in the same world. Expressionistic, chaotic, full of obvious flaws from the point of view of the commercial theatre, it yet displays moments of harsh power and crippled beauty that are simply astonishing. We know of no more fascinating experiment in recent years than this acrid, violent, gorgeous nightmare. There is superb writing in it — not only shrewd and bitter dialogue but a poetic intensity and imagination of a very high and unusual order. It has lapses, but it has magnificence as well, and the Provincetown Players have every right to be extremely proud of their achievement in presenting this play to the public.

We cannot congratulate them so heartily upon their other production — "The Saint", by Stark Young, now dramatic critic of the New York "Times". Where "The Crime in the Whistler Room" is at times almost furiously alive, "The Saint", except for rare instants, remains throughout in a state of genteelly suspended animation. One fine performance vivifies it — that of Marya Ouspenskaya, formerly a member of the Moscow Art Theatre — and two moments of procession and one of pantomime have authenticity. But except for these, we found this narrative of the trials of a young gentleman just budding into monkhood, who deserts his convent for the pantaloons of Charlie Chaplin and the spangled lures of a tent show soubrette, a solemn and dignified bore. However, there is another play by Mr. Young in the offing and doubtless his indubitable gifts will display themselves in that to better advantage.

We have come to the end of our disquisition and still left unmentioned one of the most delightful of Christmas presents, "Grounds for Divorce" by Ernst Vajda, a gauzy comedy of separation and remarriage, so adroitly illuminated by Ina Claire that it becomes a necessity for every civilized playgoer. There is also "The Farmer's Wife" by Eden Phillpotts, wherein the Dartmoor novelist turns effective farceur, and Mr. and Mrs. Coburn delineate existence among the English rustics as a thing far cheerier than one would expect from the pages of Hardy.

A selected shopping list for the holiday season should include, among the newer arrivals (exclusive of such old favorites as "Rain", "The Show-Off", "Expressing Willie", etc.), "What Price Glory?", "Minick", "Conscience", "The Crime in the Whistler Room", for more or less serious drama — and "Grounds For Divorce", "The Guardsman", and "The Firebrand" in the realms of comedy. Where musical comedy is in question, "Rose-Marie" still tops the list, at this time of writing, with "Be Yourself" a fair second. With the revues, Hassard Short's "Ritz Revue" is quite the most splendid thing of its sort now running, while Ed Wynn's "Grab Bag" is unique and gives our subtlest practitioner of pure inanity his most effective opportunity for seasons.

Merry Christmas!

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

SHACKLED — Achmed Abdullah — *Brentano.* In this reviewer's opinion, Captain Abdullah could not write a mediocre story even if he tried. Though "Shackled" is far from being the best bit of writing he has yet done, it still is worthy.

A NAKED KING — Albert Adès — *A. and C. Boni.* Though without the inherent strength of "Goha the Fool", this posthumous story by the same author is something akin to literature.

* THE GOLDEN VILLAGE — Joseph Anthony — *Bobbs-Merrill.* An idyl of the open road written with great charm. (*See page 488.*)

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Epigrams run riot through pages of charm and glamour.

* THESE CHARMING PEOPLE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Light hearted sophisticates in highly entertaining capers.

GONE NATIVE — "Asterisk" — *Small, Maynard.* All the nastiness hidden under the beauty of the South Sea "Isles of Illusion" brought clearly to the surface.

THE FOX'S PAW — Ramón Pérez de Ayala — *Dutton.* Fine writing does not always make fine reading.

PEACOCK FEATHERS — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Pride and wealth vie for first place with love.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Nelson and his lady interpreted again — and gaily.

PIPERS AND A DANCER — Stella Benson — *Macmillan.* Slyly malicious Anglo-Saxon characterization in an unusual Chinese setting.

THE MOTHERLESS — Bengt Berg — *Doubleday, Page.* The exceptional story of a bear and a boy, translated from the Swedish. (*See Foreign Notes.*)

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* The family man preeminent in this story of woman's success and man's success through failure.

R. F. D. No. 3 — Homer Croy — *Harper.* Mr. Croy moves from the small town to the farm, but the drab realism of his story and style remains unchanged.

THE GAY CONSPIRATORS — Philip Curtiss — *Harper.* A very entertaining comedy with a bit of a crime plot.

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Brave hearts beat for fair ladies near the waters of the Great Lakes.

THE BEAUTY OF THE PURPLE — William Stearns Davis — *Macmillan.* The author of "A Friend of Cæsar" describes the repulse of the Saracens 1,200 years ago as if it were yesterday.

THE FINGER-POST — Mrs. Henry Dudeney — *Minton, Balch.* This drama of rural England is not exciting, but easy and pleasant to read.

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER — Lord Dunsany — *Putnam.* A beautifully rhythmic fairy tale, with a theme too frail for the length to which it is spun.

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* Tolerant old age philosophizes concerning turbulent youth.

NINA — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* The charming if not entirely convincing narrative of devotion to a husband who scarcely repays the effort. (*See page 496.*)

SAILORS' WIVES — Warner Fabian — *Boni, Liveright.* A somewhat sequel to "Flaming Youth" — fortuitous and silly sex romanticism.

THOMAS THE LAMBKIN — Claude Farrère — *Dutton.* As exciting as "Captain Blood" and as — but we fear to say it, for "Treasure Island" is now a classic.

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* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Mother and son and ideals persisting in homely industry make a fine character study and story.

ENTRANCED — Grace Flandrau — *Harcourt, Brace.* Social readjustment again the subject of this excellent author's portraitures. (*See page 496.*)

* A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Anglo-Indian life finds a more delicate portrayer than Kipling. (*See pages 443, 495.*)

CHALK FACE — Waldo Frank — *Boni, Liveright.* This gruesome story is written in the new jerky style savoring of a subway ride.

THE COLOUR OF YOUTH — V. H. Friedlaender — *Putnam.* Two children and two talents, and how one is warped by coddling and the other encouraged through neglect. There is some interesting psychology but the effect of the book is stultified by a fundamental priggishness.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Another study of postwar youth handled with the famous Galsworthy balance. (*See page 490.*)

THE BROKEN BOW — L. Allen Harker — *Scribner.* Fluffy stuff with none of the dry humor of the attractive Wycherly series.

THE GRAND DUKE'S FINANCES — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* A royal farce comedy featuring Philip Collin, master crook.

* BALISAND — Joseph Hergesheimer — *Knopf.* Richard Bale of Balisand moves through a stately romance of exquisite proportions. (*See page 488.*)

RE-CREATIONS — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Symbolism applied to a nice little romance — and interior decoration takes the place of Pollyanna's smile.

YOUTH WINS — Muriel Hine — *Dodd, Mead.* Just what its title implies. The book is brimful of young people, conventional and otherwise.

THE OBLATE — J. K. Huysmans — *Dutton.* Weary minutiæ of the monastic life. One of those books which one puts off finishing.

QUEEN CALAFIA — Vicente Blasco Ibáñez — Dutton. My copy of "The Four Horsemen" against what you have, that here is a romantic novel which was written long before its brilliant author stepped into fame.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* Simon and Julie find other problems to work upon in Africa.

MÅRBACKA — Selma Lagerlöf — *Doubleday, Page.* Though long and somewhat tiresome, this tale by one who once won the Nobel Prize is well worth the effort it takes to read it.

* HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES — Ring Lardner — *Scribner.* Mr. Lardner certainly knows how — these are fine and true tales of American life.

THE COMING OF AMOS — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* Amos comes from Australia to social Europe and finds it complicated.

THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA — Compton Mackenzie — *Stokes.* After "The Seven Ages of Woman" this crime travelogue comes as a distinct shock.

THE LITTLE GIRL — Katherine Mansfield — *Knopf.* Beautifully deft and compact studies, written between 1908 and 1921.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* The college undergraduate shown as Mr. Marks believes that he really is.

ANTHONY DARE'S PROGRESS — Archibald Marshall — *Dodd, Mead.* One of those quiet, English novels that revert completely to the Victorian manner. You will feel as if you have read it all somewhere before.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* A young American finds the Orient alluring for more than business detail.

PAULUS FY — Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher — *McBride.* An unsuccessful attempt at sophisticated writing.

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Can you successfully marry a man you don't love, is the problem of this not too problematical piece of sentiment.

JULIE CANE — Harvey O'Higgins — *Harper.* A simple psychoanalyst who never heard of Freud applies his principles in order to make a complete and self sufficient woman of his beloved daughter. He succeeds admirably, making her a rich one at the same time. (*See page 496.*)

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THE PASSIONATE QUEST — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Mr. Oppenheim deserts the mystery tale for the field of romantic adventure, and brings his lovely heroine, unscathed and triumphant, through the perils of life in a great city to the arms of her lover.

VIENNESE MEDLEY — Edith O'Shaughnessy — *Huebsch.* The slowly starving to death process in Vienna is described with heartrending accuracy.

SEMI-ATTACHED — Anne Parrish — *Doran.* The conversion of a nice girl to the idea of marriage, with rich incidental satire.

TOUCHDOWNS — Lawrence Perry — *Scribner.* Half a dozen rousing football stories, of which "David Harmon's Quarterback" is quite the best.

TREASURE TRAIL — Roland Pertwee — *Knopf.* An adventure tale that begins well and humorously, but is weakened by sentimentality and the obvious couplings of male and female that begin about the middle of the book.

WALKER OF THE SECRET SERVICE — Melville Davisson Post — *Appleton.* These short stories, though entertaining, do not compare with Mr. Post's better known tales.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The best from this lover of intrigue and sword play — for some volumes.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* French and English social viewpoints form the background of a love story of much charm. (*See page 495.*)

THE ROUGHNECK — Robert W. Service — *Barse, Hopkins.* The poet of red blood chooses a hero who has been many red blooded things, among them a prizefighter.

ARNOLD WATERLOW — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* The penetrating study of a personality which one expects from this subtle and economical writer. (*See page 489.*)

GOLDEN BALLAST — H. DeVere Stacpoole — *Dodd, Mead.* A realistic account of the terrors and heartbreaking suspense caused by a treasure trove.

THE SACRAMENT OF SILENCE — Noel Sylvestre — *Macmillan.* A simple and beautiful story that should not be read by any member of the K.K.K.

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* "Fata Morgana" in early American clothes.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* Social stirrings in the hearts of a coal miner's family.

* THE OLD LADIES — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* Bleak, powerful, and honest. More like his "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" than anything since. We wonder if "The Old Ladies" is not likely to be hailed ultimately as Mr. Walpole's finest work. (*See page 388.*)

THE INNOCENTS — Henry Kitchell Webster — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The disillusionments of youth and the attitudes of maturity in this story of father and son.

THE APPLE OF THE EYE — Glenway Wescott — *Dial.* A dreary narrative of southern Wisconsin.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Finely spun stories of old New York society. "The Old Maid" is the best.

THE TURN OF THE BALANCE — Brand Whitlock — *Bobbs-Merrill.* This study of the submerged tenth is equally as interesting today as when it was first published some twenty years ago.

THE PROWLER — Hugh Wiley — *Knopf.* Wherein our friend Wildcat finds his Lady Luck in a new series of side splitting adventures.

THE THING IN THE WOODS — Harper Williams — *McBride.* Horrors and mysteries aplenty, and well told.

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU? — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* How "Old Dry-as-Dust" ran loco for a while. Related with Mr. Wilson's quaint sardonic humor.

* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* Well written costume melodrama of our own midwest.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Old New York" by Edith Wharton (Appleton). Among these novelettes is one of Mrs. Wharton's finest stories, "The Old Maid".

2. "The Green Bay Tree" by Louis Bromfield (Stokes). A first novel that has both charm of style and vividness of characterization.

3. "Edge of the Jungle" by William Beebe (Holt). Mr. Beebe has never written a more fascinating volume than these early essays.

4. "The Romantic Lady" by Michael Arlen (Doran). Stories of equal charm with those in "These Charming People".

5. "The Three Black Pennys" by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf). A Hergesheimer story that should be read by everyone interested in American literature.

The Romance of a Soldier

IT is difficult to write of "Balisand" (Knopf) in terms of other novels of the season; for, to my way of thinking, Hugh Walpole's "The Old Ladies" and this latest volume of Hergesheimer's are the outstanding pieces of fiction of the year. "The White Monkey" is a good Galsworthy; "Arnold Waterlow" is a good Sinclair; but neither of them shines with quite the glamour of "Balisand" or "The Old Ladies". As I suspect "The Old Ladies" of being Mr. Walpole's finest work, I suspect "Balisand" of being Mr. Hergesheimer's. It is a story of early American days, of Federalist and Democratic-Republican, of Washington in the background, and of Jefferson. It is the story of the old soldier who fights for his ideals and lives to see himself and his ideals become old fashioned. There is no more tragic picture — and here it is painted with lavish and delicately traced colors, with pistol shot and Negro chant and the scent of jasmine flowers. Richard Bale of Balisand has a magnificence that is rare in modern fiction. There is something Elizabethan about his proportions. He is the incurably romantic throughout the ages. He once ruins a girl — and the memory of her haunts his life and accomplishes his death. Old fashioned in his chivalry, he dies for the sake of his old fashioned ideal. Other characters move around him, richly caparisoned, as only Hergesheimer can clothe them; but Richard Bale towers above them. He is stubborn, he is perverse, he is petulant, he is a drunkard — but he is a hero! Old Virginia is a romantic place, and its romance has never seemed more vivid than in "Balisand".

An American Folk Tale

IN "The Golden Village" (Bobbs-Merrill) Joseph Anthony has departed completely from the manner of his earlier novels. He has written a simple, pastoral, quietly emotional story of the search for happiness and, in doing it, has succeeded also in giving the poetry and the charm of certain immigrant attitudes toward America. This is an unusual book and one which should, I think, enjoy popularity as well as esteem. It has subtlety, charm, and fire — the magic of tramp-

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ing on the open road. Stephen Romer and his grandfather are characters which stay pleasantly in the memory. The Magyar sage, turned tramp, preserves all his old world dignity, as he searches for the mythical "golden village" that he and his companions were to have built in America. He looks for ideals, and finds only realities. It is a wistful and an eternal theme that Mr. Anthony has chosen. If he does not always write with the poetry of rhythm one might desire, he yet writes clearly and with a good sense of color. He gives his story the quality of a folk tale. I should think "The Golden Village" would please young people, and all those who crave simplicity in a winter overflowing with volumes far from simple.

The Juror

HAVE you ever served on a jury? If you have, you will find Francis L. Wellman's "Gentlemen of the Jury" (Macmillan) a book of entertaining memory. If you intend to serve on a jury you will perhaps find it instructive; but it is, I would say, for the man who has served. One chapter will give you especial delight — "History of Trial by Jury". Take this paragraph, for example, and meditate upon it:

> Edwards, in his "Jurymen's Guides", records cases where three of the jurors were found with sweetmeats in their pockets and the court held that, whether they had eaten them or not, they were finable — it being a very great misdemeanor. Once a juror had an orange, but he swore he carried it only for the sake of the *smell*, and so he was excused and the verdict was held good! In the same work an instance is given of a man who struck a juror at Westminster who had brought in a verdict against him. This man was indicted and arraigned at the suit of the King, and the judgment was that he should go to the Tower of London and there remain in imprisonment all his life and that his right hand should be cut off and his lands seized.

The Modern Epitaph

CRITICS have in advance pronounced "The New Spoon River" (Boni, Liveright) not quite so good as Edgar Lee Masters's earlier volume. On a first reading of the new book I thought this to be true. Further investigations seem to me to reveal the fact that, while the later poems lack the novelty of a fresh idea, and the quaintness of time (they represent more recent gravestones), they are just as clever and quite as beautiful as those in "Spoon River Anthology". In fact, the book as a whole is more even. There are more fine sketches in it, and fewer failures. There is the striking "Henry Ditch", the beautiful and poignant "Louise Hedeen", the quietly ironical "Ike Sass". Others seem to me rather brittle and merely clever, like "Diamandi Viktoria":

> My people came to the U. S. A.
> To live in a land of liberty.
> But I grew up in the U. S. A.
> In metropolized Spoon River.
> And I saw that the thing is money, money,
> And the gift of the gab for liberty.
> So I was elected county treasurer,
> And cleaned up quite a roll.
> You can fool all the people part of the time —
> And that is enough.

A Hero of Soft Edges

MAY SINCLAIR is expert at pointing the finger of scorn at her heroes. That she does not do so at the mature Arnold Waterlow of her latest novel is probably regrettable to some; although

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others, along with the author, may find much to admire in this long suffering and exceedingly magnanimous gentleman. Why did she feel it necessary to reconstruct and rewrite "Mary Olivier", and in a far less effective manner? Arnold may seem to you absurdly selfish in his attempts at tolerance, in fact, cruel. Although he may insult all your ideas of the way a gallant man should behave, it is perhaps true that Miss Sinclair is writing of a new age in which gallantry is frowned upon and the gallant is considered stupid. However you may feel about his passions, his soul wanderings in maturity, you are pretty sure to find him worth following as a child. The first part of "Arnold Waterlow" (Macmillan) is superb. The working of a child's mind, a sensitive child's mind, has never been better shown. Arnold is a mystic; and as a child mystic he is both believable and attractive. But when he becomes a man, it is a pity that he does not put off this mysticism — or, better perhaps, this variety of mysticism.

Psychography

I SHOULD like to know what Amy Lowell will think when she reads Gamaliel Bradford's portrait of John Keats in "Bare Souls" (Harper). It seems to me a beautiful piece of writing; but Miss Lowell will undoubtedly find that it differs much from her own interpretation of the gentle poet. I like this paragraph of Mr. Bradford's:

> Love and glory killed him. The loss to the world has often been harped upon. Yet perhaps it was better to have left only those odes and sonnets and "Hyperion" than to have piled volume upon volume which no one would have time to read. As for himself, who can deplore his fate? He went believing in the endless possibility of love, the endless possibility of beauty, without finding as so many do that love satiates and beauty fades. It is true that he was not sure of his future fame; but would he have been more sure at eighty? Who ever is? And the thought of what he lost is less than of what he escaped.

I recommend this book to you as a startlingly human piece of writing — a making clearer of such great personalities as Gray and Cowper, Voltaire and Edward Fitzgerald. In the introduction, we find something of Mr. Bradford's creed as a writer of these studious and brilliant portraits:

> Yet, in spite of such undeniably erratic and unusual manifestations, the impression of common humanity in all these great letter-writers must, I think, far outweigh any sense of eccentricity or exception. In the intense vitality of Voltaire, in the shy seclusion of Gray, in the timid obsessions of Cowper, in the frolic, all-dissolving merriment of Lamb, in the eager and passionate indolence of Fitzgerald, we must all surely find traces and touches of our own hearts. And these splendid masters of words have used them mainly to lay bare the inmost secrets not of their own souls only, but of yours and mine and everyone's.

Mr. Galsworthy's Gentle Ironies

AGAIN the Forsytes! This time, in "The White Monkey" (Scribner) Galsworthy writes with tolerance, wisdom, and a genial fun-poking at the foibles of the younger generation. There is no violent propaganda here for the peculiarities of either youth or old age. There is excellent characterization. Excellent preachment, too, in its way. It is an old symbolism which Mr. Galsworthy has chosen: two animals to represent human characteristics, and as old fashioned a thing as a baby to represent saving grace. "The White Monkey" is a picture; the other animal is a lap dog; and the baby needs no explanation. These three, and three classes of persons, move through

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what, although I may have caused it to sound complicated, is really a most human and moving story of love, despair, disillusion, and quiet triumph. It is a broader canvas than that used by either Mr. Hergesheimer or Mr. Walpole. These are the characters of the nineteenth century novel with a decidedly new twist. Michael Mont is a perfect picture of modern youth — tolerant, cynical, with a strong underlying current of sentiment, almost of sentimentality — so like his elders, yet so unlike. In showing this discrepancy, Galsworthy has excelled all other attempts to portray the postwar young man. He is not so different in England from what he is in America!

The Magical City

TO a onetime country boy who dreamed of the wonders of New York and listened breathlessly to the tales of a city-traveling grandfather, Anne Carroll Moore's "Nicholas" (Putnam) seems like the revisioning of childish dreams. Miss Moore has the unusual ability of seeing the ordinary sights and sounds of town and country through the eyes of a child. Her gnomes, her brownies, her elves, her lions, are as real as any ever created by a child anywhere. Nicholas himself, her fanciful hero, who sees New York and Maine in the protective company of Ann Caraway, is a character of much quaintness and humor. He has the happy faculty of asking the right question at the right time — and Ann Caraway when she answers him tells some of the best stories in the book, such as those of sage Oloffe and Washington and Washington Irving. Miss Moore has made Nicholas so real, and his goings and comings so filled with magic, that the book actually relights old places for the reader. I shall never go into the New York Public Library again without stopping to say howdy to the lions and calling them Leo Astor and Leo Lenox. The signal towers on Fifth Avenue have a new significance now, and the flashes are illuminated by Nicholas's delight in them — poetical rather than annoying. Here is a volume so packed full of odd joys that it shows not only an unusual and rare imagination but a fine industry and an understanding of the child mind which will be rewarded I know in the wide appreciation of children for Miss Moore's little masterpiece.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

INTROSPECTION AND RETROSPECTION

By Louis Bromfield

OF these five books, each in its fashion intensely interesting, only three come strictly within the category of Memoirs. The other two — "A Story Teller's Story" and "Straws and Prayer-Books" — have little to do with any record of concrete events; rather they are curious and deeply appealing documents, the former dealing largely with what we must call the soul and the latter centring about a fine artist's progress and his theory of writing. In literary importance they far outstrip the others. Indeed, it is difficult not to devote all the space to these two alone.

The book of Sherwood Anderson is a document that is at once penetrating, filled with revelation not alone of the man who wrote it but of his country and the men who are his fellow citizens, and possessed of an unearthly, almost prophetic quality that concerns itself, unlike the others, as much with the future as with the past. It is the book of a man who has written many stories, sometimes sadly uneven, sometimes inspired, and sometimes a shade ridiculous because the gods in making him forgot a sense of humor; yet the book of a man whose terrible earnestness makes one ready to forgive everything. "A Story Teller's Story" is the best of the tales that Anderson has written, and in a fashion it is the apotheosis of them all; for Sherwood Anderson of all writers is one whose work is drawn out of himself. And so this tale includes all the other tales which have come from his pen.

In reading it there comes to mind at once the autobiography of another man, a book called "Up Stream", which has so many of the qualities of "A Story Teller's Story" yet is utterly different. Both writers are deeply concerned with America, so much so that both books give the impression that their authors are more concerned with the nation than with themselves; but in the final effect there is little or no likeness. Ludwig Lewisohn writes of America as an alien, and with each stroke of his pen it becomes more clear that he will be until he dies an alien in whom there is little of sympathy and much of querulous criticism. Anderson, on the other hand, is an American born . . . a middle westerner, which is to say, an American of Americans. His whole book, though he voices many of the same doubts and the same criticisms as Mr. Lewisohn, is shot through with the warmth which comes only to one in whom there is a native sympathy, a feeling for the very soil, and a sense of blood kinship for the men about him, however mean or cramped or stifled they may be.

As to the material of the book, it is the material of Anderson's own stories, the stuff of which his life is made, colored by that quality of mysticism which has led some to call him a "Russian" writer. It is not incident which concerns either the author or the reader; it is always the significance which lies behind the incident that troubles both. This is a beautiful book and one that is gravely and, in portions, superbly written in a style

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which must impress even the bitterest critics of the author. It is a book which every American should read and one which should be in every circulating library. To a reader who comes from the middle west it should arouse a train of memories far longer than those contained in the lengthy volumes of Marcel Proust.

"Straws and Prayer-Books" is the book of an artist, of a man who believes profoundly in an interesting theory to which he has devoted all his life as a writer. Beside it "A Story Teller's Story" becomes the work of a literary evangelist. In such a statement there is no slur intended at Sherwood Anderson; it is only that the whole tone and mood of the two are so vastly different. Cabell writes serenely from the summit of a lofty peak, and there runs through the entire narrative (for it is really a narrative) an extraordinary feeling of age, as if the author were himself an old man, instead of being forty four; as if his other books had been written half a century ago.

In the course of the twelve finely chiseled chapters Cabell touches upon many things, among them the writings of George Moore and Hergesheimer, the beauty and soundness of the Romantics and the obvious failings of the Realists, Manuel and his Biography, time itself and the changes that follow in its wake. There is much subtle and delicious humor in "Straws and Prayer-Books", not the least of which is to be found in the footnotes that are appended by the author himself for the benefit of those who will read his work long after he is dead. They are satisfactorily spiteful. For example, there is a reference to "Floyd and Ethel Dell", designated in a brief footnote as "Novelists of the day; authors of 'Charles Rex', 'Janet March', 'Greatheart', etc."

The book is written as an epilogue to Cabell's great Biography. Doubtless there will be new books and books which will fill in the gaps in the Biography, because a man who believes as Cabell believes cannot stop writing. In the end he says, "With life, then, I, upon the whole, have no personal quarrel; she has mauled, scratched and banged, she has in all ways damaged me; but she has permitted me to do that which I most wanted. So that I must, I suppose, be grateful." In that brief confession lies perhaps the kernel of every fine artist's philosophy.

Of the three remaining books, all are autobiographies of the sort we have come to expect. "Memories and Adventures" is the most spirited and vigorous of the three; "Recollections of a Happy Life" the most urbane and worldly; and "Memoirs of an Editor" the most factual and informative.

Conan Doyle is one of the interesting figures of our time He has been, in turn, sailor, physician, detective, author, historian, war correspondent, spiritualist, and the Lord alone knows how many other things. His book is the record of an active body and an inquisitive mind, packed with entertaining anecdote told in a straightforward characteristic fashion. Born in Edinburgh of a Scotch and Irish family, he has, it seems, driven his way through life almost by sheer physical force, never hesitating to alter a mind always open to questions of the day, and more than once altering the whole course of his existence. The book leaves the impression of a man who has wasted none of the short span allotted him on this planet. He does not, as might have been expected, devote a great amount of space to his adventures in spiritualism, but he ends the book on a note of faith in its teachings and confidence in the belief that the day is

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not far off when his doctrines will be proved sound. His is an interesting book, changing and colorful, and one that should be read by every lover of Sherlock Holmes. The author, strange to relate, is a little ashamed of the character who made him famous; he prefers to have his immortality rest upon the foundation of "The White Company", "Micah Clarke", and others of the historical school.

The quality most impressive in Mr. Egan's book is his eye for color and character, perhaps the heritage of his early career as a writer of fiction. Also he understands the joy which every reader finds in the little details, the gossip, the rumors that make life day by day interesting. One puts down his book of memories with the feeling that here was a man who knew how to enjoy life, to pack every moment of it, not with the fierce animal activity that marks the progress of Conan Doyle, but with an intellectual restlessness touching many people and many issues. He paints a fascinating picture of the Philadelphia and the Washington of a half century ago; there is much of the Philadelphia portion which brings to mind James Huneker's "Steeplejack". It was a more interesting city in those days, and its French émigrés and Irish citizens were a more colorful lot than the suburban residents of today. But that impression may be due after all only to the roseate glow which time has imposed and the skill with which Mr. Egan recreates the city of his boyhood.

"Memoirs of an Editor", which bears the subtitle "Fifty Years of American Journalism", is without much doubt the most valuable and diverting of many books covering or touching upon this same field. Mr. Mitchell, born in Bath, Maine, came to New York at the age of eight to live in a house on Fifth Avenue opposite the Reservoir, which in those days occupied the present site of the Public Library. He grew up in New York, and went through college with the intention of becoming a physician. To raise money for such a career he went to work on the Boston "Advertiser" . . . and, once in the newspaper world, he never left it. He was one of those to whom a newspaper is an irresistible thing. A love of the profession fills the whole book with vitality. Mr. Mitchell was one of the editors of the New York "Sun" in the great days of Dana, and his picture of that period and of the men who were prominent in it provides but a small portion of a fare that is excellent from beginning to end. It is not possible to discuss Mr. Mitchell's book without some mention of the writing; it is an admirable job . . . clear, vivid, even pictorial, and never overwritten.

A Story Teller's Story. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch.
Straws and Prayer-Books. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Co.
Memories and Adventures. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown and Co.
Recollections of a Happy Life. By Maurice Francis Egan. George H. Doran Company.
Memoirs of an Editor. By E. P. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

DRAWING ROOM FICTION

By Isabel Paterson

AFTER a longish run on homespun and calico in fiction fashions, this season's novels incline to the employment of more sophisticated and luxurious materials. Having investigated the small town and the remoter rural regions, the slums and the service quarters, we are invited to refresh our

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æsthetic sensibilities with an hour of drawing room amenities.

The drawing room is an international rendezvous. Of distinguished foreigners, E. M. Forster ranks as guest of honor. "A Passage to India" is probably the best novel of the year; and it is a fortunate year can show such a product.

The theme is stupendous, though the plot is very simple, being based upon an incident that never happened. An English girl visiting India, Adela Quested, in a fit of hysteria or hallucination accuses a decent young educated Hindu of attempting criminal assault. The entire British government of India is shaken by the report. It comes near being disrupted when Adela's mind clears, and in the midst of the Hindu's trial she withdraws the charge.

The far reaching significance of this imaginary episode, as analyzed by Mr. Forster, cannot be appreciated from any brief summary. He has succeeded in weighing the imponderables. The subtlety of his shading, his hair's breadth accuracy in catching mental moods and inflections, are downright uncanny. Every speech, action, and thought of his characters is referred to its deepest source in the individual idiosyncrasy, racial inheritance, or national tradition. Stupidity is to Mr. Forster as marvelous and complex as the most dazzling cleverness. Like a homely spaewife, he can read a real and rational meaning in matters no greater than a whorl of tea leaves in the bottom of a cup. He turns an X-ray on the thick complacent inert mind of British officialdom; and the result is truly a devastating novel, a complete exposure of the super-Babbittry of Imperialism.

Yet this keenness and clairvoyance is a disadvantage to any author who cares for popularity. Because of it, Mr. Forster can dispense with the more obvious and gaudy events beloved of lesser craftsmen; but unfortunately, the public also loves the gayer pattern, and has scant patience with finesse of this high order. The technique alone of "A Passage to India" is nothing short of wonderful; but the lay reader may not care about virtuosity for its own sake. Why should he? So I suspect that not a few readers, inveigled into plowing through the book by the enthusiasm of the professional critics, will lay it down disappointed and bewildered. On the other hand, for such as will honestly like it, "liking" is too mild a word.

But if the ultimate consumer really is interested in learning what writers mean by technique, "The Little French Girl" affords a palatable demonstration. The style is exactly adapted to the substance; and the construction exemplifies that satisfying economy which can only be practised upon an abundance of means — an orderly richness, a choice liberality. In a rather long narrative there is not a line of padding nor a thin spot; and the action is interwoven with that nicety which seems entirely natural until one remarks that there are never any loose ends, as in nature. Though it is more artifice than creative art, there is a vital spark in all the characters.

But the genuine appeal is that almost all the persons involved have charm. Alix de Mouveray, the little French girl, is lovable. Her mother, Madame Vervier, is a *grande amoureuse*, possessed of the fascination and finish of a painting by Fragonard or Lancret. Even the English girl, Toppie, the sweet, pious prig whose mystical passion was singularly misdirected to a very worldly young man — even

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she extorts her tribute of credence and admiration. She suits her surroundings; she is as right as a lily of the valley in its ambush of chill fragile green. And Giles, the dependable hero, though he is not exciting, is as good as bread, and as relishable. Alix is the protagonist of all that is best in the French character and system, as Giles is of the English. Their love story is in some sort an allegory of the *entente cordiale*, but it isn't spoiled by over insistence on the parallel.

Another contrast of French and English occurs in "Nina", though in this case the story would not be much altered if the young Frenchman were entirely eliminated. He is merely chorus and commentator, who cannot quite understand Nina's enduring infatuation for her scapegrace husband, Morton Caldwell. Neither can I, but I acknowledge that it is possible. Nina is somewhat akin to Patient Griselda; Morton is a faint echo of the magnificent Burgo Fitzgerald. The unvarying quality of Nina's affection makes her story seem repetitious, which it is not actually. The limited cast and background also tend toward monotony; a few minor characters and subsidiary developments would have been welcome. If this were a song, one could say there is nothing to it save a simple, agreeable melody, but that the pitch is true. The elder Mrs. Caldwell is most completely realized; she is the salt of a concoction which would otherwise be rather insipid.

There is much more sting and sharpness to the work of Grace Flandrau in "Entranced". It is like the difference between the American and English air. And Mrs. Flandrau's special quality, which is brought to perfection in this book, is her ability to render atmosphere; not mere local color, nor even a personal background, but the tension and temperature, the shading and tone, of a certain group of persons involved in a given relation to each other at a definite place and time. The action of "Entranced" passes in St. Paul, and it really is St. Paul, not even Minneapolis, or perhaps anything but Minneapolis, since unplumbed spiritual abysses separate the Twin Cities. So this is no vague, delocalized "midwestern metropolis", but St. Paul. The Robinsons belong in it, are rooted there. Richard and Rita Malory, marrying into the Robinson family, attempt to amalgamate themselves with it. They fail.

That is the story. Richard and Rita are not of the same stuff as the Robinsons; there is a difference in texture, in density and specific gravity. The Robinsons are solids and the Malorys are fluids. They are cursed with the curse of Reuben: "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Richard Malory is a dilution of Lucien de Rubempré, a man lacking in that inner integrity which is essential to success. Rita does not lend herself to glib definition. I should like to read more of her — what happened to her and Ives and Gordon, afterward. There is, by the way, an especially delicious chapter — what a woman thinks about when she is annoyed at her husband. Don't miss this.

"Julie Cane" is in an entirely different genre. It is built around character, but character in the abstract. Everyone in it exemplifies some psychological trait or theory, accordant to the newer school of that dubious science. Perhaps deliberately, the author has given Julie no positive personality. In the old phrase, she cannot call her soul her own, because she hasn't any. Even her red hair

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is like an endowment, given her for one special purpose. It is to draw the eye of Alan Birdsall, who is obliged to love Julie because his mother used henna. Upon the same compulsion, Julie's father had married Julie's mother; thus Julie existed only by and for her red hair. Her father supplied her a counterbalance to this weight in the scale of destiny; else she would have been dragged to perdition by the hair of her head. It is all quite logical, just as one and one makes two; but life isn't mathematics, it's a sort of insane algebra, most of the factors being X. "Julie Cane" is both clever and interesting; nevertheless, an unregenerate reader — meaning myself — cannot avert a suspicion that it would have been three instead of two dimensional if Mr. Higgins would allow that living must be dealt with as a condition, not a theorem. All the same, I recommend "Julie Cane". Mr. O'Higgins can write. He has a conscience about his work. His stories read with that delightful ease which indicates much labor on the part of the author.

So has Margaret Culkin Banning a most tyrannical conscience, mainly preoccupied with ethical problems. Perhaps it is impertinent to go behind the returns, and speculate upon a novelist's avenue of approach to her task. But I cannot help surmising that Mrs. Banning is one of the more fortunate minority; that she has seen tragedy rather than experienced it. Her grave and deep sincerity, her respect for any form of suffering, gives me this impression. No sensitive person dares take sorrow lightly until after it has been fully proved and outworn. The humor which grief distils as its own antidote is absent from Mrs. Banning's books. It is the one respect in which her sane and even realism falls short. In "A Handmaid of the Lord" she has elected to state the case of the average woman, whose experience is the common feminine lot of marriage and motherhood. Veronika Pearse is quite an ordinary girl, but not a blurred composite portrait. She is neither generalized into flatness, nor sensationalized for the sake of factitious suspense. From the inevitable problems which best the dependent wife and mother, Veronika is forced to evolve a serviceable philosophy. Being inevitable, the answer is old: that one must endure with dignity what one cannot alter. This is a fine novel, fine in grain.

Holyoake Tarrant, hero of "The Triumph of Gallio", also in search of a philosophy, comes to a very different conclusion. His progress toward that end is not so much a novel as an example of dialectic, an exercise in metaphysics. The word doesn't mean anything, I suspect, and so it fits the occasion; Tarrant's final refuge is in pure negation. Through a series of losses and frustrations, he is convinced that all moral and spiritual values are imaginary. They must be, he argues, since even in the material world one cannot arrive at an absolute; and how much less so in the shadowy realm of the abstract. From the ancient Stoics Tarrant borrows their indifference to appearances; and from the Epicureans

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A Passage to India. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
The Little French Girl. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Nina. By Susan Ertz. D. Appleton and Co.
Entranced. By Grace Flandrau. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
Julie Cane. By Harvey O'Higgins. Harper and Bros.
A Handmaid of the Lord. By Margaret Culkin Banning. George H. Doran Company.
The Triumph of Gallio. By W. L. George. Harper and Bros.

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he takes their rule of enjoying whatever brief pleasure his senses can afford him. For love, religion, honor, fame, like Gallio he cares for none of these things, after sampling them all.

His narrative would be more engrossing if the end were not so clearly in sight from the beginning. It has a certain brilliance, but is thin and mechanical, with something of the staleness of yesterday's newspaper. In it Mr. George attempts to "come back" to his earlier form. But yesterday never returns.

WHEN THE HEAVENS ARE DARK

By Raymond Weaver

SINCE Copernicus, the heavens have changed. Though Galileo in his seventieth year, a prisoner on his knees, having before his eyes the Holy Gospel which he touched with his hands, publicly abjured, cursed, and detested the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth, the earth in its movement was not balked. And on this lukewarm bullet that scuds around a minor sun, the stiff necked pride of the upright gorilla was broken to an admission of humility. We have been forced to relinquish the flattering myth of the cosmology of Genesis; we have traced our descent beyond the time when Adam and Eve walked with God in the Garden, to a remoter period when our hairy ancestors, in the mordant terrors of the jungle, climbed a tree for the night. Our vision of the physical universe has been transformed. One by one the veils of myth have been stripped from the external universe, and the naked reality has chastened to tameness the wildest myths. And now the universe of subjective reality is bursting the bonds of incredulity. And again, within the memory of living man, this time in the realm of human nature, the heavens have been swung off centre.

That each of us humans is essentially and preponderately what he believes himself to be in consciousness; that we are in fact what we are in awareness; that our motives and our moods can be truly accounted for by a sincere turning of the attention within ourselves: that is the Ptolemaic psychology. But man can no longer rest in this agreeable delusion. The white light of our consciousness, we are forced to believe, is not the core and pivot of our being. Rather is consciousness like a flickering Jack o' Lantern, dancing above an unplumbed reservoir of purposeful but unconscious life. The human mind is now viewed in the figure of a floating iceberg that hides below the surface of the sea most of its bulk; and from the deeps of thought and feeling below the level of awareness, long silent hands are ever reaching out, molding our actions and passions, urging us to whims of the blood and tension of the nerves whose origins we never suspect. A new realm of reality has been annexed, and we are challenged to take a nearer view of our fatal facility at self deception, to relinquish our dearest myths and preconceptions about human nature, and to face the startling discoveries of what lies within ourselves. Many of the reports of such findings are distortions of fancy; most are tentative at best; but none can be dismissed without examination, since so many of our basic preconceptions about ourselves have been demonstrated to be false.

To those interested in this new exploration into the human spirit, "Dead Reckonings in Fiction", by Dorothy

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Brewster and Angus Burrell, with an introduction by James Harvey Robinson, will be found to be a thrilling departure among books of literary criticism.

"It would be a simple matter to get started on a book of criticism," the authors begin, "if one had a theory to prove or disprove, if one had an axe to grind. Theories we enjoy, and expect to play with. But our proposition is distressingly simple. We like certain novels and stories, and wish to talk about them; and we are halted at the threshold by wondering why we like them, and why anyone should care to listen to our talk about them."

This promises. A book of criticism without either moral or æsthetic preconceptions is an encouraging novelty. And the book, we soon learn, is not concerned (except humorously) with orthodox literary dogma. It starts off rather with a problem of fact: What and why do men read? and, Why of the making of books is there no end? What, in terms of behavior and post-Ptolemaic psychology, is the meaning of the fact of literature? Though these questions are approached from the angle of psychoanalysis, they are approached with exemplary humor, and without a touch of that jaunty Freudian finality that has worked to render contemptible one of the most important discoveries in human history.

Religion, debauchery, and literature may, of course, be various expressions of the same impulse — the impulse to escape from reality into a more congenial world of makebelieve. When literature is so used, life and literature, fact and fiction, become antithetical terms, and both author and reader are in a league of blasphemy against what is sometimes called God's masterpiece. When not an escape from reality, literature has largely existed in the past to illustrate the working out of some social or moral "law". Critics, as a result, have been pretty generally either connoisseurs in narcotics or censors of lapses from herd prejudice. Literature has a third possibility, however. The writer may divest himself of all moral bias, of all thesis, and set himself the task of a truthful recording of the human spectacle. The result, when successful, is likely to appear more incredible than the most irresponsible romance. Then, in so far as the writer comes to be perfetc recorder, in so far he comes to be perfect artist; and in his achievement the goal of science and of art merge into one. It is with books of this third type that "Dead Reckonings in Fiction" is concerned — books for adults, not for romanticists. And realism, in the most splendid and realistic sense of that word, is made the final justification of fiction. It is to such books that we go to escape from our inner conflicts and dumb isolations into a dramatization of our psychic tensions; and through the truth and insight of such imagined experience we may come more nearly to self recognition and inner freedom.

From this it must appear that, unlike the traditional books of literary criticism, "Dead Reckonings in Fiction" is concerned not with literature as an end in itself, not in making the generous distinction between "nice" and "nasty". It is primarily interested in the very intricate puzzle of human personality. There is an introductory chapter "Towards a Critical Point of View", and a concluding chapter, in dialogue, between the authors and imagined readers in the mood to deny something. The eight intervening chapters are on books of Henry James, Anatole France, Chek-

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hov, Katherine Mansfield, Joseph Conrad, Dostoyevsky, May Sinclair, and D. H. Lawrence. But the authors are considered, as well as their books; and herein lies another originality of this volume: the marvelous modern recognition that the personality lying behind the book — the poor bewildered chap who wrote it, his sad harassing experiences, his weary conflicts, defeats, and conquests — is not irrelevant to the judgment and understanding of his work.

"Dead Reckonings in Fiction" is a study of the imaginative records of individual souls in search of a successful way of life. "Such literature records no doubt more failures than successes, but it furnishes the best and perhaps only really important material for the study of that art of life which grows ever more complicated as we demand that it be more complete and beautiful."

Dead Reckonings in Fiction. By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Longmans, Green and Co.

RACE AND CHRISTIANITY

By Henry Pratt Fairchild

"CHRISTIANITY and the Race Problem" is the kind of book we need. Not because it gives a final and convincing answer to all the grave questions which it faces, but because it does face them squarely, bravely, and in the true spirit of scientific research. The problem of race and population is so insistent and so menacing that we can welcome warmly every effort to find some solution, whatever the angle of approach. It is such a manysided problem that truth can come only by attacking it from every reasonable point of view.

Mr. Oldham frankly adopts the point of view of the body of Christian believers, rightly pointing out that the maintenance of a point of view is legitimate provided it is openly avowed, and is not allowed to obscure or distort the facts. Throughout the book an admirable emphasis is laid on facts as the only basis for sound scientific conclusions, however the interpretation of the facts may be influenced by the primary point of view.

The author recognizes the complexity of his task by noting the deep "questioning regarding the meaning and purpose of human life" that pervades the western world, and immediately gives an unconscious illustration of this truth in his statement that "Nothing is more important for the future of mankind on this planet than to get rid of war." Is this true? Is war the worst of all possible evils? "What Price Glory?" has its correlative query, "What Price Peace?" To imagine an extreme case for purposes of illustration: Suppose that the alternative to war was a complete submergence of the various diversified branches of the white race in a great flood of Mongol humanity and oriental culture. Which would be the greater evil? Answers will differ.

Perhaps the most vulnerable spot in the book is traceable to the very fact that the problem which the author is trying to solve is not solved — the fundamental problem of the character and meaning of race itself. Being himself, one may assume, not a biologist, he is compelled to rely for his facts in this particular on biological specialists, and they, alas! have not yet revealed the full facts of human biology in a convincing way. A large part of his argument revolves around the thesis that racial antipathy "is not instinctive or inborn", and as one

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proof he cites the fact that it seldom displays itself in young children. That is a test of instinctive behavior which, if applied generally, would eliminate the instinctive character from the nest building of birds, the egg laying of wasps, the mating of all bisexual species, and innumerable other acts universally regarded as instinctive. Much more important, however, is the question whether anything which is not instinctive, or at least "inborn", can be called racial at all in the correct sense of the word.

The point of these various criticisms is not to discredit the book, but just the reverse. They illustrate the extreme complexity of the problem, and emphasize the need of similar scientific studies from as many different points of view as possible. Mr. Oldham has given us the Christian interpretation most satisfactorily, and the general principles and practical suggestions with which he closes may well be carefully considered not only by Christians, but by persons of every religion or of no religion.

Christianity and the Race Problem. By J. H. Oldham. George H. Doran Company.

IS THERE ROMANCE IN TRAVEL?

By Sydney Greenbie

THIS is still the strangest of strange worlds, railroads and radio notwithstanding. Some time ago I sent a letter to a young man in London, but it reached him in Lhasa, Tibet, where he was a prisoner of state. There it is still confiscate, a rare document over which curious monks are vainly poring. And with all my thousands of miles of traveling, I am just as curiously poring over strange documents issued as travel books, not the least enthralling being the story of how that intrepid young Anglo-American, William Montgomery McGovern, succeeded in getting into the Forbidden City, the attic of the world, whither my letter followed him. But of that anon. . . .

It may have been a chance selection that threw such a wide range of travel books in my direction, but it was a lucky stroke. Tibet, Abyssinia, Indo-China, South America, the South Seas, and Australia — I had to get out my geography again. The Australia book did not come to me from the editor, but I am throwing it in for good luck. It is so unique, so exquisitely written, that I can think of no better flavoring for this cosmic potpourri. If the reader cannot find time for all these books, let him limit himself to "Kanga Creek, An Australian Idyll" by Havelock Ellis and "To Lhasa in Disguise" by McGovern. Most ordinary travel books are really what in culinary lingo is called "stock". What else can one possibly say (to pick at random from "Angkor, the Magnificent") of writing like the following:

> At Saigon one may gain pleasure by intimacy with the cocoanut. Here it is found in its tenderest mood. It is a nut that plays a varied part in the commerce of the world. . . . But here in the tropics in midwinter, it is a nectar and a poem. . . . But such skill has produced not a hard globe of our Western ken, but a tender flexile orb which yields soft and pliant to the touch . . . a disc which reveals a white purity within, unequalled in the world. And this pure chalice holds your drink, a soothing draught, cool, poetic, fragrant. Not from a cup, mind. Drink straight from that pure well and receive the balm to your spirit that lies in the hidden chamber of the big brown cup. But to know the joy to the full, one must know first the tropic heat and that heat's thirst.

Here is another Old Oaken Bucket lost to the world. If she can write so well about copra (the odor of which only

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a visitor to the tropics can appreciate), how unfortunate that the author can't orientate herself enough to make the scent of Chicago's glue industry a little less real?

But if one has to go to Saigon to appreciate the cocoanut, where shall one go to rid oneself of romance? From the appearance of things, romance is everywhere to be found except in one's own country. For truth to tell, even an ordinary ride up a strange, unknown river is more romantic than a similar journey at home. However, there is always pleasure in records of sport and hunting, when at the same time the explorer has to guard himself against sudden savage visitations. It is too bad we have become so civilized. Such a record is "The River of Seven Stars", a story of six thousand miles of prying into South American wilderness.

Just as the manly sport will always have its appeal, so will the sentimental. In fact, we are bringing our boys up to the taste of it. Mr. Nordhoff, having satisfied the taste of grown ups for South Sea sweets, has dished them up in juvenile form in "The Pearl Lagoon".

Of a more serious and engaging brand are "The Sea Gypsy" and "Heirs of the Incas". The authors of the former have the journalist's sense of reality. They make things seem romantic by telling us that they are not. When they take us into an Abyssinian hovel in which black ladies disport in alleged dances, they are honest enough to say that the sight was not exciting. One doesn't exactly believe them, but then . . . When these "spiders" turn their little yacht to another line on their web and reach Fiji, as they have reached Borneo, the Solomon Islands, etc., and tell us that in Fiji the chief had instituted a betrothal dance in order to get his young people married but that the maidens refused to "lift the betrothal fruit from the ground", then we know for certain that the masculine world of romance has completely collapsed. Unfortunately for us men, the authors do not prophesy the exact date on which the world is coming to an end — or romance, either.

The reader to whom the world is more than a Futuristic painting seeks for the concrete in his vicarious wanderings. In this respect "Heirs of the Incas" is infinitely more satisfying. Michener can not only write vividly, but he thinks deeply. There is a quality in his thinking that gives importance to what would otherwise seem trivial. Few writers have the gift of seeing strange things without belittling them. Michener neither insults with his praise nor offends with his blame. One does not lay down a book like that with a feeling of having read it — one knows that one never finishes reading it, but will do so over and over again.

Having climbed so high in this literary heap, who could turn back without scaling Everest? I do not believe that in the history of adventure a more all around achievement has ever been accomplished than McGovern's penetration into the sacred heart of Tibet. Not even John Ledyard, who, in 1783, wished to cross this continent with a dog, a hatchet and a pipe, was as daring. Every other story pales before the difficulties that McGovern had to overcome. The physical triumphs are the least of his merits. He had to employ constantly every tactful device to achieve his end. He had to be a linguist of the most complex kind, for he had to keep his European tongue from giving him away, not in the easier, because refined, upper class dialect,

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but in the vulgarities of the Tibetan coolie. He had to maintain a physical disguise even in such functions as with us are most private, and which almost cost him dearly. He had to exercise diplomatic skill in retaining the services of natives who would just as soon have sold him for a meal, to goad them gently into enduring terrible hardships, preserve peace among them, and all the while to keep them playing a part no stage director could have achieved. He had to fool shrewd officials and to win the favor of the most sacrosanct ruler in the world in the face of an intoxicated fanaticism murderous in the extreme. And he was only a young man of twenty five. This statement requires a bit of biographical gossip. I first heard of McGovern in Japan. I was trying to gain admission into a monastery, but learned that because a young American had left it, after several years as a novice, they were averse to repeating the experiment. Nevertheless the Nishi Hongwanji faculty of priests gave McGovern an honorary degree as a priest. His knowledge of Buddhism gained from three years' study (before he was 19), his fluent use of Japanese and other oriental languages, gave him his first successful disguise for this undertaking. Add iodine and walnut juice to his white skin, and lemon and glue to his blue eyes, and black dye to his beard, and you have the rest — except sheer wit. Here then we have a book that is a travel book to be sure, but that for insight and judgment and daring and success sets a new standard for the rest of us. Withal, the story is so simply told, so utterly unembellished, that one again marvels at the power of this young man who walks away with achievements laborious and arduous to ordinary mortals.

One word more. Isn't it about time that travel writers ceased dwelling upon the wonder of human differentiation, padding it with adjectives, and contributed something to the interpretation of all this variation? Are we still thinking in terms of Marco Polo and Columbus, or have we now a new concept of the world after so much touring and penetrating and reporting? Michener, McGovern, and Ellis point the way.

Kanga Creek, An Australian Idyll. By Havelock Ellis. Brentano's.
Angkor, the Magnificent. By Helen Churchill Candee. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
The Sea Gypsy. By E. A. Salisbury and M. C. Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The River of Seven Stars. By Arthur O. Friel. Harper and Bros.
The Pearl Lagoon. By Charles Nordhoff. Atlantic Monthly Press.
Heirs of the Incas. By Carroll K. Michener. Minton, Balch and Co.
To Lhasa in Disguise. By William Montgomery McGovern. The Century Co.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

JAMES LEWIS MAY, an English admirer of Anatole France, believes that "the Anatole France who will outlive the rest, who will indeed endure so long as literature continues to interest mankind, is Anatole France the poet". He has written a book about "the man and his work" in support of his thesis and to discharge, in part, his sense of obligation for the widened horizons M. France has given him in appreciation of literature and life. The book, "Anatole France" (Dodd, Mead), quite properly draws heavily upon M. France's autobiographical works, "My Friend's Book", "Pierre Nozière", "Little Pierre", and "The Bloom of Life". Though Mr. May enjoyed the advantage of personal association with the Master, the portrait he draws is literary rather than vivid. The second half of the book takes up France as short story writer, novelist, historian, critic, philosopher, and stylist, and gives a very good *précis* of his works. There is also a bibliography and index. The book is bound uniform with the edition of France's work issued by the same publishers and makes an excellent introduction to him, provided one keeps in mind the fact that he is reading an appreciator and advocate of the late Academician.

George Moore's mind is an open book. His public has always been taken completely into his confidence, and each new regurgitation of his musings, reflections, and twilight thoughts makes another book. His imaginary "Conversations in Ebury Street" have now been published for the first time in a regular American edition (Boni, Liveright). Mr. Moore writes beautifully in both French and English. One never forgets this, no matter how flaccid his thoughts, how disgusting his reveries. But if his ideas are sometimes amorphous, his opinions are as definite, crystal-clear, and fixed as if he were already canonized. His fancied interlocutors are Walter de la Mare, John Freeman, Granville-Barker, Desmond MacCarthy, Edmund Gosse, Dujardin, and Cunninghame Graham. They are the backdrop against which Mr. Moore projects his opinions upon George Eliot, art, Jesus, Landor, and adultery; his enthusiasm for Balzac, Manet and Monet; his antipathy for Thomas Hardy; and his unbounded admiration for the beautiful thoughts, the beautiful books, and the beautiful life which are, according to his notion, Mr. George Moore.

In "Napoleon and Josephine" (Brentano) Walter Geer gives an admirably simple and well synthesized account of the relations between this famous couple, presenting evidence to dispel some of the myths that have gathered about them. Josephine, it appears on the one hand, had, not beauty, but extraordinary bodily grace and charm of manner. She had, not intellect, but extraordinary *savoir-faire* and power of soft speech, which she used not only to her own advantage in her relations with Bonaparte, but to his considerable advantage in her relations with others. "I win battles; Josephine wins hearts", he said. On the other hand, if she was a model wife he was a model husband, who forgave

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not only her past when he married her but her infidelity in the early years of their marriage; who continued to pay her enormous debts to the day of his abdication and then secured a generous provision for her in the treaty; and, most important, who never ceased to love her with his peculiarly blind love, even when he was unfaithful — most important since, as Mr. Geer points out, "the aversion which many feel towards Napoleon is not a little due to what they conceive to be the cruelty with which he treated the woman who for fourteen years was the companion of his glory."

"The Political Novel" by Professor Morris Edmund Speare (Oxford) is the most valuable study of that important development in modern English and American literature that we have yet read. Half of the present volume is given to an exhaustive analysis of Benjamin Disraeli, his genius, and his achievements as the founder and master of the nineteenth century political novel. There follow equally sound chapters on other and later novelists of political life: George Meredith, Trollope, Mrs. Ward, H. G. Wells, and our own Henry Adams and Winston Churchill. The work is devoid of pedantry and of the usual timid incertitudes of professorial labors. It has the authority of creative criticism.

Ralph D. Paine believes in the old-modish doctrine — since abandoned by the Lytton Stracheys and the Clinton Gilberts — that if one must write biography, one must love the subject. And so he undertakes to rescue the record of Joshua Barney, American seaman during the Revolution and the War of 1812, from oblivion. Joshua Barney of Baltimore, through a series of accidents, became commander of a ship at the age of fifteen. He bearded the governor of the port of Nice, engaged in an expedition against the Barbary pirates, and returned home at sixteen to serve in the Revolution. Taken prisoner five times by the enemy, he either escaped or was exchanged in the chivalrous naval manner of the period. Not the least interesting element of "Joshua Barney" (Century) is the picture Mr. Paine gives of naval courtesy between the British and American officers and the secret aid given by Englishmen in Plymouth, Bristol, and London to captured Colonial seamen. Indeed the entire story, as he treats it, is in the romantic manner which glosses over the unpleasant side of the conflict and makes the whole war a slight disagreement between very amiable gentlemen. But since Mr. Paine has been engaged for some years with the story of the American navy, the exploits of the past naturally have caught the interest which he formerly expended on the American college boy. Whatever one may think of the worth of this ecstatic type of biography, one must admit that Mr. Paine handles it well.

To those looking upon Freud as a mortal incarnation of His Satanic Majesty, "Sigmund Freud, His Personality, His Teaching and His School" (Dodd, Mead) by Franz Wittels will possibly emphasize the horns and the cloven foot. To those who see in him a major god, the book, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, will appear blasphemous. But to those who detect in psychoanalysis neither sulphurous taint nor ambrosial flavor, the volume is a happy condensation of hundreds of books; it is a compact review of the Adler, Jung, and Stekel secessionist movements; it is a glimpse at the man whose name is as prominent as that of

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any contemporary. The author has steered between the Scylla of esoteric scientific jargon and the Charybdis of Tridon's popular babble, to follow a clear expository course of sensible discussion. Then, too, the book holds this belated warning for the amateur: "An incomplete psychoanalysis, a dream interprétation severed from its connexion with the general course of the life to which it belongs, is as dangerous as an operation which the surgeon has left half-finished."

Chekhov admirers will be grateful to Louis S. Friedland for his compilation of this prolific writer's "Letters on the Short Story, the Drama and Other Literary Topics" (Minton, Balch). From the six volumes of Chekhov letters in the Russian, and from additional sources, the editor has selected those snatches of correspondence which bear largely upon Chekhov's own writing, the work of his contemporaries both in Russia and abroad, the creation of the short story and the drama, and his relationship with other writers, editors, dramatists, actors and managers in Moscow and the provinces. A. S. Souvorin, Maxim Gorky, and Constantin Stanislavsky were the recipients of many of these letters which explain much of what is found in Chekhov's work and throw some light upon the man himself. Due to judicious selection and careful editing, the volume will doubtless serve as a useful reference book to the student of the drama or short story, and is certain to be a mine of delight to the devotee of this Russian school of realism. It is, however, hardly a book which we should suggest as the ideal companion for a tedious railroad journey.

A reaction to vigorous nationalism has been so thoroughly felt since the Armistice that every phase of the movement has a significance far exceeding its merely picturesque qualities. Admiral Horthy triumphed in Hungary, Poincaré for a time in France, DeRivera in Spain, and Hitler and Ludendorff had their hour in Bavaria. But the rise of Mussolini and the Fascisti in Italy was more romantic than any of them, more successful, and politically more important. It is of the overthrow of bloc rule in Italy and of a policy opposed to both democracy and communism that Luigi Villari writes in "The Awakening of Italy" (Doran). If the reader is careful to remember that Signor Villari is writing a brief for Fascismo, he will find "The Awakening of Italy" not only a useful book but a fascinating one; for it covers thoroughly that critical decade in Italian history from 1914 to 1924. The author tells in detail of the Nitti, Giolitti, and Orlando ministries, of the march of the Black Shirts on Rome, of the negotiations between the King and Mussolini which preceded the formation of the present government; and provides a handbook of recent Italian history of more than ephemeral value.

"The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor" by L. Frank Tooker (Century) is the unpretentious and extremely interesting record of the author's forty years of service as reader and associate editor of "The Century Magazine". The book is a rich mine of reminiscent anecdotes concerning the great and the obscure men of letters who have come within the horizon of Mr. Tooker's acquaintance and friendship. Those chapters dealing with the author's professional labors as reader and "mangler" of manuscript submitted to the magazine are told with a frankness, sincerity, and dry humor which will appeal strongly to both the reader

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unfamiliar with editing behind the lines and to the hardened veteran of Mr. Tooker's own calling.

The English have a knack, and a charming one at that, of recreating boy life. Their authors do it again and again and always manage to suggest something of the impishness, the idealism, the unconscious cruelty and humor of the young boy. Eden Phillpotts is no exception. "A Human Boy's Diary" (Macmillan) is packed with keen observation and an understanding of the young animal in his first year at school. Many of the boys and masters become real characters, especially "Siam", a Siamese who is deliciously drawn. The book lacks the vitality and exuberance of the few great boys' books, but for all that it is a capital performance.

Mystery keeps evergreen the memory of that fascinating woman, Cleopatra, siren of the ages. Heartless, we are told she was — calculating, remorseless. So much history says. But legend, which, with poetry, fills in the many historic gaps, tells otherwise; and which lover of romance shall complain? In his "Life and Death of Cleopatra", an English version of which (Doubleday, Page) has just been made by M. E. Poindexter, it is into legend that Claude Ferval dips; it is with conjecture and with delicate romance that he paints his portrait of her. A living, breathing woman, a creature of passion, of brilliance and of fire, her calculations and her aspirations transformed when she meets Antony, supreme love of her love ridden life — that is Cleopatra as M. Ferval sees her. He tells her story simply and well, and adds, as is his avowed aim, a little further light on "the mysterious ways of that wonderful woman".

Cyril J. H. Tolley, the English amateur, is known as possibly the longest hitter off the tee in the world of golf. He is a big man, still very young, with a brilliant war record, and his success has been notable and well deserved. In "The Modern Golfer" (Knopf) he writes of proper methods with the various sticks, adds a charmingly modest autobiographical chapter, and another on his two American invasions in 1920 and 1922. With his knowledge of the game, his generous appreciation of the skill of our leading golfers makes this chapter one to warm American hearts. Mr. Tolley writes almost as well as he plays, and we can add very little to that.

Lady Fraser has "culled" a volume of stories from Sir J. G. Fraser's monumental work on anthropology, "The Golden Bough", under the title "Leaves from the Golden Bough" (Macmillan). The book is for young people; its aim not to teach but "to amuse, to please". It is all about The Omnipresence of Demons, Trees tenanted by Spirits, Divining Rods, Why the Rajahs of Nagpur have the Serpent for their Crest, and The Miller's Wife and the Two Grey Cats. It is a pleasing conception, thus to make all the lore of the childhood of the race part of the inheritance of the childhood of the individual — stripped of its mystery and horror — and it is to be hoped that the book will find the public which surely exists for it.

Histories of the United States are moot subjects at the present time. Between the blasts of the professional patriots on one hand, and the destruction of our favorite myths by James Truslow Adams, the public has become interested in textbooks. "America" by Philip Krapp (Knopf) is one of the

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latest offerings. It is a very readable and simple account of our history for younger readers. Wars are quite properly subordinated to more important material, but in every other way the story is made safe for snooping educational boards. No idols fall; indeed, there is a panegyric of Roosevelt. The arrangement of material is somewhat novel and makes for clarity. Philip Von Saltza's illustrations are pleasantly informal, suggesting the style made popular by Van Loon.

The casual reader who would glide quietly back into the peace and tranquillity of Victorian days will enjoy an occasional hour or two with William Hale White's "Letters to Three Friends" and also with Dorothy V. White's "Groombridge Diary" (Oxford). These two companion volumes, which supplement each other in an interesting manner, reflect the sunset years of one whom H. W. Massingham called the one imaginative genius of the highest order produced by English Puritanism since Bunyan. Mr. White is better known as "Mark Rutherford", the pseudonym under which he wrote two volumes of "spiritual autobiography" and several novels. A "Life of John Bunyan" also came from his pen, as well as a wide variety of literary articles which appeared in the leading English reviews. In one of his letters, Mr. White deplores "that reprehensible modern practice of raking together everything a man has written, however unworthy of him it may be" — and one is, therefore, thankful that he never saw his "Letters to Three Friends" in book form. For a few widely scattered critical observations, and an occasional glimpse of Ruskin, Tennyson, or the Pre-Raphaelites, fail to compensate for countless pages describing the physical discomforts and mental depression attendant upon old age. The intimate record of daily events is interesting in contrast to our present way of life, although the intimacy which appeals in a letter frequently does not stand the test of type. "The Groombridge Diary", however, makes better reading, to use a trite phrase. Mrs. White, some forty six years her husband's junior, is sufficiently detached to give the reader a purely objective picture of Mr. White's later life. She stresses the significant rather than the insignificant, and one has a notion that entries in this diary were made with an eye toward its ultimate publication.

In the pattern of a book of studies of the leading men of Europe, Sisley Huddleston, the great British journalist, has written a remarkable history of Europe after the world war. Underneath the interesting sketches of Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Poincaré, Pope Pius XI, D'Annunzio, and other famous foreign figures, comprising "Those Europeans" (Putnam), lies an illuminating chronicle of the events and political intrigues of Europe since 1919; the Treaty of Versailles; the League of Nations; German Reparations; Fascism; the growth of Roman Catholicism and the papal influence; and other important movements. The author states openly truths about politics and diplomacy which the world has lacked the courage to admit. Mr. Huddleston is a better historian than a literary critic. In his essay on Anatole France, he does not write with the same bold sureness which distinguishes his other studies.

The maker of an anthology of American humor may well be puzzled as to what to choose from the superabundance of material, especially if, as in

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"Sixty Years of American Humor" (Little, Brown), the selections are to be long enough to give a real taste of the writer's quality. It needs more than the four hundred pages of this work to cover the sixty years adequately. And the absence from the collection of such names as Frank Stockton and H. C. Bunner, when Octavus Roy Cohen, Ring Lardner, and Sam Hellman are included, leaves one puzzled as to Joseph Lewis French's process of selection. These still very much extant fun makers are properly (and happily) among those present, but why omit the giants of yesterday? It could also be wished that some less familiar example than Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" might have been chosen. Nevertheless the anthology is a useful and a welcome volume. It renders a real service in reprinting a bit from "The Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick S. Cozzens — a book that is as freshly and delectably readable today as when it first appeared nearly three quarters of a century ago. The collection opens with Artemus Ward, and gives selections from Bill Nye, Eugene Field, Riley, "Mr. Dooley", and many others to the indubitably authentic representatives of the family of today, such as Irvin Cobb, Harry Leon Wilson, and Don Marquis.

"The Letters of Archie Butt" now appear (Doubleday, Page), edited, with a biographical sketch, by Lawrence F. Abbott. It is in no way surprising that the body of literature which is growing up around the memory of Theodore Roosevelt should be of surpassing interest, for very few even of the world's greatest men have had so much as he of what may be called a radiating personality. As Dr. Abbott remarks, "Roosevelt was more kinds of a man than biographical literature has heretofore attempted to embody in one person. No one of his associates . . . quite saw every side of him." Major Butt's letters thus give a glimpse of him which is not a repetition, or a version of something already recorded, but a new thing in itself. They are the "unstudied, spontaneous daily report of the little doings and casual sayings of a great man whose great deeds may be safely left to take care of themselves". But they are not trivialities: indeed, they will be indispensable as a source book for future historians who may seek to interpret the political life of their period. Moreover, they disclose the personality of their writer as a competent soldier, a shrewd, maturely wise observer, and a gentleman, in the finest sense of that much abused word. He is also an artist in expression: these letters are "literature" in themselves, though written with no view to publication. They cover the period from April, 1908 to March 5, 1909. The volume is well made, illustrated, and fortunately very fully indexed. It is worthy of a place beside Roosevelt's own letters.

Many Don Quixotes have tilted against the Napoleonic legend only to retire bruised and rather the worse for wear. Herbert A. L. Fisher is one of the last to ride forth to do battle, and that he comes back so little damaged is a credit to his scholarship and common sense. "Napoleon" (Holt) is a most readable book, which grants the Corsican a great intellect, and then proceeds to inquire what he did with it. He did a great deal, but Mr. Fisher doubts the results. Taking it all in all, Napoleon is still one up on the historians.

There is a striking sincerity and fearlessness in judgments which makes J. B. Priestley's "Figures in Modern

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Literature" (Dodd, Mead) a revelation in literary criticism. He accepted the difficult task of writing critical estimates of nine authors, most of whom had not been treated at any great length before, and his performance is a literary delight. His enthusiasm over a bit of beautiful writing, an original turn of thought, or keen, flashing epigram is like a buoyant song; and yet, he has the courage to state his dislikes and disappointments in clear and unmistakable language. Arnold Bennett, Walter de la Mare, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Lynd, George Saintsbury, George Santayana, and J. C. Squire are the "Figures". "It must not be understood", writes Mr. Priestley, "that I necessarily consider these figures the most important in contemporary literature, but I do hold that they all are important." As an indication of Mr. Priestley's critical standard, he read fifty three books by Arnold Bennett before writing his essay. There are indeed few literary critics today who would respect an author sufficiently to do likewise.

There must be something wrong with the popular conception of Greenwich Villagers which pictures them as conversant with the works of Sigmund Freud, and as being averse to hard work. Plowing through the arid writings of the Viennese psychoanalyst is toil even when his subject matter is the interesting stuff that dreams are made of. But, whoever reads "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego" and "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" (Boni, Liveright) must bear with two abstract theses as well. Each of these slender volumes is an attempt to widen the range of psychoanalytic science. In "Group Psychology" Freud seeks the binding principle of the group in the Libido. In "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" he seeks a more basic regulator of mental processes than the effort to gain pleasure and avoid pain. This he finds in an impulse toward repetition. Such a summing up is inadequate as a description of Freud's tentative conclusions — but for lack of a volume as big as the author's it must stand.

William T. Tilden, 2nd, a tennis genius, is most intelligently interested in the development, along proper lines, of the game to which he has contributed so much. His new book "The Common Sense of Tennis" (Simon, Schuster) covers a wide range — from advice to the "dub" to a discussion of professionalism. The latter is particularly interesting in view of the author's quarrel with the United States Lawn Tennis Association over his amateur standing. We think his position is the sound one, and that a too strict application of the amateur rules may bring about general disorganization. Mr. Tilden writes agreeably, but we wish he would avoid the use of nicknames in his discussion of famous players. It very definitely cheapens his style and brings it down to mere journalese. Tennis players are not professional baseball players or prize-fighters, and we prefer the use of the plain name, or even, as in English writing on amateur sport, the designation "Mr.", to a horrible miscellany of "Vinnies", "Little Bills", "Sandys", and such.

"Nothing is valueless which in any way relates to the great revolutionary drama." Thus Lucy Ellis and Joseph Turquan state the *raison d'être* for "La Belle Pamela" (Brentano). It is the biography of Pamela, natural daughter of Madame Genlis and the Duc d'Orléans. The book recalls that

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the Revolution of 1789 sprang from the political designs and machinations of Madame Genlis, and was fostered by the nobility. Had the copious footnotes been incorporated in the text the reading would often prove less arduous. "La Belle Pamela" displays concinnity, however, and is an interesting commentary on the morals and manners during the period of the French Revolution.

Ever since we made acquaintance with "The Triumph of the Nut" we have been waiting for the next collection of Christopher Ward's hilarious parodies. Our impatience is now rewarded with "Twisted Tales" (Holt), which takes a fling at last year's best sellers. Here are such mirth dispensers as "Stummox" by Fannie Wurst, "The Blind Booby" by Carl Far Fetchten, "A Loose Lady" by Calla Wither, "A Cure of Soups" by Miss Eclair. Mr. Ward also has his fun with the classics. He demonstrates how Hergesheimer might have written the story of Antony and Cleopatra; how Romeo and Juliet might have fared at the hands of Zona Gale. Last comes "Chicago River Anthology", in which we distinguish voices purporting to be those of Sandburg, Anderson, and Hecht. We have just cajoled the editor into promising us for review Mr. Ward's next volume (surely there are more to come). For otherwise we shall have to perform a breach of reviewers' etiquette by buying the book.

Although the reader would have no objection to discovering a little more biographical material in M. A. DeWolfe Howe's volume on "Barrett Wendell and His Letters" (Atlantic Monthly), the book not only makes interesting reading but supplies one with a valuable index to the character, personality, and habits of thought of one of the most notable of recent critics and educators. As the title implies, Mr. Howe's undertaking is devoted largely to supplying us with the collected letters of Professor Wendell, a varied assortment exhibiting the distinctive impress of a penetrating and diversified mind; yet the few introductory chapters, wherein Wendell's career is somewhat inadequately outlined, constitute in some respects the most engrossing and informative section of the book.

While there may be a justifiable difference of opinion as to what constitutes the finest work of any writer of distinguished prose, yet D. C. Somervell, M. A., has made a commendable selection in the various essays included in "The Best of Matthew Arnold's Prose" (Doran). Matthew Arnold, as the compiler points out in his interesting and well reasoned introduction, is a writer from whose prose productions it is singularly difficult to choose; but since his prose at its best attains a high level of excellence, and since, moreover, it is in danger of being overshadowed by his poetry, the work of selection is particularly necessary in his case. Mr. Somervell, accordingly, has performed a valuable service for the reader who desires an acquaintance with Arnold's prose, and has not the time or the opportunity to browse through his numerous works.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Of the three new titles which find place in the Monthly Score for October, two were predestined to make their appearance here before ever the ink was dry on their authors' pens. Temple Bailey's novels make their recurrent appeals to the popular fancy with the regularity of the procession of the equinoxes. William J. Locke's books, whenever they appear, run their appointed course of public favor with the precision of the evening star. It is a fair guess that both "Peacock Feathers" and "The Coming of Amos" will find higher places on the list before they are displaced by newcomers. But (to continue the astronomical metaphor) the irruption of "The Little French Girl" from somewhere in outer space to the brilliant position of a star of the third magnitude was as unexpected as the advent of any new comet that ever swam into the ken of a watcher of the skies. This, if we mistake not, is the first appearance of Mrs. de Sélincourt in our galaxy. The discriminating body of readers who have wished that their enjoyment of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's numerous earlier novels might be shared by a wider audience, will hail her advent in the Monthly Score as evidence of a distinct appreciation in the quality of the public taste.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	Rose of the World	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
4.	A Gentleman of Courage	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5.	The Home-Maker	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
6.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
7.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
8.	Old New York	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
9.	Peacock Feathers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
10.	The Coming of Amos	*William J. Locke*	DODD

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
3.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
4.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
5.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
7.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
8.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
9.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
10.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM

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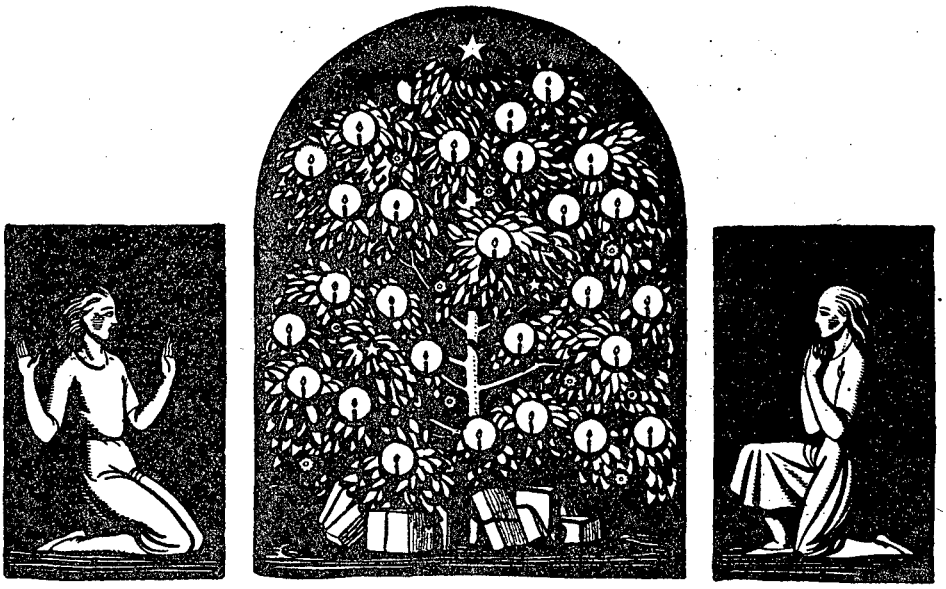

From "Voyaging"

CHRISTMAS SURPRISES

By Anne Carroll Moore

"IN the carpenter shop behind locked doors, two of us were busily contriving gaudy wonders for the tree; gilded nuts, and cakes and candy wrapped in tin foil saved from cigarettes, and tinsel made of shavings of sheet lead, and to crown all a great star of Bethlehem with copper wire rays. The mate was set to dipping little tallow candles and setting them to cool. The children gathered daisies in the field and roses in the garden, and flowering boughs and mistletoe; they decked the house as for a May-day festival. And on the last day the youngsters came trooping from the forest with the tree, a glossy-leafed canelo, first of its kind that should attain the glory of a candle-lighted Christmas martyrdom."

Rockwell Kent's Christmas at Harberton on his way to Cape Horn is in vivid contrast to the Christmas in his log cabin in Alaska with young Rockwell and the old Swede. At Harberton he found a lovely terraced flower garden close to the sea, of which he made a drawing. Here were horses to ride and plenty of gay young companionship.

"Some days we'd picnic in the woods . . . and over a great fire we would roast a quartered sheep and feed the crowd of happy children and ourselves and then play children's games for hours on end."

No wonder the children were waiting,

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whispering, wondering at the closed doors of that great state dining room on Christmas Eve. True, they had never seen a Christmas tree in their lives, but they could not have played games for hours on end with this Christmas-hearted, flute-playing artist without some response to his own expectant thrill over a mystery whose light shone clear across the years from his own childhood.

Their first Christmas tree must have been lighted for the children of Harberton long before the locked doors of the mysterious room swung open, revealing the "glistening, dazzling marvel" of the tree itself.

We too often forget the lighting up time at Christmas and lay upon the day itself too heavy a load of material substitutes for the great good gifts of beauty, song, and laughter, of genuine play, and fresh adventure in two worlds.

Books, provided they are real books; toys, if they have a hidden spark of life in them; flowers in bloom, red apples or oranges from remembered trees. Christmas cakes, holly wreaths, plenty of candles to burn and a load of wood at the door. Who couldn't make a lovely Christmas anywhere with such as these at command? But to take such a Christmas feeling in your heart wherever you go, on land or sea, as to make a festival out of nothing at all, seems to me the best gift any child could be given. That's why, although it is not a children's book, I am giving first place to "Voyaging" as a book for the whole family with a reminder of "Wilderness", which I reread every year at Christmas time for its peace and quietude and very rare companionship with a nine year old boy. The drawings in both books are no less invigorating to the mind and spirit of a young boy or girl with a love of good pictures than to their elders, and each book contains a Christmas story of real beauty and significance.

"Sailing Ship Models" costs twenty five dollars, but it is worth its weight in gold to any family of growing boys and girls. There are over a hundred illustrations, with a frontispiece in color. R. Morton Nance has made a lifelong study of the old ships as a painter, and his introduction, tracing the evolution of the sailing ship, with his critical notes, diagrams, and sketches of rigging, inform the illustrations with expert knowledge of a fascinating subject.

Better by far to go through the world without one of the many efforts to corner all knowledge bound in buckram than to miss the joy of such a book as this. I've felt happier ever since I laid eyes on it.

Boys who enjoyed Captain Bone's "Lookoutman" last year will welcome the new edition of Felix Riesenberg's "Under Sail", with its introduction by that same Captain, wise in sea lore, romantic in his own outlook upon the sea of today. This book holds a chapter entitled "Christmas Day on the High Seas" and it contains also an excellent glossary of sea terms.

Having gone to sea with Christmas, we are strongly tempted to remain; for there's a "Merry Christmas" chapter in "Moby Dick" that is most refreshing and sets one hunting for Christmas chapters in the new editions of Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" — for which Mead Schaeffer has made more of his pictures for holiday readers. From a less expensive, yet attractive new edition of "Moby Dick", we quote the Christmas invitation:

> At last the anchor was up, the sails were set, and off we glided. It was a short, cold Christmas; and as the northern day merged into night, we found ourselves al-

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From "Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen"

most broad upon the wintry ocean, whose freezing spray cased us as in a polished armor.

Lank Bildad, as pilot, headed the first watch, and ever and anon as the old craft dived deep into the green seas and sent the shivering frost all over her and the winds howled and the cordage rang, his steady notes were heard —

> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood
> While Jordan rolled between.

It makes us think of Masefield's "Poems and Sea Ballads", and of what a good story his "Jim Davis" is; of Marryat, whose "Masterman Ready" is still read by boys we know; of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast", which we are always being asked to recommend in a more attractive edition than we can find.*

It brings such a flock of sea stories to mind that we hastily come to port in the Snow Queen's own country with Hans Andersen as pilot, and prepare to follow Gerda and little Kay once more. Of all Christmas stories this is the one I like best. I love it for the Northern Lights, burning there the whole night long, for the swift flying reindeer and all the ice and snow, for

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*Just too late for this review comes "Sagas of the Seas by American Writers", edited by Joseph Lewis French (Dial Press), a most attractive book for boys.

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the lovely flower garden with the high cherry trees behind it, for the roses blooming on a city roof and the old grandmother in the bright sunshine. It is a story which has influenced many stories and many pictures, for its

From "The Luck of the Bean-Rows"

imagery haunts the mind it has once entered. One keeps on seeing things Gerda saw in her search for little Kay.

There is a lovely picture book this year that reminds one of the flowers in the garden of the Woman Who Could Conjure, for each one tells its own story and the slight text is scarcely needed. Out of her enchanting little Christmas-red bed, decorated with flowers and hearts, Kabäuschen and her doll Eva are lifted by a strong winged angel, who flies off to a rosy cloud, and there leaves Kabäuschen and Eva to continue their dream journey — a journey touched with Christmas magic for Eva as well as for Kabäuschen, for all the dolls they meet so unexpectedly in beautiful rooms of mysterious towers seem as much alive as Kabäuschen herself. The Queen of the Dolls in her golden dress is a charming person, awake or asleep. There are highly original Christmas trees — one of them has whole cities spread out on its branches — and there's a big rudderless ship, without oars, and a little golden coach with bells all round, in which Kabäuschen sits to drive the swift flying swans.

These fascinating pictures were drawn by Ludwig Kozma in 1916 but the book is only recently published. Among the European picture books I have seen, it is easily the most distinctive in form and the most childlike in conception.

An interesting opportunity for contrasting its pictures with those of German children's books of earlier periods is afforded by Karl Hofbrecker's "Alte Vergessene Kinderbücher", which contain numerous reprints of illustrations in color and in black and white, so well reproduced as to give each attractive little book the appearance of an early nineteenth century publication. American publishers might well turn back for similar selective study along our own trails to the definite improvement of many a cover design and general makeup. We are printing altogether too many thick, stodgy looking books that are alike. One becomes acutely conscious of this when looking for Christmas surprises.

Both size and space are essential to certain types of art, and it is a relief to see Kay Nielsen's illustrations with broad margins and ample space for effective cover design in the new edition of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales". This book will appeal, not alone to the many admirers of Kay Nielsen's art, but also to girls and boys in the early teens who keenly enjoy rereading favorite stories of their childhood in new and distinguished form.

Paul Honoré's woodcuts for Charles Finger's "Tales from Silver Lands" give to an exceptional book of South

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American folk stories a type of interpretative illustration rarely found in a book which has not been written by the artist himself. Fortunately, Mr. Honoré's feeling for the atmosphere of South America, rendered in new tones of blue and yellow, has not been washed out in the color printing and the book is an outstanding one among American holiday publications.

Two books from England have been eagerly anticipated. Denis Eden's unique "Guide to Caper" — for which Thomas Bodkin writes the text — will haunt the consciousness of anyone so fortunate as to possess a copy. It appears in a very festive cover, and will be enjoyed by young and old who like a thing that has never been done before. "Peacock Pie", with Lovat Fraser's pictures, comes out while Walter de la Mare is still on this side of the Atlantic, and there could be no better gift for Christmas for one who has never owned "Peacock Pie".

From "Goody Two Shoes"

By rare good fortune many copies of that "Fairy Tale for Lucky Children" — "The Luck of the Bean-Rows" — with Lovat Fraser's charming illustrations, came wandering overseas last summer about the time that Kate Greenaway's almanac came across. Those who had the opportunity of seeing it bought copies and laid them away for a Christmas surprise, and those who got none have gone on exploring, each after his kind.

"Traveller's Joy", which Dion Clayton Calthrop calls "a device", appeals to anyone who likes to make his own stories from fascinating colored maps with very little text. Gilbert Pownall has drawn these maps for a Pirate Island, English Railways, Explorers, Fairyland, and other designated countries of childhood. It is a very big picture book, this book of maps, and by no means a book for everybody.

There are persons who will have nothing but "little books"; and they always hunt copies of "Perez the Mouse" for children who are losing first teeth. And, because it is one of the most charming of Christmas stories, they always buy copies of Beatrix Potter's "The Tailor of Gloucester", which I've been told is beloved of Masefield. Miss Mulock's "Adventures of a Brownie" appears as a "little book" this year, and so do Christina Rossetti's "Sing-Song" and Madame de Ségur's "Memoirs of a Donkey" (in an excellent translation by Marguerite Melcher). "The Peep-Show Man" by Padraic Colum is naturally a "little book"; and last, but not least, "The History of Little Goody Two Shoes", with a qualified "possibly" by Oliver Goldsmith, "first printed for J. Newbery, in London, at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Church-

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From "Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen"

yard, 1766", is reprinted with new pictures by Alice Woodward. We wish the pictures were better and more in the spirit of the original Goody Two Shoes, but we have no doubt that this edition will give her story a new lease of life among boys and girls of today.

Those who missed Walter de la Mare's fairy play "Crossings", which was a late Christmas publication last year, and those who have forgotten that Anatole France ever wrote a lovely children's story called "Honey Bee", will be glad to read the first book as story or play, and to know that the second is in print once more.

Those who are looking for delightful stories of real children will find them in Eliza Orne White's "Tony" and Nora Archibald Smith's "The Children of the Lighthouse". There are many more, but these I have read and found exceptionally lively and well written.

Padraic Colum's "The Island of the Mighty" is a fine rendering of tales from the Mabinogion, while in another delightful book, "At the Gateways of the Day", Mr. Colum has gathered the tales and legends of Hawaii with interesting illustrations by Juliette May Fraser.

Explorers of "Number One Joy Street" will eagerly search the table

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of contents of "Number Two" for arresting names of English poets, playwrights, and novelists who are now writing for children. Mr. Chesterton's fine tribute to George MacDonald's "The Princess and the Goblin", as the story which exerted the greatest influence upon him, made us want to finish his "Dragon at Hide-and-Seek" which we began to read in the dummy of "Number Two Joy Street". It is also a reminder that December tenth marks the centenary of the birth of this great good writer for children, and that "At the Back of the North Wind" appears with new pictures by Francis Bedford, the delightful illustrator of Dickens's "holiday romance", "The Magic Fishbone", and Greville MacDonald's "Billy Barnicoat", a fairy romance.

There is no end to the Christmas surprises this year. Those who seek the Pushmi-pullyu will find him with Doctor Dolittle at the circus. He was something that hadn't been done before — that Pushmi-pullyu — and well do I remember his first Christmas in New York. There's never been another quite like it. "The Peterkin Papers", now appearing with new pictures, was my own first love as a "funny book", and I recently heard a girl in first year high school chuckling with delight as she read it. She plans to buy a copy of it for a younger brother and sister, by which sign of the time I know that it bids fair to remain a perennial in family affections. "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" and "The Little Duke" by Charlotte M. Yonge are two other old favorites in festive Christmas dress — books so intrinsically sound as to need no special introduction to a new generation.

Last but not least, "The Janitor's Boy", by Nathalia Crane, is to be published in an edition for boys and girls without portrait or formal introductions. Girls like Nathalia's poems very much, I find. I should have liked her book myself as a Christmas surprise then or now.

Voyaging. By Rockwell Kent. With illustrations by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sailing Ship Models. By R. Morton Nance. With illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Halton and Truscott Smith.

Under Sail. By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Moby Dick. By Herman Melville. George W. Jacobs and Co.

Typee. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Omoo. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Jim Davis. By John Masefield. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Kabäuschen's Traumreise. Ein Märchen zu 22 Farbigen Bildern von Ludwig Kozma. Erzählt von Max Jungnickel. Brentano's. Georg W. Dietrich.

Alte Vergessene Kinderbücher. Von Karl Hofbrecker. Brentano's. Mauritius.

Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen. With illustrations in color and in black and white by Kay Nielsen. George H. Doran Company.

Tales from Silver Lands. By Charles J. Finger. With woodcuts by Paul Honoré. Doubleday, Page and Co.

A Guide to Caper. By Denis Eden. With text by Thomas Bodkin. George H. Doran Company.

Peacock Pie. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Claud Lovat Fraser. Henry Holt and Co.

The Luck of the Bean-Rows. By Charles Nodier. Illustrated by Claud Lovat Fraser. London: David O'Connor.

Traveller's Joy. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. Depicted by Gilbert Pownall. Alfred A. Knopf.

Goody Two Shoes. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. The Macmillan Co. (Little Library.)

The Adventures of a Brownie. By Miss Mulock. Illustrated by Mary Lott Seaman. The Macmillan Co. (Little Library.)

Crossings. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Alfred A. Knopf.

Honey Bee. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. Dodd, Mead and Co.

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Tony. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Children of the Lighthouse. By Nora Archibald Smith. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Island of the Mighty. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Co.

At the Gateways of the Day. Tales and Legends of Hawaii. Collected by Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Juliette May Fraser. Yale University Press.

Number Two Joy Street. By G. K. Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne, Hilaire Belloc, Hugh Walpole, Laurence Housman, Madeleine Nightingale, Edith Sitwell, Hugh Chesterman, Mabel Marlowe, B. Kathleen Pyke, Marian Allen, Doctor Quayle, and Rose Fyleman. D. Appleton and Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay.

At the Back of the North Wind. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. The Macmillan Co.

Doctor Dolittle's Circus. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated by Beatrice M. Stevens. Duffield and Co.

The Little Duke. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated by Beatrice M. Stevens. Duffield and Co.

The Janitor's Boy. By Nathalia Crane. Thomas Seltzer.

From "A Guide to Caper"

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

A few months ago I detected another of the cognoscenti in the same error; now it is the learned Ernest Boyd in his excellent "Portrait of a Critic" in the September BOOKMAN who writes of the "*brachycephalic* Mediterranean". He accuses that ominous figure, the professorial critic, of insinuating that "the brachycephalic Mediterranean or even the Jewish taint is present in writers of authentic Dutch lineage". Now whether or not the taint is there it is most assuredly not both brachycephalic and Mediterranean, for the chief distinguishing characteristic of the Mediterraneans is that they are the reverse of brachycephalic. Like the Nordics, as exemplified by such typical specimens as yourself and Dr. Mencken, like the Eskimos and the friendly African, the Mediterraneans, throughout all their ancient range from Ireland south and along both shores of the Great Sea east, are chiefly remarkable for the length and narrowness of their heads.

Brachycephalic, brother savants, does not mean non-Nordic. It merely signifies broad or, poetically, square headed. Like the Bavarians, the Lapps, the Mongols, and the majority of Swiss bellringers.

Incidentally, there would be nothing surprising about the most authentic Dutchman having a considerable Mediterranean "taint". The Mediterranean Spaniards controlled the Netherlands long enough to leave some Iberian souvenirs among the ruddy Nordics of the dikes.

Yours sincerely,
GORDON LAWRENCE.

DEAR SIR:

The poem "Misdirection", in the October BOOKMAN, seems to me to present a doubtful philosophy. Is it merely that the title is misleading, or does the poet really feel that a life is wasted in doing one's best with the material at hand — trying to fashion a copper urn into a silver vase?

No doubt she had no didactic intention whatever — poets shouldn't; but we so commonly find that the cause of failure is due to a woeful lack in making the best of even good material, that as I reread the verses and meditated on the theme, my thoughts found spontaneous expression in these lines — I make no claim to Miss Slater's charming gift:

The sand of my life is white and fine,
I putter and fumble the clay,
I dent it here and pat it there,
And fritter my time away.

I prop the rude unshapely thing
In the kiln where the fire glows hot,
But that which should be a crystal vase,
Becomes an earthen pot.

Respectfully,
M. A. C.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Do you really think so, too? I mean the "Florence Dombey" theory as applied to children's literature and set forth in the October number of THE BOOKMAN. That such a child as Felicia might exist I believe perfectly possible, but should it not be a matter to conceal with chagrin rather than a subject for rhapsodizing? Would you not rather prescribe no books at all than such a consistent diet of inferior ones?

We have struggled so against parental fondnesses for "Elsies" and their ilk, that I, for one, have finally decided that the best plan is to "talk up" the really good books for children as much and as often as possible and ignore the others. If mothers want to waste precious hours in reading aloud stories which have moral value and little else and so run the risk of having self righteous little prigs in their family circles, it seems to me it is quite their parents' privilege, before which a mere children's librarian should hold her tongue, if possible. But why publish such indulgences as the first article in a magazine of discrimination which is fortunate enough to have an editor who does not treat children's books as "just juveniles", and who has moreover himself written understandingly for children?

Please do not think I am taking it all too seriously, or that I demand or expect an answer to my query. I should have spared you this remonstrance, but that this same day we received a letter from one of our parent patrons in which he complained bitterly of "juvenile literature with its brain and taste destroying vapidity". So this protest is merely a vicarious sort of justification.

Sincerely yours,
LESLEY NEWTON,
Lakewood Public Library.

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MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Ruth Hale's wise article in the November BOOKMAN is a great deal more than an attack on heroic nine pins or a punching of the stuffed shirts of history. The germ of thought that lies beneath her sagacious and humorous expressions — that the child should be allowed to devise his own pattern of behavior — needs to be uncovered ever so often to a world bewildered by conflicting educational experiments and puzzled by psychological extremists. But I must quarrel with the tentative suggestion she gives for a new standard of heroic tale, a tale that seems to me but a milk-and-water substitute for heroic conduct. Heroes, like children, deserve to be wanted. They have too often been forced upon a world unfit to cope with them, and, whether emanating from the brains of "tired old men" or the fiery hearts of the young dreamers of the race, they have suffered such dehumanizing as to bring them into the range of Miss Hale's just scorn. I, for one, do not remember one schoolroom in my own experience that had not its pale knight, dragging his white plume, one hand caressing the neck of a horse with an unnaturally soulful expression. If such a one could clothe with his immaculate armor the souls of little boys, how much more has he all these years arrayed himself as the ideal of little girls? If a vote could be taken, I haven't a doubt that the average girl children in our public schools would overwhelmingly acclaim Galahad against the example of the red blooded he-man of fiction!

But Miss Hale has, it seems to me, said too little of the far reaching influence of the gigantic figures that move in the childhood of the race. What of the virile, wicked, loving gods whose good and bad deeds paralleled those of humanity, surpassing them only in degree? So far as I am concerned, the passing of Arthur is as nothing against the death of Balder. It happened when I was about twelve, I think, and a light went out of the world. From then on I moved in darkness. The world was Chaos, and I must make my way through it as best I could, aided only by those who, like me, had felt Balder's incredibly warm and penetrating power. He is more real than Arthur, even as that gorgeous pageant of Olympus is more real than Æschylus or Euripides. They were of the very fibre of the race, and have become the soul stuff of children. If I had never known Valhalla myself, if I had not felt the green barb that slew Balder in my own flesh, I might not now squirm and suffer when I find myself, by an unhappy chance, sitting through Wagnerian opera! If I had not been present when the three goddesses strode across the plains of Ida, I might not yawn over the French Classicists or go to sleep with Tennyson. No, a hero can't live next door — he must be somewhere in that gusty realm we call the sky.

Sincerely,
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE.

DEAR SIR:

My attention has just been called to a review of my "Handbook of Health" Series in the September issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The review begins with a serious error of statement which is both so utterly unfounded and so unfair to the Series, that it seems to me to call for a correction and apology.

This is the misstatement, underscored. "A more recent book by Dr. Hutchinson, 'Building Strong Bodies', begins to show a glimmering of recognition of the fact that science is applying itself to health problems. *In this book only of the Hutchinson series is there mention of the vitamins, those remarkable,* as yet unisolated, substances, which are known by the effects of their absence to be responsible for growth, &c &c."

The facts are that in the eighteenth impression of "The Handbook of Health", another of this series published early in 1922, which, according to his own list, was on his table when he wrote, some two pages are devoted to "those remarkable, as yet unisolated, substances" and six different references made to them throughout the text. And this treatment has been increased to the equivalent of nearly four pages in the impressions since, notably the twentieth impression of 1924 which surely ought to have been the basis of a 1924 review, as the reviewer might have seen simply by glancing at the index.

This is neither fair reviewing nor good ethics. Indeed it rather recalls Sydney Smith's classic advice to reviewers, "Never read the book you are going to review; it might prejudice you in its favor."

The statement that the last volume, "Building Strong Bodies", "begins to show a glimmering of recognition of the fact that science is applying itself to health problems" is a fair sample of the courtesy and scientific spirit of the entire review.

The next criticism is equally unfair and misleading and, I frankly confess, puzzles me. It reads: "The first of the series, 'A Handbook of Health', appeared in 1911 and has passed through some eighteen printings and revisions. In this volume *appear all the ancient moralistic impressions of the past, relative to the harmfulness of coffee and tea, of tobacco and alcohol* (!), without any reference to modern investi-

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gations which have yielded facts to replace empirical beliefs."

Are we to infer from this statement that "modern investigations" have "exploded" all the "ancient moralistic impressions of the past relative to the harmfulness of tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol" *for children?* If so I am groping among "glimmerings" in exceedingly good company, viz. the overwhelming majority of the leaders in modern medicine.

For the position taken in the "Handbook" simply is that alcohol is not a *food*, is of little value as a medicine, a narcotic instead of a stimulant, and therefore a good thing for the young to let alone!

Precisely the attitude of the two latest ablest and most strictly scientific and impartial studies of the alcohol problem, those of Professor Ernest Starling of Cambridge University (England) and of Dr. Henry Smith Williams of New York.

If there be any *more* "modern investigations which have yielded facts to replace empirical beliefs" I should be greatly obliged for the references to them.

As for tea and coffee, my position simply is that while their use in moderation is permissible and beneficial for adults—indeed I happen to have been one of the first medical writers to publicly recognize and defend the value of tea and coffee as aids to digestion and efficiency in adults—they are neither necessary nor helpful for children. So that statement about the "ancient and moralistic conceptions" is just as unfounded and misleading as that about the vitamins.

Two other comments on matters of detail call for brief explanation.

One that in the last volume, "nothing is said of resuscitation of the drowned, a measure which should be known to every lay person". The reason for the omission being simply that for obvious reasons no attempt is made to cover the *whole realm* of hygiene in each volume, this being the aim of the entire series, and the subject of resuscitation from drowning is *fully* covered, with illustrations of the latest or Schafer method, in "The Handbook of Hygiene". Incidentally I believe the earliest description of this now unanimously accepted method given in any school textbook was given in that volume. It was placed there because that volume is written for pupils between twelve and fifteen years of age, who are mature enough to be able to carry out the method, and omitted from "Building Strong Bodies" because this volume is addressed to children of from eight to ten who are scarcely capable of applying it.

The second concerns merely the choice of a word: "Why continue to perpetrate such unscientific and antediluvian terms as 'biliousness'?" The disprized term is used in the course of an explanation how "a poor game" in baseball may be due to short sight or other eye defects, to adenoids, or to "anything which makes your head ache and feel dull, such as indigestion or biliousness" and then telling how these may be relieved by the family or school doctor, with glasses, local treatment, or good advice as to habits. "Biliousness" will undoubtedly continue to be used: first because children of eight or ten understand what it means, and second that no other single term either scientific or popular covering its familiar and most unhappy complex has yet been invented.

In fine, the entire review is a strained attempt to discredit and belittle the Series by reckless misstatements, and captious splitting of hairs and straining over terms.

Yours sincerely,

WOODS HUTCHINSON.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

When Character Is Trumps

IN the third act of Jacinto Benavente's "The School of Princesses", the President of the Ministry says to Prince Maximo:

> Everybody has a right to do one foolish thing, to make an exhibition of oneself once, and to insist upon it may seem like decision, like force of character. But to do it more than once is to have neither decision nor character. Consistency is a virtue, even when one is in the wrong.

The novelty of this idea is hardly so impressive as the regularity with which it is emphasized in the six volumes before us, volumes that came to me without the asking and which I am minded to treat without bothering myself greatly about the various angles from which they might be approached. For in each of them character is trumps. In each of them, character rather than action is set forth, and character as such is discussed. The Spaniards do it philosophically; some of their observations bearing on what might be termed behaviorism are worth their weight in radium. The Dutchman takes it much easier; his view of life seems to be: eat, drink, and be merry today, for tomorrow you may get a telegram announcing that your wife's people are coming to town to stay a fortnight with you. The Swede, a naturalist, goes about his obviously pleasant task symbolically; there is infinitely more to "The Motherless" than the bringing up of a boy whose birth meant his mother's death, and the rovings of a bear whose chief objectives are something for his maw and a place to turn in when the season's search is over. The Russian is a metaphysician who is never unmindful of the fact that there is more between the successive rises and falls that go to make up a mature character than has ever been dreamed of by those who eschew life while writing books. And Dr. Hewett-Thayer has studied the modern German novel from the point of view rather of the ethical lessons to be derived from it than the æsthetics that are imbedded in it.

So far as my own reading goes, I know of nothing precisely like Señor Benavente's dramas. Take the case of "A Lady". There are seventeen speaking parts but hardly more than seventeen words of stage direction. A woman who once was beautiful drops dead in a shabby restaurant because a man whom she loved proves untrue to her. That is quite all there is to it; and this little is in itself banal. And yet, by the persistent analysis of human nature, by injecting a *mot juste* here regarding character in general and a *bon mot* there touching on the vice and virtue of moral sidestepping, once, twcie, thrice or oftener, the dramatist captivates us as completely as lesser talents do when they exploit realism and idolize naturalism.

I am consequently wondering whether the term "anti-theatre", which Mr. Underhill elaborates in his good introduction, was an obligatory coinage or a timely importation. For these dramas are intensely dramatic when read and hence they are of the theatre theatrical. If dramatic, why load down an introduction to them with the charge, or the glory, of anti-theatre on the ground that they do not indicate, in the stage directions, whether the

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leading lady's veins shall swell or subside in the great moments? What if that old bugbear, the "action", is left to be surmised by the spectator who is supposed to have enough imagination of his own to know about what happened antecedent to the finding of a fifteen year old boy in a state of intoxication? Since obviously these plays are adapted to the boards that mean the world, there is no great reason for writing about them under the rubric of "anti-theatre" merely because they are unlike other plays.

Señor Benavente, incidentally, has had nearly a hundred of his plays performed. It is no wonder that the Swedish Academy decided, in 1922, to award him the Nobel Prize, which is given for originality rather than for mass excellence of a familiar kind.

Though the Spaniards along the course of these many years have had at times an intimate, even proprietary, bearing on the Netherlands, our Dutch friend from over there, Felix Timmermans, is utterly unlike Señor Benavente. To judge from Mr. Van Loon's easygoing, staccato preface, he has put much of himself into his glad "Pallieter". This happy-go-lucky fellow believes, with the late Robert Ingersoll, that now is the time to be happy, and this is the place to be happy. He seeks joy and finds it as readily as the tulip finds the sun. He regards the philosopher, who makes his living from books, as being on a down grade with the man who tries to carry water in a bird cage. He loves a square meal, but he also loves his plump Marieke. He enjoys the beauty of high noon; he also revels in the glories of a moonlit night. He is called in Dutch a *Dagenmelker*, that is, a fellow who milks all the pleasure there is to be extracted from a day without mulcting his associates across the street. A day with him is the day of a psalmist when the latter's harp is engaged in giving out the music of this sphere, not when that high souled instrument is suspended from a willow.

This figure, however, suggests a defect in all writings of the "Pallieter" type. Benavente has one of his characters remark that Beethoven's music is democratic, Mozart's courtly, Wagner's imperial. It is impossible to say, in so few words, more that is true about the three greatest musicians this world has ever known. Felix Timmermans's Pallieter, on the other hand, on hearing the music of a kermis, says: "It was all Beethoven, Wagner, Palaestrina and Grieg in one and combined." That is the trouble: people who are always happy, the hopelessly optimistic, cannot discriminate. Benavente makes you think; Timmermans makes you laugh. With each, character is trumps, but the two men play a different game.

There are literary critics who contend that civilization is undergoing changes without making progress. They point to Dickens and Matthew Arnold and refer to giants, asking in the same breath: Whom do we have today? Well, when Arnold lectured at Harvard in the nineteenth century, he was given what Arnold himself would not have called a "frost". As to Dickens — that is, the Dickens of the historical novel — there is Enrique Larreta who is giving Spain what she has so sorely needed, historical fiction. I hold that, in major essentials, Larreta's "The Glory of Don Ramiro" is quite superior at least to the minor historical English novels of the mid-nineteenth century.

On December 21, 1570, Don Ramiro was born. His mother was a woman of exquisite loveliness; his own birth was a romantic incident. He was educated to the end that he might

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help rid his country of the "Lutheran plague" and the Moorish pest. Graduated, he took orders, of a kind, and set out to save the Church, that is, the State of his nativity. That was a big job in the inquisitorial days of Philip II.

For him it was too big. Women crossed his path: Aixa, Beatrice, *et aliæ*. There are adventures without number some of which close with fewer participants alive than there were at the beginning. In 1605, Don Ramiro died in Lima, Peru, having come to South America in order to escape what he no longer regarded as life and what might have been much worse than death. He ended his days in doing good; his final years were years of contrition, while all his first years were so many enlistments served in the Devil's army. He passed, completely purged, through his own "world's illusion" and came to see the total vanity and vacuousness of everything that is not service and sacrifice. This — his complete reform and his death in the faith — constitutes his "glory". I cannot name, offhand, a more worthy historical novel.

It is superbly difficult to argue with a Swede. If you agree with him, he regards you as a being of inferior intellect; if you disagree with him there is no end to the argument. I choose the first of the two embarrassments and agree with Dr. Stork in his contention that Bengt Berg holds a unique place in the field of nature writing. "The Motherless" is a character study; in it character is trumps. Naimak the Finn is a queer fellow; his wife Anji, though she dies on the first page and is buried on the second, was not so queer: she was a mother; she had character. Pertula, the son and hero of the first half, is a youth of exceptional character, for it was his initial ambition to grasp the relation of son to mother. That is a study in which not many young men indulge. They take their existence for granted and are inclined to feel that it is altogether natural that they should be here.

Not so with Pertula. Obliged to grow up quite without human chums, it was not until he had made the acquaintance and won the friendship of the good dog Nurko that he came to have an understanding of the personal pronoun "we". This stage in his spiritual development having been reached, life took on a new meaning. It then remained for him, as with all the children of men, to learn the significance of death. This he accomplished in the school of experience: he chanced to see a dead hare. He learned his lesson so thoroughly that the vision never departed from him. And from that moment on, Bengt Berg clutches his reader by the soul and holds him tight through nothing more pretentious than a character study of some wild animals, chiefly bears, as these make a right good living despite the competition they have to put up with from an occasional Lapp or a Finn engaged in peaceful penetration.

At the close of this well told tale of outdoor life — an outdoor life that appeals to me as having more soul and less hurrah than the tales of a similar genre by our own Londons and Curwoods — we see a dirty little Lapp sliding along on a few boards putting the finishing touches to the work of a man who is now dead; and we see an old bear groping around over well trod ground after the fashion of a one-gallows farmer who knows from the aches of all his bones that his days are numbered. When the bear appears in the open, the crows appear in the

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air above him, ready to swoop down and "realize" on his body just as realtors, and heirs with an eye single to the last will and testament, study the mute moves of the aged man who is about to be taken to his fathers. Through it all character is trumps, and the difference between a man and a bear is not remarkable.

Character is character anywhere. There is the case of these gorgeous "Chronicles of a Russian Family", a mighty addition to the "Broadway Translations". I begin to read them, and before I have advanced far into their 398 large pages I bump into an incident that might take place anywhere in these United States. By way of illustration, the opening chapter, or "Sketch" as it is called, tells of the methods pursued by the *ci-devant* Russian nobility in securing titles to land that rightly belonged to the muzhiks. This is given as a typical description of a certain tract:

> It runs from the mouth of the Konlyelg rivulet as far as the withered birch tree beside the path of the wolf, and from the withered birch straight along to the parting of the waters, and thence to the fox holes.

This may be a bit unscientific, but there is not a single court house in the United States that does not give shelter to deeds, drawn up yesterday, written in precisely the same tone and language.

The descriptions of travel in Russia, however, in sledges drawn by jades that know not oats, attached to the jolty contraption with harness made of bark, in cold so bitter that it can hardly be registered, are admittedly dissimilar to anything in this country even in the days of the covered wagon. Moreover, the account of Aksakov's schooldays resembles what we should have if the cadets at West Point lived on pea soup, scones, water, and hope, and if it were a heinous offense for a mother to visit her son while the inmate of the institution was being trained for the fights of life.

These chronicles have, however, their bright spots. The author of them, Sergei Timofeyevich Aksakov (1791–1859), depicts a Russia full of wonders rather than a wonderful Russia.

In "The Modern German Novel", Professor Harvey W. Hewett-Thayer remarks that Fontane neither condones nor condemns deviations from accepted moral standards. Why should he? The lives of his men and women attend to that. Those that lived up to the standard set by Benavente's President of the Ministry come through; those that do not fall through.

This book discusses five writers in detail (Fontane, Max Kretzer, Ricarda Huch, Georg von Ompteda, Ernst Zahn), and three subjects at reasonable length: America in German fiction, religion as German novelists use it, and the world war as it has influenced German novelists. It is a good piece of work, well written, unradical in its views, informative with regard to a number of German writers whose names have never been mentioned out loud in this country, generous in its praise, impressively laconic when there is nothing to praise, and most discriminating. There is, for example, Max Kretzer. He has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. He is the author of sixty works of prose fiction. Mr. Hewett-Thayer devotes about fifteen pages to him (there are 295 pages in the entire book), in which he treats seven of Kretzer's works. This is fine; who wants to hear about all that stuff?

But to return to character; the sole

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reason why I have emphasized it this month is because it is emphasized, as such, in all the books before us, and I feel that the coincidence is rather striking. Apart from this, there is no reason at all why the subject should have been singled out for treatment, for what does any imaginative writer do but create characters, and in this way lay stress on character? Nothing. An author who is more than that over-discussed book reviewer cannot build up a story or unravel an idea through the description of scenery, and that is his only alternative apart from making men and women. Lessing, in truth, bludgeoned "descriptive" literature into the demise that was due it in the eighteenth century. Character is the ability to move along in a rectilinear course in the face of retardants aft and accelerators fore. That is the ethics, the metaphysics, even the philosophy of it. Then comes the imaginative writer: he shows how a man becomes an adept at this, or a failure, because of the frequent or infrequent, survived or fatal, lateral thrust, the push from the side, the poke from the hand that was extended, it seemed at first, in greeting or as a matter of giving a better balance. People even tried to push Timmermans's Pallieter off his course. But in the last chapter he is just beginning to go strong on his journey "out into the beautiful wide world, after the fashion of the birds and the wind". That is how literature comes into being. Literature is never anything but character study, or a betrayal of the character of the man who wrote it.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Plays by Jacinto Benavente (Fourth Series). Translated from the Spanish with an Introduction by John Garrett Underhill. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pallieter. By Felix Timmermans. Translated by C. B. Bodde. Introduction by Hendrick Willem Van Loon. Harper and Bros.

The Glory of Don Ramiro: A Life in the Times of Philip II. By Enrique Larreta. Translated from the Spanish by L. B. Walton. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Motherless. By Bengt Berg. Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stork. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Aksakov: Chronicles of a Russian Family. Translated by M. C. Beverley. With an Introduction by Prince Mirsky. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Modern German Novel: A Series of Studies of Appreciations. By Harvey W. Hewett-Thayer. Marshall Jones Co.

Notes From France

THE book of the month was no novel, although the author is a novelist too: "La Ville Ephémère" and "Attirance de la Mort" show it. Alfred Fabre-Luce, who already last year acted as an historian with "La Crise des Alliances", wrote "La Victoire" at precisely the time of the change in French foreign policy which took place last spring. "La Victoire" (Nouvelle Revue Française — "Documents Bleus") contains really two books in one. The first part deals with the origins of the war, bringing new light on the matter and applying new methods to this problem now hopelessly obscured by propaganda, militarist or pacifist. The second part of the book deals with the new international policy of France, offers a very bitter criticism of her policy under M. Poincaré, and concludes with a thorough endorsement of the League of Nations. At a time when France as a whole has swung to the support of the League with her best elements — the ex-service men and the universities — and is adopting a constructive European attitude, the Fabre-Luce book is sure to have influence. For my part, I am far from endorsing his

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presentation of the case in the 1914 controversy; but I consider the second part of the work as generous, constructive, and of great dynamic value, especially since the author is a man of twenty six, representative of a good part of the younger generation.

Raymond Radiguet's posthumous book, "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel" (Grasset), is recognized as far superior to "Le Diable au Corps", Radiguet's first novel. There is no doubt that France lost a novelist of the first ability when he died last year. But other young men are eagerly contributing to this revival of which he was an exponent, with stories that incorporate the psychology and passions of the modern Frenchman into the frame and rules of the classical novel. "Juliette au Pays des Hommes" (Emile Paul) by Jean Giraudoux, "A la Dérive" by Philippe Soupault, "Les Pincengrain" by Jouhandeau — I give these three books which have practically nothing in common save that none of them could have been conceived before 1914, or outside of France.

The same is not quite true of the series of studies by Guy de Pourtalès, "De Hamlet à Swann", a most valuable contribution to modern criticism, along the best line of nineteenth century intelligence. But the main characteristic of the present movement is the internationalization of influences — cosmopolitism substituted for exoticism. An unusual amount of remarkable translations are appearing in French of *modern* foreign works: James Joyce's "Dedalus" translated by Mme. Ludmila Savitzky, "Lady into Fox" translated by André Maurois, a new and excellent translation of "The Egoist", etc.

The best prose essays by Paul Valéry, who is France's foremost living poet, have been gathered under the title "Variété". It is probably the most intelligent book published in 1924 (if the brutality of this statement can be excused). As for the fall season among books, it appears full of promises . . .

PIERRE DE LANUX

Publishers' Teas, Paracelsus, Picture Books

THERE is unfortunately no room for doubt that the majority of German publishing houses are suffering from a kind of permanent crisis, which originally took its rise from the fact that since the beginning of the year and the much blessed and cursed stabilization of the mark, it is no longer possible for a publisher to reimburse the costs of a whole edition by selling a couple of dozen copies of a book to some admirer abroad. Publishers who had begun to rely to a large extent on foreign sales fell into an uncomfortable situation and only the inveterate German habit of buying books has saved their necks. The German public, however, especially the public of really literary tastes, is uncommonly short of money; and the enterprising publishers have schemed for a way to entice it out of its owners' pockets by means more subtle than a tempting display or even books with pages left open in a bookseller's window.

Something of the same appeal of psychology as is attempted with the open book lies behind the new idea of the "publishers' teas", of which Berlin has already experienced a round half dozen. Most of them have been instituted by small and as yet little known firms, exploiting young authors who have still to find an audience. But there have been a few good firms represented, such as Kiepenheuer of

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Potsdam, who sent some of his famous authors to the front; the radical Malik Verlag; and the Sturm with its galaxy of young Futurists and Expressionists headed by the fiery eyed Herwarth Walden. The program of all these "publishers' teas" is the same — first a little talk by the head of the firm on the aims and ideals of his publishing, and then a series of young poets, dramatists, or essayists delivering extracts from their own works. Some of the more famous authors have allowed themselves to be represented by a professional reader or reciter.

The idea is no doubt a good one; it brings the author, reader, and publisher into closer union, and possibly the extracts heard have stimulated the sale of books; but this material end will probably be better achieved when the programs have become shorter and also the individual extracts.

Jakob Böhme, the shoemaker-mystic, a famous name familiar to Americans interested in philosophy, was born in Görlitz. Although his tercentenary is not quite due, the town decided to celebrate the festival at once. Philosophical societies, representatives of the town which claims Böhme as its most distinguished son, the shoemakers' guild, and other dignitaries laid wreaths upon the grave restored two years ago by two American admirers. Speakers traced the line of theological-philosophical thought from Saint Augustine by way of Böhme to Nietzsche, Stefan George, and Gerhart Hauptmann — a curious medley of authors. Another speaker said that Böhme was the link between "Ekkehard" and Goethe. Germans are never happy unless they can fit an author into some niche where his past and future development as a theory or a line of thought can be tabulated and catalogued. An interesting collection of Böhme relics, manuscripts, pictures, and early editions had been arranged for the festival.

Professor Ottokar Fischer of the University of Prague has translated Goethe's lyrics into Czech and also a drama by Heinrich von Kleist, which will shortly be staged.

A scandal was expected to attend the first night of Shaw's "Arms and the Man" in Berlin. Bulgarian students had breathed dark threats. The manager wittily pointed out that Serbians and Austrians came in for their share of ridicule in this very play, and that in other plays of the wicked author English, French, and Ancient Romans fared no better. The students allowed their sense of humor to be aroused and the première passed off without the expected sensation.

The town of Hamburg, whose theatre was formerly self supporting, is this year to allow a grant of half a million marks. Leipzig has three state theatres, of which the opera and the theatre of serious drama were supported by the profits from the third, an operetta theatre. This arrangement is no longer possible in these lean times, and Leipzig's theatres are to cost the city 300,000 marks this year. Cologne means to dedicate 600,000 marks for the support of its two theatres. With figures like these to conjure with, it is no wonder that the theatre managers often dare to produce experiments, literary dramas, and other more artistic than profitable productions.

Annie Francé Harrar, the wife of the renowned natural historian R. H. Francé, whose work we recently discussed, has written an extraordinary book "Die Tragödie des Paracelsus" (The Tragedy of Paracelsus), published by Walter Seifert, Stuttgart-Heilbronn, to which she has given the subtitle "A Thousand Years of German Suffering". It is a book full of enthu-

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siasm, conviction, prejudice — in a word, personality. It is a study of Paracelsus which begins with a picture of the primitive German in his primæval woods. This primitive German is for Frau Francé the only true German. She deplores the advent of "civilization" which destroyed the native old kinship of man and nature — turned the holy places into haunted spots, the wise women into witches and the old gods into devils. Frau Francé makes a fine fight for her husband's pantheistic philosophy of the return to communion with nature, away from the stifling atmosphere of metaphysics. Paracelsus is for her the misunderstood, persecuted, untimely born protagonist of these ideas — another phase of the German Faust-ideal. The root of the evil, according to her, lies and has always lain in the eagerness of the German to take on any new and foreign thought in preference to his own. Frau Francé sums up her axiom well: "It is dangerous for a people to assimilate ideas which do not arise from its own soul." Singular old prints illustrate this noteworthy book.

Emil Ludwig, famous as a Goethe expert, has written a little book of travel "Am Mittelmeer" (On the Mediterranean), published by Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin. It is astonishing to rediscover the literary expert and critic as an Impressionist essayist with an exquisite, just pleasingly precious, style, and a Sterne-like gift for the romantic, the sentimental, and the picturesque as he encounters them on his tour through Sicily, Troy and Athens and Alexandria and many another old and glamorous town. A book that wakes the red gods in the reader. Dr. Ludwig, returning to his familiar track, is to deliver a series of lectures on Goethe this winter at the Lessing Hoch Schule.

Fred Antoine Angermayer, a playwright of parts but as yet crotchety and unsure, writes of Georg Kaiser as a pioneer of the new theatre who by his revolutionary treatment of dialogue has accomplished the first definite step forward in theatrical history since Shakespeare — setting up speech above action, and making more perfect and definite the great abyss between theatre and film. Like all enthusiasts, he exaggerates; but there is truth in the point of view. Kaiser is undoubtedly the cornerstone of a new dramatic generation.

Alluring with all the magic of the forbidden is Hans Barth's Italian travel book "Osteria" (Verlag Julius Hoffmann, Stuttgart). It is a super guidebook, a guide, full of quips as befits the subject, to all the Italian inns from the Lake of Garda to Capri. The author has divided his Bacchantian reminiscences in every town into "wine" and "beer" restaurants, and it is astonishing how many beer restaurants, a large proportion bearing German names, are to be found in the land of the grape.

Hermann Löns, called the "Heide Dichter" because he wrote so much and so well of the heather country, has been dead ten years, and a new complete edition of his works is about to appear. Löns was very prolific — three new books, edited by Dr. Wilhelm Deimann, are about to appear, filled with sketches found among Löns's papers. A memorial made of great unhewn stones has been erected in the moorland loneliness where Löns found so much of his inspiration.

Picture books, full of beautiful photographs, text by experts, published by the Bavarian state and to be had at special rates by the authorities of the towns honored! Is this love of home or clever advertising? Perhaps

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something of both. But the principal point of interest is the extreme beauty and fascination of these art books, which are published by Benno Filser, Augsburg. "Ancient Art in Bavaria" is the name of the series. Perhaps the number called "Die Unterfrankische Stadt" is the most fascinating, with its pictures like dreams of sunny old marketplaces, massive city gates, and wonderful valley towns, all massed tiled roofs and towers. There are volumes devoted to villages, to castles, ruined and otherwise, to "Cloisters of the Palatinate" — irresistible for the wanderer.

The Holbein Verlag in Munich has brought out another kind of beautiful picture book — reproductions of ancient manuscripts, in black letter, with naive contemporary woodcuts in color — "Patient Griselda", "Æsop's Fables", Boccaccio's incredibly naive "book of famous women". Treasurable books, a pleasure to the eye and to the mind. Such ancient tales gain enormously from presentation in a contemporary setting — the reader experiences a faint flavor of the thrill which the reading of such legends in an original manuscript of the time can bring to the fortunate possessor of them.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

FROM A HILLTOP

By David Morton

HERE all the valleys, now, are dim with sleep,
And roadways have forgot the feet of men;
The pale stars climb their purple slopes like sheep, —
And there is quiet, here, and peace again.
The farms are folded in their plotted squares,
And mists like slumbers gather where they lie, —
And here above the world a silence fares
Wider than earth and deeper than the sky.

O heart, take home, take home this world of stars,
And valleys . . . and dim mist . . . and dreaming hill!
Bear in the breast, through better streets and wars,
This hour of peace, this time of being still,
And these long slopes of sky where stars have gone,
The slumbering farms . . . and darkness coming on.

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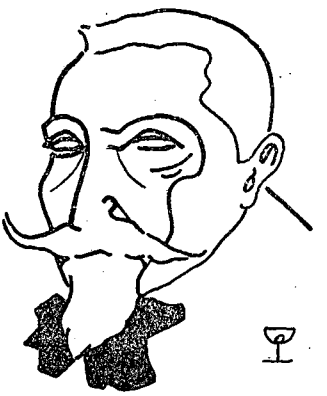
THE GOSSIP SHOP

LAST MONTH, before we heard of the death of one of the great masters of prose, Anatole France, we wrote of how we used to watch him at a famous bookstore in the château country. We recall now his amazing kindness to a young American of our acquaintance, a boy who is not a writer but is interested in writing and in art, something of a poetaster. The great French author took him into his confidence and into his house, instructed him in his philosophies, introduced him to his friends, made him a friend. What a lucky youth! And how he must look back on that period of his life with kindly remembrance and with much gratitude. How lucky are those who have on their shelves the exquisite autographed edition of France's work, and can go to it now for an hour's rambling here, or a day's pleasure there. Have you ever read "Thaïs"? Was there ever a more subtle weaving together of the sensuous and the profoundly intellectual? How splendid a contrast the vague charms of Sylvestre Bonnard present! France, Hardy, Conrad, Kipling — these four somehow represent a great tradition to us — sturdy writers of sturdy and beautiful prose and, in the case of Hardy and Kipling, of great poetry as well. France and Conrad we saw in the flesh. It is our hope to see the other two. Meanwhile, we have the spirit of all four in their work. We can still go to the shelves for "Tess", for "Mowgli", for "Lord Jim". Of late we have been turning away from the poetry of youths and maidens, and ambitious and promising first novels. We have gone back to "Tom Jones", in its new and beautiful edition with Wilbur Cross's introduction. We read for two evenings last week in Emerson's essays, then turned to Plato, and found with a shock that



Anatole France

we had lost our Greek. There are, fortunately, always translations. But we discovered, with joy, that we can still read Catullus, for our own pleasure at least. And just to finish off a week of contentment, we read a couple of yarns of our favorite American short story writer, Frank Stockton. The old gods? Perhaps — but how Olympian they were and are!

We recently introduced to our class at New York University a young lady novelist, very successful and beautiful too. She talked to them a few minutes about her methods of work; then they asked her questions. What wolves for information these young people are, and how cynical. She had told them that she never took a character from real life; that she never decided

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on a plot before she started work but had only an idea and a set of imaginary characters. The characters then commenced to behave, according to the young lady, and there resulted a short story or a novel. Now our students didn't like this method of procedure at all. In the first place, they refused to believe that anyone could write a book without taking some of the incidents from life. In the second place, they felt that she should know where her characters were going before she set about the task of putting them on paper. She was harassed and puzzled by their inquiries; for that is really the way she writes, and she didn't think she could do it any other way, even to please our handsome class. Is there any *one* way to write? Of course not. Many of our popular writers, upon discovering that in some manner of means they have turned out a tale that sells to an editor, proceed to do it again and again. They fear lest if they do anything else, it won't sell. There are, it seems to us, some ways of constructing a story that are better than others; but, after all, imposing methods on an author may have grievous results.

"The Saturday Review" in an editorial finds itself saying:

> One of the commonest complaints against this slipshod generation is that it has no standards. We follow, say the old men and some of the young ones, our own wills, which are not always sweet, and please our own tastes, which are often degraded. The charge should be amended. Not a lack of standards but a confusion of standards is our undoing. Literary criticism has become polytheistic and we worship at so many altars that we cannot ourselves name our literary religion.

We accept, too, the rest of the editorial which goes on to say that in other times men depended on the classics for their standards of criticism, and that perhaps some day we shall go back to the Greeks and the Romans for our standards. Well, we shouldn't think that we could ever quite do that, and we wonder if, in all ages, there haven't been those who revolted a bit against classical standards. Isn't it just that those who revolt find place for expression these days, and that this accounts for the seeming confusion in standards? Standards have probably always been confused, only people were afraid to stand back of their heresies. We never have seen, anyway, how there could be one fixed standard of beauty. Catullus is our favorite poet, and yet we can easily understand that for the next man Eddie Guest may be a proper standard of beauty. And he will say so, too, loudly, if someone doesn't make him self conscious about it.

The publicity agent for the Annual Cowboys' Reunion at East Las Vegas, New Mexico, has written and published a volume of poems — "Vientos de las Sierras", it is called. We should like to meet him in his native haunts among the cowboys. We like his work best when he sticks to western ballads, and the swing of popular versifying. His sonnets are not so successful. However, just the thought of New Mexico is encouraging on a day like this. And that title — "Winds of the Mountains" — sets the imagination roving! We think rapturously of Chris Morley and his wife, children, dogs, etc., somewhere in France, returning by way of England. We think even more rapturously of the Ring Lardners and the Scott Fitzgeralds sojourning on the Riviera. We wonder if the sun of Italy will still be as bright, and the fogs of Scotland as chilly, when you and Your Gossip leave this barren and unprofitable job of daily

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living and sally forth again with cloak and sword to find romance in other ways than in recounting of authors' lives and foibles. Take Susan Ertz, for example, who is an American living in England. While we are longing for England, she writes of times spent in a log hut in the Sierra Nevadas: "Those long happy summers in the pine forests of the Sierras were unforgettable, and even the rattlesnakes, the dust, the quartz mines that failed to produce gold as they should have, the lack of water and the danger of forest fires, are all part of a wonderful and delightful experience in surroundings of extraordinary wildness and beauty." Who knows — perhaps if we were in England we'd be longing for Murray Hill (indeed we had a most exciting fire here this morning, and again as we write the fire department is clanging by in the street below, and we are sorely tempted to go out and follow). Always wanting what is not. . . . Isn't that why we read books, anyway?

Edward Shanks, that estimable co-editor of J. C. Squire, writing of the drama in the London "Outlook", finds it necessary to belittle the achievements of Douglas Fairbanks in creating "The Thief of Bagdad". He finds the magic effects cumbersome and profitless, and misses entirely, it seems to us, the fine sense of humor with which Fairbanks has handled a story that might have resulted in much sentimental bosh. He should scarcely have been guilty of the following generalization:

> But the question of these fakes in the gigantic film-productions of to-day does not depend entirely on their effectiveness. They are a temptation which is leading all the powers of the young art up a blind alley. Marvels have their place in the film, as in literature; but, in the film, as in literature, it should be a secondary place. The mind can relax and delight itself by reading of the wonders invented by the Arabian story-tellers; but even the "Arabian Nights" do not consist entirely of Aladdin and Sinbad, and would be much less delightful if they did.

It is the wise critics like Mr. Shanks, with their constant criticism of the best in the films, who discourage producers and mislead the public. When someone does create a picture so filled with beauty and magic as "The Thief of Bagdad", is it not a little absurd to quarrel with the flying carpet because it is "stiff as a board"? At any rate, we are happy to find serious motion picture criticism in a British weekly, even if we do find fault with its attitude.

We well remember that Colonel Walter C. Sweeney was one of the most popular officers in the A. E. F. Perhaps that is not so important as the fact that he was also one of the most efficient and that he was decorated for bravery in action. Before he went into the more active phases of the war, however, he was chief of the Censorship Section of the Military Intelligence Division, and in that capacity had much to do with the publication of "The Stars and Stripes". We remember meeting him — or rather, perhaps, saluting him — one chilly morning at Chaumont. We were then having great difficulty in proving that we weren't somehow a most irregular person, traveling as we were on unlimited travel orders and, to all casual observation, just going anywhere we pleased. Colonel Sweeney was kindly, intelligent, and helpful — perhaps some readers will know what that meant to a soul lost in the masses of army red tape. His book, recently published, is clear and informative. It is really a textbook of Military

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Intelligence, but we fancy that it will find some general readers, for this is a subject little known and of keen interest. He subtitles the volume "A New Weapon in War", and so it is. We found his chapter on censorship the most interesting, although that titled "Evaluation of Information" is also worth reading if you are technically interested in warfare. We wonder if he has read Laurence Stallings's "Plumes" or seen "What Price Glory?" Somehow, we suspect that Colonel Sweeney would like them both, and we wonder how he thinks that "Plumes" compares with that other remarkable American war story, "Through the Wheat", a volume which, we understand, goes on and on selling, even though it has been published many, many months.

Here is a new edition of "The Book of Christmas"! How many times this volume with its introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie has been given away with a good wish in December, is a matter for speculation. It is a volume of much charm as anthologies go, and we have often considered why it was that it annoyed us; for being all in the Christmas spirit, it shouldn't. The other day, as we were looking at the new edition, we discovered a rather terrifying thing about ourself, and we wondered if it is a characteristic at all common to other readers of books. Perhaps you will tell us? Subconsciously, apparently, we have been disliking many books whose letter press we really might have enjoyed, because of the way they were printed. Now that is rather a childish thing to discover, although, we think, a rather human one. Galsworthy, for example, had often seemed to us difficult reading. The other day, upon picking up "The White Monkey", we found it was the size of type and the length of line in the Galsworthy novels that particularly annoyed us. Having discovered what was the matter, we went ahead and were thoroughly fascinated by "The White Monkey". "The Book of Christmas" has fine illustrations by George Wharton Edwards. It is well

From "The Book of Christmas"

made, well printed, and well bound. What is wrong with it? Two things. The book is heavy—actually in weight, we mean. Now it just so happens that we don't like heavy books. Then, the various selections, instead of having spaces between them, run on into each other, so to speak. Both of these things are small matters, and should have nothing to do with our appreciation of a book. Hereafter we shall watch ourself carefully to see that we are not driven away from a

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fine novel by a flaming jacket picture, or discouraged with a book of poetry because its type assaults the eyes.

Prize winners of our Book Week Essay Contest will be announced in the January BOOKMAN, and the first and second prize essays will be printed in that number. Meanwhile here are the two papers which seemed most interesting of those to reach us before October 15. They were submitted by Margaret Abrams of Grantwood, New Jersey, and Marion O'Neil of Brookline, Massachusetts, and we print them exactly as they were written. Note the emphasis on the ice cream or sodas in both cases. Can it be that the movies are regarded by girls and boys rather in the light of a preliminary to drug store delights?

MY BOOK FRIENDS AT THE MOVIES

By Margaret Abrams

Age 13

ONE day when I had just finished a very interesting book called, "Heidi," by Johanna Spyri I wondered if I could do something for my Little Book Friends which would show my appreciation of what they did in the stories that I had read.

I thought I would give a party, but this would mean a lot of work for my mother and after it was all done it would be the same thing over again. Then I thought of an automobile ride or a picnic but this would not suit the occasion.

I had almost given up hope when the thought came into my mind, "How about a movie?" This was just what I wanted.

I ran into my mother and told her what I had planned. She thought it a good idea.

The next thing to do was to see who I was going to invite. I decided on taking Heidi and Peter as they made me very happy while reading about their adventures in the Alps Mountains, The Bobbsey Twins, Flossey, Freddie, Nan, and Bert, as I laughed very much at their adventures, The Moving Picture Girls should go along to as they would put fun into the party and of course Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue as they would be company for the Bobbsey Twins.

Now the thing was "What picture were we going to see?" There were quite a few good pictures in town, but which one was the best? I finally decided on, "Oliver Twist," as this had its funny as well as sad parts and was very good as Jackie Coogan played the part of Oliver Twist.

As soon as I had decided on this picture I sent invitations to my friends that I was going to take, and I was glad to recieve thier prompt replys which said they would all be delighted to go.

The day soon arrived and we started off. We had a lot of fun on the way and there was something funny said or done all the time.

We arrived at the theatre about fifteen minutes before the picture started. We each had a box of candy which we ate while listening to the music before the curtain went up, and then we remained very quiet while watching the picture.

Heidi and Peter enjoyed the picture very much as they had never seen one before, and the Bobbsey Twins laughed very much at the things Oliver did as he was about their size. The Moving Picture Girls liked it as it was a change from being in the movies themselves all the time and Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue liked it for the same reason that the Bobbsey Twins did which was because Oliver was about the same size as them and did such funny things.

It was about five o'clock when the picture ended and while they were discussing it I thought it would be nice to have something to drink, so we went into a drug store nearby and quenched our thirst. We then went home and I was satisfied that I had done something to make my little Book Friends as happy as they made me while reading about them.

MY BOOK FRIENDS AT THE MOVIES

By Marion O'Neil

Age 12

ONE afternoon last winter I asked some of my friends to go with me to the movies. I asked Louisa May Alcott, you might expect so for there wouldn't be any fun without her, her three sisters Meg, Beth, and Amy, Penrod, Betty Gordon, and Keineth Randolph. Everybody said that they could go except Beth Alcott. The afternoon that I had chosen happened to be rainy. I asked Louisa if she thought we ought to go on account of the rain for it would probably make the snow all slush. She said that she would not let a little rain interfere with her and she suggested that we go. They all met at my house about half past one, it was Saturday afternoon.

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After many delays we got started. There was a theatre a few streets down so we decided to walk even if it were slushy, we could save the carfare for an ice-cream cone. Louisa put her foot into a puddle the first thing. When we got almost there Betty Gordon said that she had forgotten her money. Keineth Randolph said that she would lend her some. We finally reached the theatre without any furthur delays.

Penrod collected our ticket money and said that he would go and get our tickets for us so as to save time. The show had begun before we went in. The main picture had started though. It was entitled, "The Captive Maiden"

When the Indians were capturing the maiden, Penrod could not control himself and he let out a wild shriek. Louisa dropped her umbrella in her excitment of the maiden's escape and they then thought that they would probably be put out but they were not. The picture proved very exciting. It was about Indians and it attracted quite a crowd of boys and girls.

After the show I said that I would treat them to a college ice and they could save their money. We went in our favorite drug store which was Liggetts. We were eating our ices when two young fellows came in dressed rather roughly. The man waited on them. After we had finished and were just about to go a man who was sitting near Keineth asked her what her name and address were to which she answered correctly. She told the girls when she got outside, and they told her to tell a policeman. She did and it was found out later that they were arrested. Thus our afternoon ended pleasantly all except for Louisa who said that she didn't have any adventure. They all enjoyed the picture immensely.

Mrs. Waldo Richards, whose new anthology "The Magic Carpet" is proving as popular as her earlier selected volumes, has undertaken a unique experiment. In an apartment at 39 West Fifty Fifth Street, New York, she has opened "The Magic Carpet Book Room", where she invites her friends, and friends of books in general, to come. It is, she tells us, to be a literary studio, where carefully selected books may be seen, where literary folk gather, talk, where bookplates may be designed and samples of unusual Christmas cards will be shown. All current catalogues and publicity pamphlets of different publishers will be available for reference. Mrs. Richards will be glad to make purchases for private libraries and book clubs. She will also make up Christmas book packages. Surely, no one should know better how to select books than an anthologist — and there have been few anthologies of poetry so widely read as those of Mrs. Richards, in which she strives to bring to the world only those poems which have gladness in them, and special beauty. She is very careful to eliminate the sordid, and on this fact doubtless her success partly rests. As usual, after the publication of an Amy Lowell poem, we have been flooded with communications saying: Is this poetry? If it is poetry, what is poetry? Why, if it isn't poetry, is it published in broken lines? Our answer to these letters is always: It seems to us good dramatic writing. It doesn't seem to us to make any difference whether or not it is poetry, or how the lines are broken. Similarly, any anthology of our own would have sorrow in it aplenty, but that would be our own. We are talking as if we didn't like Mrs. Richards's anthologies, and we do. We have always wanted life without the sordid, only we have never found it so — except in a few books. That's why we like the books, we imagine.

The bright news came to us the other day that Brander Matthews is seen about constantly; when we inquired as to the occasion we heard the good news that day by day, etc., he is getting better. We hope we did not hear wrongly that his appearance at the theatre two or three nights a week and his new habit of dining at his clubs is a medical prescription that is work-

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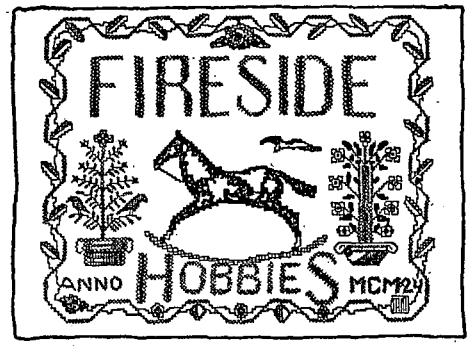
ing wonders for his health. Playing about, after all, is a marvelous thing; and we have often thought that it would be a much better preparation for the Final Examination than the towel-wrapping and shoulder-bending to which we are ourself so much addicted. Let Dr. Matthews cure the work addicts, say we. And a thought strikes us: These appearances of his will be a most instructive thing for the younger people. He will pardon them, we feel sure, if their eyes follow him about and if they gaze their fill. It will be the first time many of them have ever seen a contemporary of William Dean Howells and such an opportunity is not to be missed.

It was our misery not to be able to go to the Book Fair in Richmond just after Election, but the reports from eye and ear witnesses were that everybody had a more-than usually good time. Virginia, though well supplied with authors, generously invited others to the occasion; and what is not without a certain effectiveness, bought their books. Ellen Glasgow was host for Dr. Joseph Collins; and both James Branch Cabell and Mary Johnston took a hand in making the Fair a success. Joseph Hergesheimer, who likes Virginia at all times, was on the spot and came very near being State-adopted as a reward for his portrait of a Virginia gentleman and Virginia life in "Balisand".

"The Book of Hobbies" was a great idea, and Charles William Taussig and Theodore Arthur Meyer have done an excellent job in preparing it — but we warn you that if you are a collector of buttons or of bandboxes, you will probably find yourself omitted from this fascinating volume. On the jacket the authors or the publishers quote Chauncey M. Depew: "Every man should have a hobby. — If he divides his time properly between his



From "The Book of Hobbies"

work and his hobby, I don't see why he should not live to be a hundred." That's well and good and probably true. What about getting a hobby, though? Do hobbies spring from the subconscious, do they grow by themselves, or do they have to be planted? Now the authors of this volume evidently believe that a hobby can be prescribed, selected, planted, and nourished. So it probably can — but we suspect that the grandest, the most passionate hobbies, the hobbies that chase you down the days and follow you relentlessly into the grave, are those that come on you unawares. We have a little cousin who has achieved at a youthful age an irresistible desire to collect mud turtles of all sizes and varieties. He knows mud turtles so well that he can actually smell them, and his instinct leads him unflaggingly to the habitat of the beast. This is a hobby inconvenient for parents and maid servants — but if it follows him later in life, it will not be so objectionable. We know of a lady whose hobby is squirrels. Perhaps you know her, too. Her house is filled with

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squirrels. The pictures on her walls are of squirrels. She has a painter especially engaged to paint portraits of her squirrels. There is a fine feeling for originality in this. A man may do many of the things described in "The Book of Hobbies" without actually being accused of having a hobby. He may just show the symptoms of one. Take book collecting, for example. He may possess a very fine library without actually having a hobby for collecting books, he may play golf without making it his hobby — but wherever you find a man who is wrapped up in an avocation to the extent of wanting to talk of little else, there's your perfect rider of the hobby horse, there's your real taster of the joys of hobbyhood. There's your man who will live to be a hundred.

The "good journalism" prize undoubtedly goes this month to Mary Sittman of Irwin, Pennsylvania. She requests that the child familiar write a verse in the book sent her. Very well! Here is the verse:

I often read the papers,
  I read them up and down,
And sometimes learn surprising things
  Of city and of town.

Now in my dictionary
  Is many a startling word,
That if I found in other books
  Would strike me as absurd.

Yet as I read the papers
  I am becoming wary —
Should I follow all the words they print,
  Or trust my dictionary?

We quote from her clipping these items:

Mr. ——, of the —— farm, who this winter, we learn, rented his own property in ——, to his grandson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. —— ——, who as per statement in our home paper, is enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. —— ——, another grandson and wife, of Virginia, in a letter to his home folks informs them of the mild weather, that he was going about in his shirt sleeves and felt that because of the contrast in weather, he would continue his visit with —— thru the month of March.

Mrs. —— ——, of ——, was certainly surprised when several of the ladies of the —— M. E. church, where she was an active worker for years, were to call on her, last week, and gave her a nice surprise and substantial visit on account of an affliction of the limbs she has been unable to be about on her feet for some time and will certainly feel by what they have done for her that her —— —— —— friends have not forgotten her and that they have an interest in her speedy recovery from her affliction. Mrs. —— opened her house more than once for their special socials when living in ——.

If you watch the young ladies in the elevator of your office building, you will see that they carry books under their arms. We suppose they read them on the subway or the street car. Three times recently we have observed in such a precarious but enviable position "Peacock Feathers" by Temple Bailey. Now Miss Bailey says a few words about how she came to write "Peacock Feathers" that seem to show without further comment the reason why the tale is popular with the feminine sex. "The germ of the idea", she writes, "was found in Gilbert Chesterton's assertion that men would live as barbarians if it were not for their women folk. In other words, he argues that civilization is largely dependent on feminine love of neatness and order, dignity and conventionality." Are not some men neat? Are not some men conventional? We wonder. So, apparently, does Miss Bailey, for she closes her little article on her own book with another paragraph, "Yet the book as it stands is a far cry from the germ from which it sprung. I have still not proved that men are barbarians. Nor that civilization is bound up in feminine aspiration. Perhaps it will take another

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book to do it. Or perhaps it cannot be proved. And perhaps Gilbert Chesterton did not mean it to be proved. One feels that, when he wrote it, behind his spectacles his eyes twinkled!" Do Miss Bailey's eyes twinkle when she writes a book? Anyway, she is rapidly becoming one of our best known writers of stories for women (perhaps she will not like it said that they are stories for women). She was born, we find, in Petersburg, Virginia, went to school in Washington and Richmond, and spent much of her girlhood in the companionship of her father, who helped her with her writing and blue penciled her essays and compositions. She looks back on her weekend adventures with him, with joy. She caught eels and crabs, she rode and walked with him. She began writing short stories when she was quite young, won a prize from "The Ladies' Home Journal", then turned to novels with success. Her love of the out of doors has meant a great deal in the winning of her public.

The other morning we were astonished, when called into the outer shop of the Gossip — or perhaps we should call it the office of the Supergossip — and introduced to a medium sized, quiet mannered, gentle voiced man, to learn that it was John Buchan. He was only in the United States for a short time, it appeared, with his wife, a tall, gracious, and handsome lady. The robust quality of John Buchan's romances proclaim him a man of many interests. Where can a more spirited romance than "Greenmantle" or "Midwinter" be found? And the new tale, "The Three Hostages", has the same gay quality. Mr. Buchan has been called the best romancer since Stevenson, and yet he found time to be Director of Intelligence for England during the war, to serve in various capacities at the front, earning the rank of colonel, to write a voluminous and authoritative history of the war, to be part of a great publishing firm, take an interest in politics, and practise his profession of law. Sometimes one hears of American authors who are supposed to be busy; then one hears of English authors who don't seem busy at all but who turn

John Buchan

out most prodigious quantities of work and are useful citizens as well. It has been with something like horror that we have observed certain of the young intellectuals in our trips about the country. They talk politics in a sort of distant manner, with occasional references to a hypothetical La Follettism, but with apparently no thought of voting. Most of them don't even register. That is, the males. The females are practically all of them interested in some League of Women Voters, or propaganda for political education. They are usually just

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coming from a meeting of the one, or canvassing for a meeting of the other. Is the political interest of the country to pass into the hands of the ladies entirely, or is it perhaps that on our travels we see so often just the violet shirted young men of a community?

This month we have been rambling out through the far east and the midwest, meeting many charming people, and enjoying our talks with them about books and, occasionally, about life. Detroit has always been a favorite town of ours, and a luncheon there at the Century Club was filled with interesting moments. We were too rushed on this trip to search out any Detroit authors; but we saw Mary Humphrey of the "Free Press", and found her as busy as ever. We caught one or two people in odd moments at the bookstores, saw again the fascinating front counter at Sheehan's, and dashed on to Wheeling, West Virginia. The Women's Club of Wheeling proved intensely concerned with present day writers, so much so that our wits were kept busy trying to answer questions. Indeed, we were not always able to answer them. We were in Wheeling only half a day; but in that time we met, at dinner, a perfectly good judge who told us more about what was going on in New York than we could ever possibly know, and proved generally so hospitable that we almost missed our train. That judge and his friends convinced us without the shadow of a doubt that West Virginia is the intellectual centre of the country! In Rochester, New York, we found the new building of the Women's City Club remarkably commodious, and at lunch we sat next a charming young matron who shall be nameless, who disagreed with us on all subjects, and was therefore a perfect luncheon companion. We visited the shores of Lake Ontario, and saw the grove on the Rogers place where John Masefield once read his poems to an audience on a summer day when thunder storms hovered in the distance. We talked to students at East High School, one of the largest institutions of its sort in the state, and found them interested in current poetry almost to a point of violence. Of the methods employed in this English department, we shall have more to say later. They are liberal, and extraordinarily effective. We wonder if English is taught this way all over the country, and we fear not. On the streets of Rochester we encountered Philip Barry, the Rochester playwright, who was there for the day. Together we visited Smith's bookshop and the shining new store which Scrantom's have opened, making two stores to their credit in Rochester. At the corner club we found a group of painters, musicians, and writers, and were treated to a glimpse of the immensely popular Goosens, the young English conductor who had just arrived to take charge of a series of concerts by the Rochester orchestra. Here we met a most unusual manufacturer of motor cars, who makes puppets in his spare moments, and whose wife is an artist and admires "The Dial". In fact, everyone we met in Rochester seems to have an avocation. Then there was Grand Rapids. We must say that the United States furniture capital has impressed us as we never expected a furniture capital could. In the first place, the young lady who has charge of publicity for the Ladies' Literary Club had been so clever that we had what is ordinarily termed a "brilliant" audience — and it was. It entertained us with comments and questions far more than it was possible for us to entertain it. We met Axel

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P. Johnson, and the editor of what is one of the most beautifully printed magazines in America, "Good Furniture", a trade publication produced by the Dean-Hicks Company. If you have never had a glance at it, you most certainly should. Then, long into the night, we sat with Grand Rapids citizens and discussed books, the drama, the younger generation, what not, and returned to town with a memory of warm cordiality, and the realization that no magazine should be edited from New York City when it is possible to get out and around the country and learn what people are thinking and doing away from the insidious influences of Broadway.

Muriel Gertrude Ahrend of Central Valley, New York, sends in her list of the ten books that have most influenced her life. Can you visualize the life of this lady from her list? Try.

1. *Where and How to Sell Manuscripts.*
2. *A Handbook on Story Writing,* Blanche Colton Williams.
3. Each O'Brien *Year Book of the American Short Story.*
4. Each *O. Henry Memorial Award Year Book of the American Short Story.*
5. *Century Readings in English Literature,* Cunliffe and Pyle.
6. Dumas: *The Three Musketeers.*
7. Columbia University Catalogue of Extension Teaching.
8. *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.*
9. *Nonsense Book of Etiquette.*
10. Laws of the United States Golf Association.

We have been wondering, of late, if these lists of books are somewhat influenced by the mood of the moment. If one has had an exceptionally good dinner, which one has planned and which has been well received by one's guests, might not the first book recorded be a cook book? We imagine that the books we think have most influenced our lives tonight, might change radically by next week. Do you think so? At any rate, these lists give the Gossip Shop many an amusing moment, in which to speculate on the character and honesty of mankind.

The child familiar looked at the conventional Christmas tree, and found it beautiful. He remembered one afternoon in the great dark, vaulted hall of a church far away, when he stood with his grandmother and watched a giant pine slowly light to flamings of red and blue and gold, listened to her sing "It Came upon the Midnight Clear", and sang a little, too. Yes, said the child familiar, Christmas is a time of remembrance, of sorrow as well as of joy; he looked again at the glass balls on the little tree, at the tinsel strands looped graciously toward the star at the top, and he indulged, as is his wont, in a verse or two:

I'm tired of tinsel trimmings,
Of gallant finery,
Of red and yellow stars and such
Upon the Christmas tree.

I'd like to trim my tree with books,
With volumes grave and gay,
With golden books and blue books,
With books of red or grey;

Then, when the candles sputter,
And Christmas fails to cheer —
I wouldn't pack the trimmings up,
They'd gladden all the year!

Sidney Howard and his wife are having a busy winter. Mr. Howard is a good friend of ours, and he is also greatly to be admired, we think. He has a robust quality in all his work that is unusual. We have often thought that he belongs in the Elizabethan Age, not in this rather delicate period of ours. His volume of long short stories, "Three Flights Up", has been published this autumn, and they are very fine stories. One of them, "Mrs.

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Vietch", is in our humble opinion as striking a story as "Ethan Frome", and the others are excellent. His early series of articles for "The New Republic", "The Labor Spy", is being reissued with additions by Robert Dunn. His play written in collaboration with Edward Sheldon, "Bewitched", has already been produced on Broadway, and the Theatre Guild is soon to give us another, "They Knew What They Wanted", with Richard Bennett and Pauline Lord in the cast. Mrs. Howard (Clare Eames) opened her season as Aunt Rosemary in Ernst Vajda's play, "The Little Angel". She then turned again to the motion pictures, and is taking the part of the Dowager Queen in the screen version of "The Swan". Mrs. Howard is one of the few young actresses who are not afraid to let themselves be seen as elderly ladies on the stage. Although not so far along in her twenties, she has played several characters of advanced age during the past season. These Howards are a remarkable combination, for though they are highly artistic and temperamental in their work, yet we have never seen two folk who seem so continually to be interested in, to stimulate, and to aid each other.

Friends of E. V. Lucas will be particularly glad to hear that he has become chairman of Methuen and Company, Ltd., in succession to Sir Algernon Methuen whose death is commented on in this month's "Londoner". Long associated with the firm as a director and editorial adviser, E. V. Lucas lends the uncommon distinction of an international literary reputation to a firm which honors itself in thus honoring him. Mr. Lucas is a man of many intellectual interests and diverse achievements. His Life of Charles Lamb is the final word on that subject and lives as a fine example of what a biography should be. Mr. Lucas has to his credit an amazing list of volumes of essays and novels; also of critical works dealing with art, among which his fine Life of E. A. Abbey is a conspicuous item of American interest. His "Wanderer" series on London, Paris and Holland, Florence, and so forth, has probably endeared him to more thousands of vacation wanderers than the most meticulous travel bureau could ever compute. It must give him an odd feeling to reflect upon the thousands of pairs of eyes which have, as it were, looked into his for a reflection of many of the beauties of England and the Continent. His latest undertaking in this field of art appreciation is a volume just now appearing, entitled "A Wanderer Among Pictures". It is a treasure house of the principal European art galleries, and for it Mr. Lucas has made a selection of seventy three paintings for reproduction. It is a book that reflects to a remarkable degree the characteristic qualities of Mr. Lucas's mind: a quick sensitiveness to all that is gracious and beautiful and a discrimination that has lost nothing of spontaneity or humor for all its careful schooling. With such marked interests and abilities, Mr. Lucas's added influence in the firm of Methuen will unquestionably bear fruit in important ways.

Vincent M. Beede of Washington, D. C., sends us the following poser. Think of it for a few moments, and then find what a state of mind you are in!

BOOKS AND BOOKS

Sixteen and a half million different books have been issued since the invention of movable type in the fifteenth century. Does this estimate include the popular mail order catalogues?

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